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STORIES
OF
AMERICAN LIFE;

BY AMERICAN WRITERS.

EDITED BY
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IN THREE VOLS.

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whose paths are peace." It is, sometimes, agreeable to stray off into the wilderness which fancy creates, to recline in fairy bowers, and to listen to the murmurs of imaginary fountains. When the beaten road becomes tiresome, there are many sunny spots where the pilgrim may loiter with advantage—many shady paths, whose labyrinths may be traced with delight. The mountain and the vale, on whose scenery we gaze enchanted, derive new charms, when their deep caverns and gloomy recesses are peopled with imaginary beings.

But above all, the enlivening influence of fancy is felt when it illumines our fire-sides, giving to the wings of time, when they grow heavy, a brighter plumage, and a more sprightly motion. There are seasons, when the spark of life within us, seems to burn with less than its wonted vigour; the blood crawls heavily through the veins; the contagious dullness seizes on our companions; and the sluggish hours roll painfully along. Something more than a common impulse is then required to awaken the indolent mind, and give a new tone to the flagging spirits. If necromancy draws her magic circle, we cheerfully enter the ring; if folly shakes her cap and bells, we are amused; a witch becomes an interesting personage, and we are even agreeably surprised by the companionable qualities of a ghost.

We, who live on the frontier, have little acquaintance with imaginary beings. These gentry never emigrate; they seem to have strong local attachments, which not even the charms of a new country can overcome. A few witches, indeed, were imported into New England by our fathers; but were so badly used, that the whole race seems to have been disgusted with new settlements. With them the spirit of adventure expired, and the wierd women of the present day, wisely cling to the soil of the old countries. That we have but few ghosts will not be deemed a matter of surprise, by those who have observed how miserably destitute we are of accommodations for such inhabitants. We have no baronial castles, nor ruined mansions;—no turrets crowned with ivy, nor ancient abbeys crumbling into decay; and it would be a paltry spirit who would be content to wander in the forest, by silent rivers and solitary swamps.

It is even imputed to us as a reproach, by enlightened foreigners, that our land is altogether populated with the living descendants of Adam—creatures with thews and sinews; who eat when they are hungry, laugh when they are tickled, and die when they have done living. The creatures of romance, say they, exist not in our territory. A witch, a ghost, or a brownie, perishes in America, as a serpent is said to expire, the instant it touches

the uncongenial soil of Ireland.—This is true only in part. If we have no ghosts, we are not without miracles. Wonders have happened in these United States.—Mysteries have transpired in the valley of the Mississippi. Supernatural events have occurred on the borders of “The beautiful stream;” and in order to rescue my country from undeserved reproach, I shall proceed to narrate an authentic history, which I received from the lips of the party principally concerned.

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow lay ankle deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air, and the cheerful sun-beams invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking places.

The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio, were commencing with the sun, the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and lugging log after log, erected a pile in the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honours to the stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample

dimensions supplied the beverage, which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American peasant.

The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters, and commenced certain preparations, fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. —Every pretext which her ingenuity supplied, was urged with affecting pertinacity;—the wind whistled bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter, cold weather, his toes might be frost-bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence. The young hunter smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Pete Featherton, as he was familiarly

called by his acquaintances, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian, of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion, announced an ardent temperament; his tall form, and bony limbs, indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and tall cheek-bones, evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and, at times, wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. He loved his wife, was true to his friends, never allowed a bottle to pass untasted, nor turned his back upon a frolic.

He believed, that the best qualities of all countries were centered in Kentucky; but had a whimsical manner of expressing his national attachments. He was firmly convinced, that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled colonel J——n, as “a severe colt.”—He would admit that Napoleon was a great genius; but insisted that he was “no part of a priming” to Henry Clay.—When entirely “at himself,”—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, and a better tempered soul never shouldered a rifle. But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was

then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope dancer, and, after uttering a yell, which the most accomplished Winnebago might be proud to own, swear that he was the "best man" in the country, and could "whip his weight in wild cats!" and after many other extravagances, conclude, that he could "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning."

In addition to this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would brag, that he had the best rifle, the prettiest wife, and the fastest nag in all Kentucky; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast, than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had no small reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his rosy-cheeked companion.

These, however, were the happy moments, which are few and far between; for every poet will bear us witness, from his own experience, that the human intellect is seldom indulged with those brilliant inspirations, which gleam over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was as listless a soul as one would see of a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling speech, and a deliberate gait, a stoop

of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole inward and outward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his manhood—as the panther, with whom he so often compared himself, when his appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

It will be readily perceived, that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buckskin: and he was soon accoutered with his quaintly carved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls, and long knife;—and throwing “Brown Bess”—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey, and other necessities, he was hailed by some of his neighbours, one of whom challenged him to swap rifles. Pete was one of those who would not receive a challenge without throwing it back. Without the least intention, therefore, of parting with his favourite rifle, he continued to banter back—making offers like a skilful diplomatist, which he knew would not be accepted, and feigning great eager-

ness to accede to any reasonable proposition, while inwardly resolved to reject all. He magnified the perfections of Brown Bess.

“She can do any thing but talk,” said he. “If she had legs, she could hunt by herself.—It is a pleasure to *tote* her—and I na-ter-ally believe, there is not a rifle south of Green river, that can throw a ball so far, or so true.”

These discussions consumed much time, and much whiskey—for the rule on such occasions is, that he who rejects an offer to trade, must treat the company, and thus every point in the negotiation costs a pint of spirits.

At length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck into the forest. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts, and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer.—He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaping the penetrating glance of his practised eye. Fruitless labour!—Not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, and was the more surprised when he began to find, that the woods were less familiar to him than formerly. He thought he knew every tree within ten miles of his cabin; but now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, while others again were easily recognized;

and there was, altogether, a singular confusion of character in the scenery, which was partly familiar, and partly new ; or rather, in which the component parts were separately well known, but were so mixed up and changed in relation to each other, as to baffle even the knowledge of an expert woodsman. The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. He came to a stream which had heretofore rolled to the west, but now its course pointed to the east ; and the shadows of the tall trees, which according to Pete's philosophy, ought, at noon, to fall to the north, all pointed to the south. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo ! a still more extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. It was travelling round him like the shade on a dial,—only a thousand times faster, as it veered round the whole compass in the course of a single minute.

It was very evident, too, from the dryness of the snow, and the brittleness of the twigs, which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold ; and yet the perspiration was rolling in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring, and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion of it to his lips ; but the element recoiled and hissed, as if his hands and lips had

been composed of red hot iron. Pete felt quite puzzled when he reflected on all these contradictions in the aspect of nature; and he began to consider what act of wickedness he had been guilty of, which could have rendered him so hateful, that the deer fled, the streams turned back, and the shadows danced round their centre at his approach.

He began to grow alarmed, and would have turned back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself; and being naturally bold, he resolutely kept his way. At last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of deer imprinted in the snow—and, dashing into the trail, with the alacrity of a well-trained hound, he pursued, in hopes of overtaking the game. Presently, he discovered the tracks of a man, who had struck the same trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of his neighbours, he quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion in sport, as to share the spoil of his fellow hunter. Indeed, in his present situation and feelings, Pete thought he would be willing to give half of what he was worth, for the bare sight of a human face.

“I don’t like the signs, no how,” said he, casting a rapid glance around him; and then throwing his eyes downwards at his own shadow, which had ceased its rotatory motion, and was now swinging from right to left like a pendulum—“I don’t like

the signs,—I feel sort o' jubus.—But, I'll soon see whether other people's shadows act the fool like mine."

Upon further observation, there appeared to be something peculiar in the human tracks before him, which were evidently made by a pair of feet, of which one was larger than the other. As there was no person in the settlement who was thus deformed, Pete began to doubt whether it might not be the Devil, who, in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoofs, might have got those that were not fellows. He stopped and scratched his head, as many a learned philosopher has done, when placed between the horns of a dilemma, less perplexing than that which now vexed the spirit of our hunter. It was said long ago—that there is a tide in the affairs of men, and although our friend Pete had never seen this sentiment in black and white, yet it is one of those truths which are written in the heart of every reasonable being, and was only copied by the poet from the great book of human nature. It readily occurred to Pete on this occasion. And as he had enjoyed through life a tide of success, he reflected whether the stream of fortune might not have changed its course, like the brooks he had crossed, whose waters, for some sinister reason, seemed to be crawling up-hill. But, again, it occurred to him, that to turn back

would argue a want of that courage, which he had been taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

“I can’t back out,” said he.—“I never was raised to it, no how;—and if so-be, the Devil’s a mind to hunt in this range, he shan’t have all the game.”

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he had suspected, was a perfect stranger. He had halted, and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when Pete approached, and saluted him with the usual—“How are you, stranger?” The latter made no reply, but continued to gaze at the sun, as if totally unconscious that any other person was present. He was a small, thin, old man, with a grey beard of about a month’s growth, and a long, sallow, melancholy visage, while a tarnished suit of snuff-coloured clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our hunter, somewhat awed, now coughed—threw the butt end of the gun heavily upon the ground—and still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the other end of the same log, which the stranger occupied. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete with open mouth, and glaring eye-balls, observing his companion in

mute astonishment, and the latter looking at the sun.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete, at length; passing his hand across his brow, as he spoke, and sweeping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. His native assurance, which had been damped by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived; and screwing his courage to the sticking point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed—

"Well, stranger! don't the sun look mighty droll, away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face towards Pete, who recoiled several paces;—then rising, without paying our hunter any further attention, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning upon him with a stern glance, inquired—

"Who are you tracking?"

"Not you," replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided, when the enemy began to retreat; and whose pride piqued, by the abruptness with which he had been treated, enabled him to assume his usual boldness of manner.

“What do you trail, then?”

“I trail deer.”

“You must not pursue them further; they are mine.”

The sound of the stranger's voice broke the spell, which had hung over Pete's natural impudence, and he now shouted—

“Your deer! That's droll, too! Who ever heard of a man claiming the deer in the woods?”

“Provoke me not,—I tell you they are mine.”

“Well, now,—you're a comical chap! Why, man! the deer are wild! They're jist nateral to the woods here, the same as the timber.—You might as well say the wolves, and the painters are yours, and all the rest of the wild varmants.”

“The tracks, you behold here, are those of wild deer, undoubtedly; but they are mine. I roused them from their bed, and am driving them to my home, which is not of this country.”

“Could n't you take a pack or two of wolves along?” said Pete, sneeringly.—“We can spare you a small gang. It's mighty wolfy about here.”

“If you follow me any further, it is at your peril!” said the stranger.

“You don't suppose I'm to be skeer'd, do you? —You musn't come over them words agin.—There's no back out in none of my breed.”

“I repeat——”

"You had best not repeat,—I allow no man to repeat in my presence"—interrupted the irritated woodsman. "I'm Virginia born, and Kentucky raised, and, drot my skin! if I take the like of that from any man that ever wore shoe leather."

"Desist! rash man, from altercation. I des-
pise your threats."

"I tell you what, stranger!" said Pete, endeavouring to imitate the coolness of the other, "as to the matter of a deer or two—I don't vally them to the tantamount of this here cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks.—So, keep off, stranger!—Don't come fooling about me.—I feel mighty wolfy about the head and shoulders.—Keep off! I say, or you might get hurt."

With this, the hunter, to use his own language, "squared himself, and sot his triggers,"—fully determined, either to hunt the disputed game, or be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger, without appearing to notice his preparations, advanced, and blew with his breath upon his rifle.

"Your gun is charmed!" said he. "From this time forward, you will kill no deer." And so saying, he deliberately resumed his journey.

Pete Featherton remained a moment or two, lost in confusion. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, and punish him as well for his

threats, as for the insult intended to his gun ; but a little reflection induced him to change his decision. The confident manner in which that mysterious being had spoken, together with a kind of vague assurance within his own mind, that the spell had really taken effect, so unmanned and stupified him, that he quietly "took the back track," and sauntered homewards. He had not gone far, before he saw a fine buck, half concealed among the hazle bushes which beset his path, and resolving to know at once how matters stood between Brown Bess and the pretended conjurer, he took a deliberate aim, fired, and——away bounded the buck unharmed !

With a heavy heart, our mortified forester re-entered his dwelling, and replaced his degraded weapon in its accustomed birth under the rafters.

"You have been long gone," said his wife ;—"but where is the venison you promised me ?"

Pete was constrained to confess he had shot nothing.

"That is strange !" said the lady. "I never knew you fail before."

Pete framed twenty excuses.—He had felt unwell ;—his rifle was out of fix—and there were not many deer stirring.

Had not Pete been a very young husband, he would have known, that the vigilant eye of a wife

is not to be deceived by feigned apologies. Mrs. Featherton saw that something had happened to her helpmate, more than he was willing to confess; and being quite as tenacious as himself, in her reluctance against being "backed out of her tracks," she advanced firmly to her object, and Pete was compelled to own, "That he believed Brown Bess was somehow——sort o'——charmed."

"Now, Mr. Featherton!" said his sprightly bride, "are you not ashamed to tell me such a tale as that! Ah, well! I know how it is.—You have been down at the store, shooting at a mark for half pints!"

"No, indeed!" replied the husband emphatically, "I wish I may die, if I've pulled a trigger for a drop of liquor this day."

"Well, do now—that's a good dear!—tell me where you have been, and what has happened? For never did Pete Featherton, and Brown Bess, fail to get a venison any day in the year."

Soothed by this well-timed compliment, and willing, perhaps, to have the aid of counsel in this trying emergency, Pete narrated minutely to his wife, all the particulars of his meeting with the mysterious stranger. Unfortunately, the good lady was as wonder-struck as himself, and unable to give any advice.—She simply prescribed bathing his feet, and going to bed; and Pete, though he

could not perceive how this was to affect his gun, passively submitted.

On the following day, when Pete awoke, the events which we have described, appeared to him as a dream; and resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun, and hastened to the woods. But, alas! every experiment produced the same vexatious result. The gun was charmed! and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest. Day after day, he went forth and returned, with no better success. The very deer themselves became sensible of his inoffensiveness, and would raise their heads, and gaze mildly at him, as he passed; or throw back their horns, and bound carelessly across his path! Day after day, and week after week, passed without bringing any change; and Pete began to feel very ridiculously. He could imagine no situation more miserable than his own. To ride through the woods, to see the game, to come within gun-shot of it, and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of human wretchedness. There was a littleness, an insignificance, attached to the idea of not being able to kill a deer, which to Pete's mind was downright disgrace. More than once, he was tempted to throw his gun into the river; but the excellence of the weapon, and the recollection of former exploits, as often restrained him; and he continued to stroll

through the woods, firing now and then at a fat buck, under the hope, that the charm would sometime or other expire by its own limitation; but the fat bucks continued to frisk fearlessly in his path.

At length, Pete bethought himself of a celebrated Indian doctor, who lived at no great distance. An Indian doctor, be it known, is not necessarily a descendant of the Aborigines. The title it is true, originates in the confidence which many of our countrymen repose in the medical skill of the Indian tribes. But to make an Indian doctor, a red skin, is by no means indispensable. To have been taught by a savage, to have seen one, or, at all events, to have heard of one, is all that is necessary, to enable an individual to practise this lucrative and popular branch of the healing art. Your Indian doctor is one who practises without a diploma, and without physic; who neither nauseates the stomach with odious drugs, nor mars the fair proportion of nature with the sanguinary lancet. He believes in the sympathy, which is supposed to exist between the body and the mind, which, like the two arms of a Syphon, always preserve a corresponding relation to each other; and the difference between him and the regular physican is, that they operate at different points of the same figure—the one practising on

the immaterial spirit, while the other boldly grapples with the bones and muscle. I cannot determine which is in the right ; but must award to the Indian doctor at least this advantage, that his art is the most widely beneficial ; for while your doctor of medicine restores a lost appetite, his rival can, in addition, recover a strayed or stolen horse. If the former can bring back the faded lustre of a fair maiden's cheek, the latter can remove the spell from a churn, or a rifle.

To a sage of this order did Pete disclose his misfortune, and apply for relief. The doctor examined the gun ; and having measured the calibre of the bore, with the same solemnity with which he would have felt the pulse of a patient, directed the applicant to call again. At the appointed time the hunter returned, and received two balls—one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor instructed him to load his piece with one of these bullets, which he pointed out, and proceed through the woods to a certain hollow, at the head of which was a spring. Here he would find a white fawn, at which he was to shoot. It would be wounded, but would escape ; and he was to pursue its trail, until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this accurately, the charm would be broken.

Pete who was well acquainted with all the loca-

lities, carefully pursued the route, which had been indicated, treading lightly along, sometimes elated with the prospect of speedily breaking the spell—sometimes doubting the skill of the doctor—and ashamed, alternately, of his doubts and of his belief. At length he reached the lonely glen; and his heart bounded as he beheld the white fawn, quietly grazing by the fountain. The ground was open, and he was unable to get within his usual distance, before the fawn raised her head, looked mournfully around, and snuffed the breeze, as if conscious of the approach of danger. His heart palpitated. It was a long shot, and a bad chance; but he dared not advance from his concealment.

“Luck’s a lord,” said he, as he drew up his gun, and pulled the trigger. The fawn bounded aloft at the report, and then darted away through the brush, while the hunter hastened to examine the signs. To his great joy he found the blood profusely scattered; and now flushed with the confidence of success, he stoutly rammed down the other ball, and pursued the trail of the wounded fawn. Long did he trace the crimson drops upon the snow, without beholding the promised victim. Hill after hill he climbed, vale after vale he passed, searching every thicket with penetrating eyes; and he was about to renounce the chase, the wizzard, and the gun, when lo! directly in his path, stood

a noble buck, with numerous antlers, branching over his fine head !

“ Ah, ha ! my jolly fellow ! I’ve found you out at last !” said the delighted hunter, “ you’re the very chap I’ve been looking after. Your blood shall wipe off the disgrace from my charming Bess, that never missed fire, burned priming, nor cleared the mark in her born days, till that vile Yankee witch cursed her !—Here goes !—”

He shot the buck.—His rifle was restored to favour, and he never again wanted venison.

THE DRUNKARD.

He that is drunken may his mother kill,
Big with his sister. He hath lost the reins;
Is outlaw'd of himself. All kind of ill
Does with his liquor slide into his veins.
The Drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he claims as beast.

George Herbert.

I HAVE determined to employ the last miserable remnant of a life, now about to close in infamy and shame, in bequeathing to the world an example, which I trust, may make some amends for the misery I have heaped on every being with whom I have been nearly and dearly connected in this life. It is the only atonement I can offer to my fellow creatures, whose very nature I have disgraced by my crimes, to my Maker before whom I must shortly appear in the nakedness of beastly depravity.

I was born in one of the states south of the

Potomac, and am the only son of an opulent family, claiming some little distinction from two or three generations of gentility. I will not mention its name; I have disgraced it enough, God knows, already. We lived in the country, in a populous neighbourhood, and here I remained at home, receiving from my parents, as well as my sisters, who were all older than myself, those mistaken indulgences, which so often have a fatal influence over the destinies of only sons. I learned to think myself always in the right, because in all disputes or conflicts with my sisters, they were obliged to yield; fancied myself a man at fourteen, because I was allowed to have my own way; and a prodigy of genius, because I was altogether unaware of the extent of my ignorance. I do not recollect that at this time I felt any propensity to the vice which has been fatal to myself and to all those whom the ties of existence had gathered around me. I only know that I was allowed to mix occasionally, and indeed as often as I pleased, with those of the country people, whose examples, if they operated on me at all, could only do me harm. I went to all the frolics in the neighbourhood, good, bad, and indifferent, where the country lads do many things, which though not perhaps unbecoming in persons of their class and habits, cannot be indulged in by persons of mine, for any length

of time, without more or less injury to that delicacy of feeling, those proprieties of manner, and those nice, sensitive principles, which constitute the distinctions of a gentleman. Young men destined to move in that sphere of life which places them above the necessity of employment, cannot be too careful of their company and amusements, since by associating with vulgar idlers, they almost invariably approximate themselves to their level, adopt their manners, acquire a taste for their amusements, and only sink the lower, from the height of their descent. One of the lowest, the meanest, and most depraved of mankind, is the man of education, refinement, and accomplishments, transmuted into a low and dissipated blackguard. The impulse which carries him over the barriers of habit, education, and example, which impels him to overleap the gulf that separates him from vulgar vice, cannot, without a miracle, stop short of perdition.

I was a little soiled in the white ermine of the soul, before I left home to finish my education at college, at the age of sixteen. I was a tall premature boy, for whom nature, as I verily believe, had done her part; for in comparing my perceptions, and my power of expressing them, with those of my fellow students, I found myself by no means deficient. The college was situated in the centre of a great city; and great cities, as many people

believe, are the most dangerous places in the world for young men. It may be so; they have proved so to me. But I doubt the first seeds of my undoing were sown in the country. My family, connexions, and fortune, placed me in a situation to choose my place in society; a choice which has puzzled many a young man, and a wrong decision ruined many more. I was puzzled to death. At one time I had thoughts of becoming a ladies' man and a dandy. Would to Heaven I had! for it is better to be nothing than what I am. Having accidentally got credit for a college exercise, I narrowly missed becoming a scholar. I shall never cease to regret not having done so; for a man that lives among books, for the most part keeps innocent, if not improving company. His pursuits are quiet and guiltless; his pleasures arise from intellectual sources; his excitements are too gentle to allure him into the commission of crimes for their gratification; his object is fame, and his reward, if successful, immortality.

But I was diverted from this pursuit, by hearing a very sensible, successful, unenlightened old gentleman, of whose daughter I was a sort of admirer, lay it down as a maxim, that knowledge was an idle drone, and that every scribbler ended in being a beggar, and dying in a garret or a jail. He could never be brought to believe in the miracle of

three or four thousand guineas being given for a story-book, or comprehend the phenomenon of an author becoming rich by his works. While I was thus vacillating between bad and good, I one day met with a country fellow, a sort of half-and-half squire, with whom I had occasionally associated before I left home. He informed me that he had brought to town some capital game cocks, to fight a grand main on Christmas eve, which was fast approaching, and pressed me to go with him so earnestly, that at length I consented, as it was not against the college statutes, which only prohibited going to the theatre. I was partly prompted by curiosity, and partly by the smack of an old relish for such sports acquired in the country.

When the time came, I dressed myself as little like a gentleman as possible, not to disgrace the company and the occasion, and went with my patron to the place of blood. It was in a dungeon far underground, at the extremity of a long, dark alley, running out from a street of infamous fame, and infamous name. On approaching it, nothing could be heard but the distant, half-smothered crowing of cocks, defying each other from their bags, mingled with a confused hum, which deepened as we approached. At length we came to a half-decayed door, at which my companion gave three distinct and well defined taps, at intervals of about ten or

fifteen seconds. The door slowly opened, and we passed along a paved pathway about twenty or thirty yards, till we came to a flight of steps, which we descended, and my guide again gave three taps in the same manner, and with the same intervals as before. After a little delay, accompanied by a total cessation of the hum we had heard on approaching, the door was unlocked and unbolted with great deliberation, and we emerged from total darkness into an extensive apartment, illuminated with a hundred lights, diffusing the brilliancy of a ball-room.

My companion was welcomed in the most cordial style, and with a choice selection of most affectionate curses, by a number of equivocal figures, that looked as if they might have once been gentlemen. His arrival was the signal for the commencement of bloody and mortal strife. Bets began to be offered and accepted; the trimmers, the gaffers, the weighers, the pitters, and the judge, all commenced the exercise of their high functions, and all was high and busy preparation. The gallant combatants, like heroes about to enter the lists, in presence and in honour of some beloved lady, smoothed their rich, varied plumes, erected their beautiful necks, flashed menace from their fiery eyes, and crowed the shrill defiance. They seemed to know and to glory in their destiny, and the moment they caught sight of each

other, was the signal for a struggle to escape from the hands of the pitter, and begin the battle. A strange and singular instinct this, which prompts the animal to attack only his own species, and live in peace with all others.

While the preliminaries were going on, I had leisure to look around me. I had got into a curious circle. Here was a tall, raw-boned Dutchman from Staaten Island, dressed in homespun, and altogether so rusty in appearance, that I took him for a subaltern, who was some way or other employed about the place in a menial capacity. Great, therefore, was my surprise to hear him offer a bet of five hundred dollars to a portly, well looking person, whose dress and deportment proclaimed the man of breeding, and whose open countenance gave pretty sure indication that he was destined to be the dupe of the sages of this Pandemonium. I could not help being moved with a kind feeling the moment I caught his good-natured eye, and fool as I was, almost determined to go and caution him against his associates. But I soon found that he was no novice in the sport, and learned from the familiar manner in which the lowest of the sporting crew addressed him, that he was domesticated here, and had in some measure sunk to the level of his company. I grew intimate with him in the course of my devotions at this infernal

shrine, and found that with this strange attachment to this strange amusement, he was a man of excellent principles, kind feelings, and tender affections. It is as strange as it is true. In process of time, as might be expected, he was ruined by his good friends of the den. A fat butcher, with eyes like a ferret ; a little oily tobacconist, they called Balty ; and the sharp faced, raw-boned Staaten Islander, shared most of his spoils. What indeed surprised me, was to see the sums risked by fellows who seemed scarcely worth a suit of decent clothes. I believe, however, the truth was, they only risked when the odds were greatly in their favour. I know not how it is, but there are certain favoured beings of a baser stamp, with whom a gentleman stands no chance in betting, and who seem to know by intuition which fowl is to conquer, and which horse to win.

The master spirit of this Pandemonium, however, was a merry old gentleman, in the vigour of a green autumn, whose spirits animated the whole circle, and made the keenest betters laugh, even sometimes when they lost. He too bore about him distinctive marks of once, at least, having been used to better company, and higher amusements, and his example, together with that of the good-natured looking gentleman I mentioned before, went a great way in reconciling me to a place, for

which I at first felt no little abhorrence. It is my design to exhibit in all their disgusting features, and colouring, the scenes in which I became an actor; the gradations by which, step by step, I reached the goal of ruin, disgrace, and remorse. I mean to give them in all the strength of colouring of which I am capable; to present, in short, a picture which shall create unmingled disgust in the mind of every reader, who is not sunk so low as I have fallen. It is not my design to write a pleasing or interesting tale. It is necessary to my purpose, that I make myself and my story a beacon and a warning.

By degrees I came to relish the company and amusements of a cock-pit; to enjoy the furious conflicts and dying agonies of the gallant birds; the jests of the old gentleman upon their expiring struggles; the blood, the feathers; the curses of the losers, and the exultation of the winners. I became a bold better, and grew confidentially intimate with the ferret eyed butcher, the raw-boned Staaten Islander, and little smooth faced Balty. They became my fast friends, and took every opportunity of cautioning me against the arts of each other. I fancied myself at last a knowing one, after being enlisted under the special mentorship of honest Balty, who always told me what cock to bet upon, and as I long afterwards learned, always

betted himself on his antagonist. I lost my money ; I lost my rest ; my character among my equals ; my station in society ; above all, I lost for ever all those delicious feelings, those innocent sources of pleasure, those aspiring hopes and anticipations, and that heaven-born ambition, which animates youth to reach at things above, instead of stooping to things below them.

What would my poor father and mother have said and thought, had they seen me emerging, at the dawn of day, from this obscure den, covered with feathers ; haggard with want of rest, or red in the face with the liquor I had swallowed in the course of the night ? But, thank heaven ! they never saw me. They died without even suspecting my swift deterioration, or anticipating the disgrace I was to bring upon their name. It may be supposed that these courses incapacitated me for my college exercises. I began to descend, and at every examination approached nearer and nearer to the tail of my class. The better sort of lads drew off from my society ; the professors cautioned, lectured, and threatened in vain ; they could not touch the feelings of one who thought more of the approbation of his friend Balty, than of a diploma. From the foot of the second I was degraded into the lowest class, from which I was at

length expelled, for reiterated instances of negligence and impertinence.

It is impossible for me to say that this disgrace did not make me feel for a time. I was now approaching towards manhood, and there is, I believe, a period in the life of the most dissipated young men, in which they may be said to be balancing almost equally between regeneration and perdition. It is then that it would seem to depend on chance or fate, over which they have no apparent controul, whether they are to retrieve their lost ground, and rise to the level to which nature and education seem to entitle them, or sink never to rise again. I have often thought, that had it fallen to my lot at this time, to meet with somebody I loved and respected, who would have taken me by the hand and reasoned with me kindly, I might possibly have been a far different man, from what I afterwards became. Perhaps I only seek to palliate my crimes, and soothe my harassed, guilty soul, by this miserable subterfuge. Away with it then. I was a rational being, entrusted by my Maker with the direction of my own conduct--my destiny was in my own hands, and I alone am accountable for my fate. No kind friend interposed; no one came to hold out a hand, and arrest me in the swift descent. Instead of such an one, came my

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friend Balty, who carried me to a grand main, where as usual I betted by his directions, and as usual lost almost every bet. But still Balty had the reputation of an honest good creature, and another friend of mine, an experienced gaffer and pitter, swore upon his soul, that Balty was the most unlucky man in the world, for though no man could compare with him in judgment, yet somehow or other he was always wrong.

Thus I continued in my downhill course. But still I did not go so fast as might have been expected. I sometimes had the power to arrest my career—to stop short—yea, even sometimes to climb a little way up the hill again. But he who climbs a little way, and slides back again, sinks only the lower for his exertion. The mental effort, if finally unsuccessful, ends too often in a complete moral insensibility. Why is it that the temptations to vice are at our feet every step we take, sensible to the eyes, the ears, the palate, and the touch, while the allurements to virtue are so often distant, if not invisible? Why—but the answer is at hand, and easy. It is that there may be some merit in being good; for were the incitements to one or the other equally palpable and powerful in their appeals to the senses, there would be no merit in being good. It is the difficulty,

which causes virtue to be crowned with everlasting rewards.

Notwithstanding the life I led, I was not altogether debased. It is not all at once that the soul is stripped of its regalia. It is by little and little, that it is cast away; although to the world it appears, perhaps, that the wretched delinquent has made but one step to the consummation of his follies and his crimes. I still preserved the exterior, and the manners of a gentleman; and, in the day time at least, associated with men and women far better than myself. My habits had not so far changed me from what I was, that either my relatives or friends, had turned their backs upon me. I still cherished a liking for books, at times; read sometimes the whole of a rainy day; visited young ladies occasionally, and was reckoned by their mamas not altogether unworthy of an invitation to a tea-party. Above all, I had not actually committed any overt act, such as is, or ought to be, followed by the loss of *caste*. I had, it is true, a habit of taking brandy and water, at times; but I felt no want of it as a stimulant, and the habit was by no means confirmed. In short, when I came of age, and took possession of a handsome estate, I might still, if I would, have taken the place in society, for which my fortune and con-

nexions seemed to have destined me. But my evil genius, or rather my evil habits and passions, were at length to have their final and complete triumph.

An idle young man, with no decided taste for some innocent or praiseworthy pursuit, with a fortune at his command, and in a large city which bristles with temptations, is placed in a situation of great peril. He has not only his own wayward heart to battle with, but he is almost invariably assailed by the seductions of others. There is a certain class of men in great cities, who manage to keep just within the pale of decent society, notwithstanding their habits, and modes of living, render them unworthy of the association. They generally are the dry and worthless branches of some respectable family, left with a patrimony just sufficient to raise them above the absolute necessity of useful employment, yet not enough to support their extravagance for any length of time. They flutter gaily for a summer, like the grasshoppers, and like them find themselves destitute when the autumn of life approaches. They begin by losing their money from inexperience, and end by preying upon the inexperience of others. They dress well, preserve a respectable exterior, and study the refinements of manners, to enable them the better to practise their decep-

tions. Of all men in the world, the sharper has most occasion for good manners. They are generally unmarried, for wives and children are mere incumbrances to men who must seek their prey ; now at a fashionable hotel, and anon at a fashionable watering-place.

These men are always on the look-out for young heirs, with more money than wit or experience. They found me ; and what was worse, they found me prepared for their purposes. I joined, nothing loth, a club of these veteran whist players, which met almost every night ; the principal members of which, from long habit and experience, I verily believe, had reduced it to a matter of certainty, that in the course of an evening, or rather a night, they could win my money. They did not pack the cards, or shuffle unfairly, nor exchange winks with their partners, nor tread on each other's toes under the table ; but they took advantage of those mysterious, unaccountable runs of ill luck, which so often beset a player ; taunted my losses, undervalued my skill, stimulated me with drink to double my bets, in hopes of winning back my money ; and, in short, by those various arts so well known to experienced *gentlemen* players, contrived, in the course of one single year, to strip me of all my ready money.

I then mortgaged my lands ; preferring this me-

thod, by the advice of one of the most experienced members of the club. "It is better than selling," said he; "for it gives you the appearance of being rich, when you are not worth a groat. I have known men possess in this way, aye, and enjoy all the advantages of hundreds and thousands, who did not, in reality, own an acre." So I mortgaged my estate from time to time, and from time to time I lost my money. In fine, I became poor; and one hot summer's day, it came into my mind to visit my sisters, who lived on a part of my father's estate in the country, in peace and innocence; doting on me as an only brother, the hope of the family; and totally unsuspecting of the career I was running. At this time, even at this time, if I knew myself, I still had about me the raw materials of a gentleman. I had never descended to any of the arts and finesses of a gambler; I had never forfeited my word with an equal, or my engagements with an inferior; I had not as yet thrown my gauntlet at the foot of the world, and declared myself independent of the grand inquest of society; and though my habits were decidedly bad, they were not confirmed beyond the reach of vigorous and manly effort. I was neither depraved nor debased past all recovery; and notwithstanding my occasionally keen and bitter stings of conscience, I

was not yet driven to drinking as a refuge from their pangs.

In this state, I paid a visit to my sisters; who received me with an affectionate joy, that went to my heart of hearts. They admired me beyond any other human being; and they loved me still more. The sight of my early home, the kind flatteries of my sisters, and the sacred influence of quiet repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, flowers—and all the full, combined harmony of nature, for awhile awakened in my heart the rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue. I began by degrees, to relish a stroll with my sisters along the little stream that skirted their grounds; to enjoy the moonlight, and the wandering glories overhead; and tried to take a pleasure in looking on, or partaking in the merry hay-makings of the season. What surprised me most of all, was the phenomenon of being able to sleep soundly at night, without sitting up three-fourths of it—a thing I had not been able to do in town for more than two years past.

It is possible, had it pleased Heaven to permit me to remain here undisturbed during the remainder of the season, that I might have become a new man. But, empty, unsatisfactory, and wearisome, as is the eternal repetition of the stimulants:

to dissipation, they are gifted with an accursed fascination. Even if they did not, as they most assuredly do, carry with them their own appropriate stings, their victim is bitterly punished in the incapacity ever to enjoy those gentle pleasures; those innocent domestic endearments, and that sweet undulating calm, which all united, constitute a contented and happy being. I confess I was sometimes partially benumbed for want of some little flow of excitement merely to set my sails flapping. Whether I should eventually have conquered the habits of dissipation, in the habits of ease and retirement, I shall never know. About a month after leaving the city, I received a letter from my particular friend, one of the principal members of the club, to whom I owed a couple of thousands, which he always assured me I might take my own time to pay, dunning me for money in the most genteel manner possible. Necessity—a run of luck, &c. &c. &c.

I had not a tenth part of the sum in the world; and to my shame be it told, it was the absolute impossibility of living any longer in town, that had driven me to visit my sisters in the country. My estate was already mortgaged for its full value; and this being a debt of honour, must be paid. From the moment of receiving this letter, the country lost its charms for me. Cool shades, quiet glens,

green meadows, murmuring streams, warbling birds, chirping insects, and all the blessed-looking, happy objects of nature, assort but ill with an unquiet, dissatisfied spirit. Noise, bustle, and a perpetual succession of confused and various objects, accord much better with the mood of a man at war with himself. My sisters soon noticed my depression, and with the querulous solicitude of female affection, wearied and worried me with enquiries. At first I was fretful, and continually brought tears into their mild blue eyes, by repulsing them, sometimes rudely, sometimes superciliously, always with an impatience their affection little merited. At length, one day, the fiend, who is ever on the watch for the moment in which man may be best tempted to his ruin—one day, when I had just received another dunning letter from my friend, an idea came across me, that at first made me shudder, as if a dagger of ice had been run through me. I was the sole executor of my father's estate; and the property of my sisters had been left entirely under my controul, since they became of age.

I mean to lay bare the inmost recesses of my polluted heart—to deny nothing—disguise nothing—extenuate nothing. But I hope to be credited, wretch as I am, this once, when I say that the first idea of appropriating a part of the pro-

perty thus left with such confiding affection entirely in my power, came across me, I drove it away with all the indignation it deserved. But it came back again and again, always accompanied with new motives, and new palliatives, till by degrees it became familiar. "Your mortgaged estates," it said, or seemed to say, "are rising in value, and you will be able to repay this small sum, long before it is known that you have used it. Your sisters have no occasion for the money, and as they probably will never marry, you will be their heir at last." At other times, it seemed to say, as it every day grew bolder—"Even suppose you never pay the money—there is nothing more common than for brothers to borrow, mismanage, or waste their sisters' inheritance—you will have enough to keep you in countenance, if the worst come to the worst." Why should I detail step by step, inch by inch, hairs-breadth by hairs-breadth, the progress I made towards this infamous determination? I was driven to it at last, by a third letter threatening me with being denounced at the club, unless I promptly paid the debt to my friend. To escape the disgrace of an indiscretion, I committed a crime. The shame of meeting a set of men who had no claim upon my affection or gratitude, for a moment blinded me to the guilt of defrauding those who had both. Had

I asked my sisters for the sum, they would have thrown that, and all they possessed, into my lap. But the pride that stooped to defraud them, shrunk from the degradation of asking for what it could steal. Such too often is man, and such was I.

I bade my sisters farewell. They hung around, and kissed me, with tears of pure and innocent love, for their hearts seemed all concentrated upon me. They asked me to come again soon, and made me promise I would. I did not dare to look them in the face, nor could I respond to their tears and embraces, for the purpose I was upon made their endearments intolerable. We have never met since. They have sought me in my misery and degradation; they have proffered me all that my villainy had left them; they have sought me out in infamy; and entreated to share my cell. But I never could bear to meet their forgiveness, and fled from them, as from the wrath of heaven.

From the moment I robbed my sisters, and only from that moment, I felt myself degraded past all recovery, lost beyond redemption. I had suffered myself, as it were, wilfully to be deceived into the commission of a crime, mean and despicable beyond all other meanness; but the moment it was past beyond the reach of recall, the sophistry glared me in the face, and I saw my degradation at full

length. I did not stop here, for who shall say that he can stop, when he has placed himself one single step, on the slippery, down-hill path of infamy. Anxious, feverishly anxious to replace the past robbery, I risked more—lost more—and robbed my sisters of more to pay the debt of honour. I did not lose—I have never lost, nor shall I ever—the capacity to feel the keenest remorse for my evil actions. Had I been able to steel my heart to the pangs of conscience, and to bear up, as some do, against the sense of hopeless degradation, I had not been what I am, nor, strange as may appear the paradox, should I have been half so bad, had I at first been a great deal worse.

Wherever I went, I bore about me this intolerable feeling of irretrievable disgrace, and to escape from it, I plunged deeper into the gulf. I could not bend or force my heart to a submission, an acquiescence in its shame; and to escape the horrible depressions of self-conviction, I sought new stimulants, by a more frequent indulgence in the use of wine. It answered for a little, a very little while; but the momentary sunshine would pass away, and leave only a deeper gloom. Still I was not a sot; the habit had not yet fastened itself on me, nor did I carry on my face or person, those infallible indications which mark the victims of this beastly vice. I could at any time abstain,

and so far, my destiny was in my power. By degrees, I made deeper and deeper encroachments on the fortunes of my sisters, and the period was fast approaching, when my shame must inevitably come to light. I was becoming reckless and desperate, when a lucky chance, as I then thought it, threw in my way a mode of retrieving my affairs, and preserving my reputation.

I had considerable advantages of person, and a habit of keeping myself always neatly and fashionably dressed. Even when I spent my nights at the cock-pit, and came forth in the morning covered with feathers, I never failed to appear immediately after in the garb of a gentleman. I had also a natural and off-hand gallantry in my disposition, which made me acceptable to the most modest and well-bred females, whenever I chose to exert it, as I often did. As a proof that I was not altogether a brute, there never was a period of my life, up to the time I have now arrived at, in which I could not relish the society of virtuous, intelligent women, and make myself agreeable to them.

Accident about this time threw me into the society of a young gentlewoman, of good family, and possessing a handsome fortune in her own right. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful, and her face shone bright in the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes, matched, or rather

contrasted with a fine set of white teeth. Hitherto I had never thought of marrying. The life I had led, had, in fact, made me incapable of loving a virtuous woman as she deserves to be loved. Excesses had blunted all my finer feelings, and I contemplated every handsome female with the eyes of a glutton, or an epicure. Let no woman who values her happiness, unite herself to a reformed debauchee, who has long past the age of unbridled youth. The heat of youthful blood, unrestrained by experience, may, and often does, precipitate a boy into the most dangerous excesses; but his transgressions are those of inexperience, not habit; and if he returns to the path of rectitude in time, he may still save something valuable from the tempest in which he has been tossed. But it is otherwise with him whom years of estrangement from the society of the worthy, and years of fellowship with the worthless, have disfranchised from all communion with the pure susceptibilities of woman, and rendered absolutely, and for ever incapable of knowing or estimating her worth. Such a man may return to the performance of the ordinary duties of society, but he will have lost in his long wanderings, what he can never regain; the capacity to enjoy the innocent endearments of virtuous love, and the gentle attractions of the domestic fire-side. But the fondest

lovers may be said to be strangers to each other before marriage. Perhaps it is best it should be so, since it is often as mischievous to know too much as too little.

Finding my society agreeable to this lady, whom I shall call Amelia, the idea by degrees occurred to me, that she would be an advantageous speculation, as we used to say at the club. Her person, as I said before, was attractive, but that did not much matter; and her fortune was liberal, which mattered a great deal. She was young, romantic, and somewhat buoyant in spirits. I played the hypocrite finely. We rode out together through the beautiful landscapes of a most beautiful country, and she greeted every murmuring brook, twittering bird, and rocky glen, with a vivacity of admiration, that would have called up a corresponding feeling in any heart, but one like mine, labouring under a sense of degradation, combined with the lethargy of worn-out sensibilities. She had neither father nor mother living; but she had friends, who, though ignorant of the extent of my fall, still knew enough of my habits to think me unworthy of her hand. But young women who are rich, and mistress of themselves, are, I believe, not apt to be controlled by friends in the choice of a husband; and believing, as Amelia did, that they wronged me, she was only

the more determined to do me right. She consented to trust me with herself, her happiness, her destiny in this world,—I might almost say in the world to come,—and we were married.

At the moment I was about to be put in possession of youth, beauty, and fortune, I was not happy; I could not disguise from myself that I was receiving a victim, not a bride, to my arms; that I had played the hypocrite and the villain, in disguising from her the state of my fortune, and affecting a character, now no longer mine. She strenuously insisted on having my sisters for bridesmaids; but I resisted, at first, with feigned excuses, and, at length, with an obstinate violence, which caused her to look at me with a keen scrutinizing glance, and heave a sigh, too true a signal of her future fate. I took her a tour during the summer; visited my estate, and heard her warmly and seriously propose that we should settle down there, and spend the rest of our days, without sinking into the earth. We went to the springs, and I take some credit to myself, that for three weeks that we staid there, I neither flirted with other men's wives, nor sat up after four o'clock in the morning at whist. In short, I was the model of a good husband, and my wife the happiest of women; at least she said nothing to the contrary.

For some months after we returned to town for the winter, I led a prodigy of a life. I neither drank nor gamed; and the connexions of my wife began to give me credit for a thorough reformation. But, alas! where the fiend is within, the fiend will come out at last. About this time one of my sisters married, and it became necessary that her portion should be forthcoming. I had now a man to deal with, and farther deception became impossible. The crisis of my fate arrived. My generous, noble-hearted wife, had peremptorily resisted all the cautions of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No, she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and throw myself on her generosity; or to make use of her fortune secretly, to replace that of my sister's. That strange pride which clings even to guilt and degradation, prompted me to the latter. To replace the money of which I had robbed my sister, I robbed my wife of that, which after events proved, she would have given me with all her heart.

Up to this period, I had loved Amelia as well as it was possible for me to love a delicate, virtuous woman. Her affection, and the complete acquiescence to my wishes, which she exhibited on all

occasions, had won all that was left of a heart seared in the fires of mad voluptuousness. But from the moment I robbed her, I hated her. With the injustice which I believe ever accompanies the perpetration of injuries, I considered my wife a spy, prying into my actions, and at every moment on the eve of discovering the deception I had practised, the robbery I had committed. All confidence was now at an end, on my part; all pleasure in her society; all enjoyment in her arms. I began to estrange myself from home, and, by degrees, to drink drams, to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and make me sufficiently a brute, to meet her, after my nightly orgies, without sinking into the earth. Now it was that my downhill course became more rapid than ever. I fell in company with some of my old associates of the club; renewed my intimacy with Balty and the ferret-eyed butcher; got half fuddled, was robbed and cheated every night, and returned to my home every morning, more of a beast than I left it in the evening.

To meet these perpetual losses, I made other drafts upon my wife's fortune, and to dull the sense of infamy, I drank deeper of brandy. Sometimes I rallied the remnant of the divinity that was within me, and abstained both from gambling and drinking for days and nights, sometimes weeks

together; but again I was carried away by impulses and habits, only the more impetuous for their momentary restraint. My wife behaved like an angel; she kept my secret, and neither betrayed me to her friends, nor uttered a reproach. She did not, it is true, know that I had robbed her of more than two-thirds of her fortune; but she knew what was far more difficult to be borne, that I neglected her person, and dishonoured both her and myself by indulging in the lowest dissipation. Yet she bore all in silence. Had she been more of a woman, it had been better, perhaps, for me.

During this period we had two children, a boy and a girl. I could not bear to look at them, from the moment their little eyes began to know me. I had injured them as well as their mother, and bad as I was, I never could bear the looks of those I had wronged. To the virtuous and happy father, these little strangers form those gentle links that bind him the closer to his home, and inspire new feelings of gratitude and goodness. But it was not so with me. I was rapidly becoming an outcast from the domestic circle; an alien from all that is good, and beautiful, and elegant. My heart was already one half rotten, the other half turned to stone; my tastes, my propensities, my habits, were now all assuming the same hue of deep bottomless infamy, of irretrievable debase-

ment. My friends, for I still had estimable friends, whom the virtues of my father and mother had gained me, now began to draw off one by one, to treat me with coolness, distant civility, neglect, and finally to pass me without notice. Few men that have their senses left them, can bear the contempt of their friends, and know that they have deserved it, without shrinking into their inmost soul, and cowering there. For me, I was always as proud as Lucifer. The more degraded I felt, the more obstinate I became; and when I could not disguise from myself that I merited the detestation of all the world, I only the more resolutely determined to brave that world, and become worse and worse, out of pure spite. Thus does the nature of man become perverted, until at last he comes to cherish a gloomy mistaken pride, in more than justifying the scorn and contempt of his honest associates. From getting intoxicated at night, I proceeded to getting intoxicated by day. As the sense of degradation, the consciousness of my approaching fall, my irretrievable, eternal ruin, pressed upon me only the more keenly, in the intervals of oblivion, I flew to the bottle, and drank oblivion again. Yet sometimes my watchful angel would interfere, and more than once have I madly dashed the glass to pieces on the hearth, in a paroxysm of momentary and desperate resolution.

I would describe the dreadful chaos of my mind, while under the influence of the destroying bowl, that those who read my story may shrink with horror from the terrible detail, and learn, if possible, how hopeless, how fatal, the attempt to quell the raging surges of guilt and remorse, by pouring hot inflammable spirits upon them. At first, indeed, the attempt may produce a temporary obscurity; a leaden numbness of intellect, through which objects appear confused and indistinct, and the sense of shame or guilt is not so keen. Sometimes it may bring about a deep, yet unrefreshing sleep, from which the miserable drunkard awakes only to enjoy the bitter contrast of a refreshed remorse preying on a weakened body. But by degrees, even these miserable solaces fade away, and drunkenness, instead of dulling the sense of guilt or misery, only sharpens the pang, by giving a temporary life and vivacity to the mental perceptions. Their indistinctness is overbalanced by their increased vigour. The next step is still more deplorable, when habit at length renders the wretch almost callous to the influence of the poison, and excessive indulgence produces not oblivion, but phrenzy. Too truly will the remainder of my story exemplify that I speak from woeful experience.

The depredations I had committed on the in-

heritance of my children, were now brought to light, by that inevitable train of events, which never fails, sooner or later, to bring the villain to his reckoning. Nearly at the same time, my estate was advertised by the sheriff, on a foreclosure of the mortgage. It was thus discovered that I was a beggar when I married, and that I had since become a scoundrel. Even my unbending pride, aided by the maddening bowl, could not stand this. I could not endure the sight of those, who, from having once looked up to me, now shunned me with averted eyes, or gave me only glances of cool contempt. No man, however degraded in his own estimation, can bear the scorn of his equals; the very pickpocket aspires to an equality with his fellow pickpockets, and will quarrel for precedence, like a courtier.

One day I happened to meet an old acquaintance, in company with two or three gentlemen, in such a way that it was impossible for him to pretend not to see me, or for me to avoid him, without actually sneaking away. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. "I believe you don't know me," said I. "O yes, I *do* know you," he replied, and turned on his heel. The emphasis he laid on this little word, was admirably expressive. I understood it, and so did the gentlemen present. My blood boiled, and the more, for knowing I de-

served this treatment. I poured forth a deluge of invectives, and provoked him at length so far to forget himself as to knock me down. That very hour I sent him a challenge, for I was not yet sufficiently abject to put up with a blow, and though I acknowledged to my own heart that I deserved the treatment I had received, still I burned for revenge. It was in vain that the friend to whom the gentleman applied to carry his answer, represented me as unworthy of his notice, a man without any reputation to lose, and to whom a blow could add no deeper disgrace. "I should have thought of all this before I gave the blow," he replied. "Having noticed him in the first instance, I have no right to say now that he is beneath my notice. I must offer either apology or atonement. I cannot descend to beg his pardon, and there is but one other alternative."

"But he is a disgraced man."

"True, yet I had no right to add to his disgrace."

"He gave the first provocation."

"Aye, but if he was so far degraded as to be unworthy of my anger, I had no business to be angry with him. I forgot he was beneath my notice when I gave the offence; I have no right now to say he is so, when he demands satisfaction. I know it is the morality of the day, to bandy re-

proaches, to offend public decency, to outrage a man's feelings in every possible way, and when called upon for atonement, to plead either scruples of conscience, or inferiority in the other party. Neither this species of piety, nor this morality, satisfies me. I must meet this man."

Under the influence of these mixed principles of right and wrong, did this high-spirited young man consent to meet me. My habitual excesses had so shattered my nervous system, that nothing but copious draughts could steady my hand. I drank deep that morning, and though my vision was indistinct, my hand did not tremble. My second, one of my old club companions, who was an amateur of duelling—that is to say in the second, not in the first person, gave me many special directions how to hold my pistol, and when to fire. But I was stupified by the time we got to the ground, and every object swam before my eyes, as if floating on the waves. I scarcely heard the words, "one—two—three—fire!" I raised my pistol mechanically, and yet—strange and inscrutable dispensation!—my antagonist fell dead at the first fire. A mother lost her only son—an amiable and virtuous woman an affectionate husband—and three children became orphans—for the wife survived the shock but a few months. Thus, as my worthy second assured me trium-

phantly—thus, and at this price, had I vindicated my honour. What honour? The honour of an unnatural brother, a brutal husband, an unfeeling father, a beastly sot!

For some time after this magnificent exploit, I was moody and serious. I had a sort of indistinct vision of blood, for ever peering through the mists of intoxication, and my nights became horrible, whenever I ventured to go to bed otherwise than in a state of brutal insensibility. Even then the vision haunted my dreams, until I groaned in agony, and awakened in such indescribable horrors, that I used to get up at all times of the night, to resort to the bowl, to bring on another brief interval of oblivion. Thus it was that each new crime drove me to still greater excesses, and that every new excess only brought with it new punishment for my crimes. By degrees I came to loathe the city, to hate the face of man, and to cherish the wish of burying myself in the country, that I might drink my fill, and revel in beastly excesses, free from the prying eye of my fellow creatures, and beyond the reach of the restraints of society. The friends of my wife gladly acceded to my wishes, and a farm was purchased, in a distant part of the country, where my family and myself were unknown, which we went to take possession of on a fine spring day. I remember it to this

hour ; for languid, worn out, decayed as was my frame, I still felt the bland influence of the fresh air, playing about my forehead, and refreshing my parched lungs, while the flowers, the verdure, the birds, and all the combined beauties of a genial sun, and a fair, far spreading landscape, once more awakened me, and I think for the last time, to feelings allied to my better days. Our new home was a little white house, shaded by an immense weeping willow, that threw its wide declining tendrils completely over the roof, like a vast umbrella. From the door, a little greensward sloped down to a stream, something between a river and a brook, that murmured its way through a long meadow, dotted with gigantic elms, button woods, and other vast children of our rich alluvions. It was a pretty scene for a good man to repose himself in, and seek his quiet way to heaven. But for me ! Paradise had no charms for the great enemy of mankind, and rural scenes, and rural quiet, are only stimulatives to him who lives on artificial excitement. If there be the means of revelling in one single vicious indulgence left within his reach, he will seize upon them with an avidity sharpened by the absence of all other temptations, and all other means of gratifying evil appetites.

For me, I was past all hope, I might say, all possibility of being saved. Even if my moral sense had not been perverted, if my mind had not become irretrievably prostrated before the altar of debasement, my physical frame, now so long used to artificial stimulants, became almost inanimate without them. Once, certain symptoms of apoplexy actually frightened me into a momentary reform; and at other times, when the swelling of my legs gave indication of dropsy, I was alarmed into a temporary abstinence. But the reader would shudder, if I were capable of drawing a picture in colours sufficiently glaring, to exhibit the depression, the lassitude, the sinkings of the very soul, that shook my body; or the indescribable terrors that haunted me, sleeping and waking. For some time past, I had totally lost my appetite. I had lived wholly on the stimulating bowl; and when that was abandoned for a few days, my appetite did not return. I absolutely sunk under the privation. Let no one therefore venture upon these excesses, in the flattering hope that he can ever retrieve himself. "He cannot," to use the words of a writer whom I could once relish, "He cannot if he would, is not more certain, than he would not if he could." From these temporary abstinences, I returned like the dog to his vomit,

with a renewed zest, and with a sort of apology for deeper excesses. But it is time to speak of my poor wife and children.

From time to time, during the progress of the scenes I have just been sketching, Amelia had been strongly urged by her friends to leave me; but she always mildly, yet peremptorily refused. "My lot," would she say, "was of my own choosing; and whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end." Even this devotion did not touch my heart; nor, brute as I was, did I thank her for it. On the contrary—believe it ye virtuous husbands if ye can—I taunted her with her ridiculous attachment; and scarcely a day passed, that I did not ask her, with brutal barbarity, why she did not go to her friends. I did not want her company, not I; nay, I wished to get rid of it, and never see her face again. He who shall read this horrible tale, with the remnant of one spark of virtuous feeling just expiring in his bosom, will not believe it. Yet, it is as true, as that there is a Being above the stars, who for some unknown purpose, permits such things as I am to live. I used to find a diabolical amusement in making her innocent heart shudder to hear me blaspheme; to see the tears come into her forgiving eyes, as I vociferated that I cared not how soon I killed myself with drinking; an assertion as false as it was

blasphemous ; for, often and often have I bellowed with unmanly fears, when the fulness of my head, and other symptoms, awaked the apprehension of apoplexy. I consider it one of my last duties, to do full justice to this extraordinary woman, at the expense of heaping tenfold curses on my own head. I deserve them. It was my customary amusement to exert every means, to resort to every species of provocation, by way of experiment, to see if it was possible to overcome her. I found fault with her domestic economy ; reproached her with not keeping her children decent ; with being a slut in her own person, though she was neatness itself ; with being ugly, disagreeable, stupid, tiresome, a millstone about my neck, the bane of my life, and the cause of all my misery. And then I would conclude by cursing her—yes, reader, cursing her, the wife of my bosom, the mother of my children. Yet she bore it all ; and what was for a long while inexplicable to me, bore it without losing that vivacity of temper, and flow of spirits which marked her happier days. Nay, her gaiety seemed wilder than ever, and to increase with my brutality. It was long before I discovered the reason. But I will not anticipate. Let not the reader suppose, that even I, degraded and brutalized as I was, had not my intervals of shame and suffering, during all this time. I sometimes, as if by enchantment,

suddenly awakened to a full sense of what I was. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, my punishment would come upon me. The embodied representatives of my guilt and crimes, would throng round my bed, and make me gnash my teeth, and roar in agony. At these times, my resource was to get up, light a candle, and sit down to the bottle, till the fumes of the poison again produced insensibility to every rational feeling or perception. Then would I defy Heaven, brag of my utter fearlessness of the present or the future, and play the reckless bully once more, while my heart was quaking to its core, with guilty apprehensions.

It is scarcely to be supposed, that this mode of life, accompanied as it was by a total neglect of my farm, and a complete disregard to pecuniary affairs, should not, in no long time, produce the usual consequences, I indulged in the most foolish, wanton extravagances; purchased on credit, for I seldom had money, every thing I wanted, and every thing I did not want, of those who would trust me; abused them when they called for payment; defied them when they threatened to put me in jail; and when some of my neighbours bailed me out, at the entreaties of my wife, took a trip out of the state in the proper time, and quietly left them responsible for the money. Even when

she followed me with our children to prison, Amelia seemed in more than usual high spirits, and actually jested on the occasion. As for me, I was beyond the rough discipline of merited retribution. I had arrived at that stage of brutal depravity, in which every new disgrace furnishes only a new incentive to wickedness; and every stroke of the lash, only drives a man to run his race of infamy with swifter foot. The more I became satisfied that my case was past all cure, the worse I became; the more I suffered, the more determined I was to deserve my sufferings. Such is the perverseness of sin!

If there ever was a lost, hopelessly, irretrievably lost being in this world, it was myself. I was dunned for money I could not pay. I was shunned by my neighbours; my servants left me, as one it was a disgrace to serve; and even the sots of the neighbourhood disdained to drink with me, because, as they said, "a gentleman ought to be ashamed to make a beast of himself." Though I literally lived without food, I had become a bloated mass of physical inanition. My hands shook; my face was swelled and livid; my eyes exhibited the red, fiery rings, that mark the victim of the bowl; and my legs were so swollen at times, as to prevent my walking, except with crutches. Then my mental tortures!—But they are past all description.

The reader will think this was bad enough ; but as yet, he has seen nothing. The tragedy is still to be exhibited.

My attention, during my temporary confinements to my chair, was drawn at times, more particularly than usual, towards Amelia, who had borne with me throughout, with patience, nay indulgence, beyond all example. She acquiesced in all my unreasonable, nay, cruel requirements ; she indulged me in every thing ; she bore in meek resignation, all the refinements of vexation, the mad pranks of tyranny, my wayward, perverted, unmanly spirit, heaped upon her day and night. During the whole progress of this complicated oppression, it seemed to me that her powers of endurance and submission increased with the severity of my inflictions, and that the more I endeavoured to wrong and distract her, the brighter was the sparkling of her eyes, the more light and buoyant her vivacity. To see her light step, and hear her rattling away in the full effervescence of sprightly vivacity, one would have supposed she was the happiest of wives, and I the best of husbands.

But there is a certain state of endurance, a forced elevation of the spirits, which cannot be sustained beyond its stated period, without shaking the intellectual fabric to its foundation. The perpetual tax upon the mind, for high unnatural ex-

ertion, sooner or later, will beggar it at last, or drive it into excesses of some kind or other. It was so with my poor Amelia; who now, at times, even to my blunted perceptions, exhibited eccentricities, that brutified as I was, made me shudder. Her mind was sometimes evidently not mistress of itself; and her vivacity became at intervals, when she was strongly excited, so misplaced and ungovernable, as to indicate too evidently, that the springs which regulated the fine machine, were deranged, or worn out by intense and perpetual exertion. I was too far gone now to rally, or retrace the path upwards; but I did pause, as this sad and maddening truth flashed upon my mind at last. I would, if I could, have tried to be myself; to have been kind to her again, and if possible, to have soothed her into her former state of innocent and natural vivacity. But it was only liquor that gave me a diabolical energy in wickedness; and when free from its influence, I was altogether incapable of exertion. I tried the experiment, and its failure only sunk me deeper into despair and perdition. I could not retrace the past, or undo its fatal consequences; but I could still produce a temporary indistinctness of perception, which, though not amounting to total forgetfulness, was still something to a wretch like me. The effort therefore, like all efforts made too

late, only made me the more determined to persevere in the work of destruction ; and accelerated the consummation, that always awaits a career like mine.

My little children—I can mourn over them now, for I am compelled to be sober, and shall never be permitted to see them again—my poor children were beginning to feel the effects of that alienation of mind, which was now speedily approaching on their mother. They ran wild about the house and in the fields, ragged and filthy. They were old enough to see the degradation of one parent, and the inconsistencies of the other. At times, I encouraged them in all the wild, wayward caprices of undisciplined youth ; taught them to blaspheme, like myself ; and forced them to drink with me, till they reeled about the room. At others, when the capricious fiend that ruled my actions, forced me into another species of excess, I would punish them in the most cruel manner, for the very faults I had previously forced them to commit ; while my poor Amelia would dance about the room, and laugh, till the tears came into her eyes.

Will any body believe me ? Yet it is true. I now took a malignant pleasure in tempting my wife to share with me in those excesses which had blasted my soul, and destroyed her reason, in a

great degree. The innate delicacy of her sex, and the barriers of a refined education, had hitherto preserved her from that influence which is so often exercised by the husband over the wife, the wife over the husband, in cases similar to mine. Strange as it is, still experience proves its truth, those very examples which one might suppose, would become only the more disgusting by a repetition of their excesses, do actually in time reconcile us to their enormity. Use lessens the sense of disgust, and continued forgiveness and reconciliation at length induces a compromise with vice, fraught with imminent danger to the innocent. To acquire a habit of forgiving crimes, is too often to make advances towards them ourselves. It is necessary to the security of virtue, that we should abhor vice. My own experience has taught me this.

Yet from the bottom of my soul, I believe that my poor Amelia, had she been herself, notwithstanding her mistaken lenity, and mischievous indulgence of my excesses, would never in her rational moments have degraded herself by a participation in my orgies. At last, however, and by imperceptible degrees, she fell from her high estate, and sunk—not indeed to my dead level of measureless brutality—but low enough to lose herself, and all she once had been. I will not describe the scenes

which my home now presented, almost every day. Husband, wife, father, mother, children, all mad ; now singing and laughing ; now cursing and swearing like the inmates of a mad-house. But I will not particularize. Enough has been displayed, I hope, to disgust and deter, whosoever shall read my story, before he has become as lost as I am. Let me hasten to the catastrophe, that my moral may be complete.

From the period that my diabolical plot began to succeed, my poor Amelia, who had hitherto acquiesced, as I have more than once premised, in all my wishes, whims, and inflictions, began to exhibit symptoms of opposition. Shaken in her steady intellect, and stimulated by artificial excitements, she became obstinate, contentious, and occasionally keenly sarcastic in her reproaches. Accustomed as I had been to unresisting obedience, these strange novelties threw me sometimes almost into a phrenzy. Alas ! why is it that obstinate, irreclaimable drunkards, are not treated as madmen, and shut up where they have neither the power of gratifying their taste, or the opportunity to commit crimes ? Surely, if there be such a thing as madness in the world, it is exhibited by the malignant sot, with his passions stimulated into phrenzy by draughts of liquid fire. Such a one is not only mad, but wilfully mad, not by the

visitation of heaven, but his own deliberate act. Yet the innocent, afflicted being, is confined, starved, and manacled, while the wretch who becomes the assassin of his own soul, is left at large, to disgrace his country, his nature, and his God, by wallowing from day to day, in beastliness and sin.

One day—it was an ominous day—the anniversary of our marriage—in a fit of savage hilarity, I swore I would celebrate it with more than usual splendour. I got up at twelve the preceding night, and intoxicated myself before sunrise, when I went to bed and slept myself partly sober again before dinner. At dinner I drank, and enticed my poor Amelia to follow my example, till the little reason left us began to stagger on its throne. I proposed a toast—"Our wedding day—and many happy returns of it." A sudden pang seemed to cross her mind, and produce a train of bitter recollections. "Was it not a happy day, Amelia?" said I tauntingly. She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she replied with a look of agony, that still haunts me day and night,—“Yes, it was a happy day—but—.” The tone and look irritated my already infuriated spirit, burning as it was in liquid flames. “But what?”—replied I—“Come, speak out—let us have no secrets on this happy day.” “We have paid dearly for it”—she said

—"You with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness—I with a broken heart, and a shattered reason."

"And I alone am to blame for all this, I suppose?"

"No; I blame nothing but my own folly. I had my warnings, but they came too late, or rather, as my conscience tells me, I shut my ears to them. Would I had died," added she, wringing her hands, "before that miserable day!"

I laughed aloud. "Poor soul," cried I, "does it mean to say I deceived it? Pish, woman! did you ever flatter yourself your weak and silly sex was a match for men—men of the world—men of experience. Pshaw! a wife is a mere plaything—a—"

"A victim," sighed my poor wife. "But what can you charge me with?"

"Your fortune is gone," said I.

"Who was it wasted it for me?"

"Your beauty is turned to deformity; you have grown as ugly as the ——."

"Who spoiled it by robbing me of rest by night, of happiness by day?"

"You are no longer the gay, sprightly, animated, witty thing that won my heart."

"Your heart," replied she, scornfully; "but who was it that robbed me of my gaiety; that

worried my sickened soul by night and day ; that has broken my heart, and turned my brain ? Do you know the man, the monster I would say ?” Her eyes now flashed fire as she continued, “ Do you know the monster, I say ? he who deceived my youth ; wasted my fortune ; destroyed my happiness ; degraded the modesty of my sex and station ; poured liquid fires down my throat and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children ? who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God !”

“ I, whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come, give me an example of obedience,” cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor, “ come, one bumper more : I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come !”

“ I will not ; I am already more than half a beast !”

“ And half a fool,” muttered I, rising and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, “ I swear by h-ll, you shall drink it.”

“ I swear by Heaven I will not !”

Who shall answer for the actions of a man, mad with drink ! Not himself, for he is a beast without a soul ; not his Maker, for he has abandoned him. A struggle now ensued, during which I gradually became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away.

My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fire-place. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and me another, and sunk down again. She was dead.

I am now the sober tenant of a mad-house. The jury that tried me would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad; the justice of heaven has ordained that I shall live, while I live, in the full perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one will answer my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day and night, waking or dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind, the history of that ill-fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her; her friends, and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion.

Guilt grins me in the face; infamy barks at my heels; scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up. I am going to meet Amelia!

The man to whose charge I am committed, has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed, or am about to close it for ever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe, that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay, worse than I have been. If we look only at the beginning and the end of a career of infamy and wickedness, the space appears a gulf which the delinquent has overleapt at a single bound. But if we examine into the particulars of his life and progress, we shall seldom fail to find that the interval has been passed, and the goal attained, step by step, by little and little, from good to bad, from bad to worse. The pride of human reason may whisper in our ears that *we* can never become like the wretch whose career we have just been tracing. But as poor Ophelia says,

“ We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.” It is only to begin as I began ; to sow the same seeds, and be sure that in good time you will reap the same fruits ; drink the same gall and bitterness here, the same fiery draught hereafter.

THE MARRIAGE BLUNDER.

I HAVE never been able to understand the peculiar significancy of the old and often quoted maxim, that *matches are made in heaven*, as if Providence had more to do with our marriages, and we ourselves less, than with the other enterprises and acts of our lives. The truth is, that nothing we do is transacted with more deliberation than our matrimonial engagements. The talk about rashness, precipitancy, and blindness, in the parties between whom the union is formed, is all cant, and cant of the most ancient and stale kind. I wonder it is not exploded in an age when old theories and long established opinions are thrown aside with as little ceremony or remorse as a grave-digger shovels up the bones and dust of past generations. In almost every marriage that takes place, the bridegroom has passed by many a fair face before he has made his final election, and the bride refused many a

wooer. The parties are united after a courtship generally of months—the fair one defers the day of the nuptials from mere maiden coyness, and the lover must have time to provide her a habitation. Religious ceremonies, the forms of law, the preparations for the festivity of the occasion, all interpose their numerous delays. Even where the parties have nothing to do with the matter themselves, it is managed with great reflection and contrivance, with negotiations warily opened and skilfully conducted on the part of their relations. Why, the very making of these matches, which the proverb so flippantly affirms to be made without our agency, constitutes nearly half the occupation of civilized society. For this the youth applies himself diligently to the making of his fortune; for this the maiden studies the graces and accomplishments of her sex. I have known persons who for years never thought of any other subject. I have known courtships which lasted through four lustres. I have known mothers who for years made it the business of their lives to settle their daughters. The premeditation of matrimony influences all the fashions, amusements, and employments of mankind. What a multitude of balls and parties, and calls, and visits, and journeys, are owing to this fruitful cause—what managing and manœuvring, what dressing and

dancing, what patching and painting, how much poetry and how much prose, what quantities of music, and conversation, and criticism, and scandal, and civility, that otherwise would never have had an existence !

The result justifies the supposition of deliberation ; and most marriages are accordingly made with sufficient wisdom. Talk of the risk undertaken by the candidate for the happiness of a conjugal life ! The man who marries is not so often cheated as the man who buys a horse, even when the bargain is driven for him by the most knowing jockey. Ten are unfortunate in trade, to one who is unfortunate in a wife. Marriages are comfortable and respectable things the world over, with a few exceptions. Ill-natured people torment each other, it is true ; but if they were not married they would torment somebody else, unless they retired to a hermitage ; while, on the other hand, good tempers are improved by the domestic affections which the married state calls forth.

If marriage happened to a man without his knowledge or consent ; if it came upon one unexpectedly like a broken leg, or a fever, or a legacy from a rich relation, or a loss by a broken bank ; if young men and young women were to lay their heads on their pillows in celibacy and wake the next morning in wedlock ; if one were to have no voice in

the election of a wife, but were obliged to content himself with one chosen for him by lot, there would, I grant, be some propriety in the maxim I have mentioned. But in a matter which is the subject of so much discussion and deliberation as marriage, not only on the part of the youth and the damsel, but of all friends and acquaintances, and which is hedged round with so many forms and ceremonies, it is nonsense to talk of any particular fatality. I recollect but two instances of people being coupled together not only without their knowledge or consent, but without even that of their friends. The marriages took place on the same day, in the same church, and from the misery in which the parties lived, it might be inferred that the matches were made anywhere else but in heaven. I will relate the story, as it is rather a curious one, though I admit not at all romantic. I would make it more so if in my power, for the gratification of certain persons whose fair hands will turn these pages; but I have no skill in embellishing plain matters of fact.

Some years since, when I was at Natchitoches, on the banks of the Red River, I became acquainted with a French cotton-planter of the name of La Ruche, whose house stood at a little distance from the village. He was a lively, shrivelled old gentleman, dried almost to a mummy by seventy

hot Louisiana summers, with a head white as snow, but a step as light as that of the deer he hunted. He loved to tell of old times, of the adventures of his youth, and of the history of his contemporaries, and the country. The novelty of these subjects stimulated my curiosity and kindled my imagination, and it may readily be supposed that he found me a most willing listener. For this quality of mine he took a vehement liking to me, and used to invite me to his plantation, where he would keep me in spite of all my excuses, for days together. La Ruche was the descendant of one of the early settlers of Louisiana, the younger son of an ancient Gascon family who came out with La Harpe in the early part of the eighteenth century, and made one of the colony which he led to the banks of the Red River. The father of my friend, a wealthy planter, had sent him in his youth to be educated at Paris. After an absence of six years, in which he acquired a competent share of the graces and intelligence of that polished capital, he returned to complete his education in a different school, and one better suited to the state of the country at that period. He exchanged his silk breeches for leathern ones, learned to navigate the immense rivers of this region, to traffic and hold talks with the Indians, to breed and train packs of hounds, to manage the spirited horses of the country, to pur-

sue and kill the deer in the merry and noisy hunt by torch-light, and to bring down the fiercer bear and panther. Once he had penetrated over land to Mexico. Three times he had guided a skiff through the difficult channels of the Great Raft, as it is called, of the Red River, thirty leagues to the north of Natchitoches, where, for eighty miles in length, it drowns an immense extent of country, overlaying it with huge trunks of trees, above which wave the dwarf willows and gaudy marsh flowers, and around and under which creep sluggishly the innumerable and intricate currents.

My friend loved to make me ride out with him, and I believe he did it partly from a motive of vanity, that I might see how much better a horseman he was than I. We were commonly mounted on two fine mares of the Andalusian breed, fleet, spirited, with prominent veins, and eyes that shot fire like those of an Andalusian lady. Such rides as we had in the charming month of October!—for charming it is in every region of North America. We crossed the blood-coloured stream of the Red River, and visited the noble prairies between it and the Washita. Let no man talk to me of the beautiful scenery of the old world; I have seen it; it is beauty on a small scale, in miniature, in little spots and situations. but if he would see beauty in its magnificence and

vastness, beauty approaching to sublimity, yet not losing but rather heightening its own peculiar character, let him visit the prairies of our southwestern country. Let him contemplate the long sweeping curve of primeval forest with which they are bordered, where the huge, straight, columnar trunks are wound with gigantic blossoming vines, and upheave to an immense height a canopy of the thickest foliage and the deepest green. Let him look far over the immense grassy ocean spread before him—on the innumerable gorgeous flowers that glow like gems among the verdure—on the clumps of towering trees planted over them at pleasant distances, as if for bowers of refreshment—and the immense rivers draining territories large enough for empires, by which they are often bounded at one extremity. Here the features of the earth are in unison with those of heaven; with the sky of tenderest blue, the edge of whose vast circle comes down seemingly into the very grass; with the wind that bends all those multitudes of flowers in one soft but mighty respiration, and with the great sun that steeps the whole in his glory.

But the scene of my story lies on the western side of the Red River; and I have no excuse for lingering thus between that stream and the Washita, save the surpassing amenity of these gar-

dens of God, for such they are, laid out and planted and beautified by his own hand.

One day I rode out with my ancient host towards the Rio Hondo, a small river wandering through dark forests in a deep channel, up to which the Spanish government formerly claimed when they extended their pretensions to the west of the Sabine. "There," said La Ruche, pointing to a placid sheet of water, over whose border hung the peach-leaved willows of the country, "there is the Spanish Lake, and in a little time we shall be in the old Spanish town of Adayes, about ten miles distant from Natchitoches. This country is the ancient debateable ground on which the two rival colonies of France and Spain met, and planted their first settlements by the side of each other." A little farther on, my companion gave a wave of his hand—"There," said he, "is Adayes—the inhabitants are a good sort of people, simple, hospitable, bigoted, and ignorant; but look well to that pretty silver-mounted riding whip of yours, or you may chance not to carry it back with you."

I looked and saw a cluster of tall, clumsy houses, plastered on the outside with mud, which, peeling off in many places, showed the logs of which they were built. We entered the town at a round pace, and then checking our horses, passed

slowly through it. The inhabitants were sitting at their doors, or loitering about in the highway, for the weather had that soft golden autumnal serenity which makes one impatient of being anywhere but in the open air. We entered into conversation with them—they spoke nothing but Spanish, but when I looked in their faces, and remarked the strong aboriginal cast of features, and the wild blackness of the eye in many of them, I expected every moment to be saluted in Cherokee or Choctaw. La Ruche directed my attention to their place of worship, which stood in the centre of the village. “Look at that little old church,” said he, “built far back in the last century. It has four bells, two or three of which are cracked, and on the religious festivals they express the public joy in the most horrid jangle you ever heard. The walls of the interior are adorned with several frightful daubs of renowned saints, which assist the devotion of the worshippers. Note it well, I beg of you, for you are to hear a story about it to-day at dinner.”

We left the village, and the lazy people that loitered about its old dwellings. On our way to Natchitoches, we passed a fine cotton plantation, to which my friend called my particular attention. The mansion of the proprietor, with three sharp parallel roofs, and a piazza in front, stood em-

bowered in shades, its stuccoed walls, of a yellowish colour, gleaming through the deep green leaves of the catalpa, and the shivering foliage of the China tree. At the back of it stood, in a cluster, the comfortable looking cottages of the negroes, built of cypress timber, before which the young woolly-headed imps of the plantation were gamboling and whooping in the sun. Still farther back, lay a confused assemblage of pens, from some of which were heard the cries and snuffing of swine, and around them all was a great inclosure for the reception of cattle, in which I saw goats walking and bleating, and geese gabbling to each other and hissing at two or three huge dogs that moved surlily among them. My companion stopped his horse, and called my notice to a couple of fine trees of the button-wood species, or sycamore, as they are called in the western country, planted near each other, before the principal door of the house. They had not yet attained the full size, and swelled with a lustiness and luxuriance of growth that bespoke the majesty and loftiness they were yet destined to attain. My friend gave me to understand that there was some romantic association connected with these trees. "Ce sont les monumens d'un pur et tendre amour du bon vieux temps," said he, laying his hand on his heart, and looking as pathetically as a Frenchman can do—"but you

shall hear more about it, as well as about the little old church, when we are more at leisure."

That day my venerable friend dined with more conviviality than usual. He made me taste his Chateau Margaux, his Medoc, his Lafitte, &c. for these planters keep a good stock of old wines in their cellars—and insisted on my doing him reason in a glass of Champagne. I had never seen him in such fine spirits. He told me anecdotes of the French court at the close of the reign of Louis the XIVth., and the beginning of that of his successor, and sang two or three Vandevilles in a voice that was but slightly cracked, and with a sharp monotony of note. His eye sparkled from beneath his grey eyebrows, to speak fancifully, like a bright fountain from under frostwork; and I thought I could detect a faint tinge of red coming out upon his parchment cheek, like the bloom of a second youth. Suddenly he became grave. "My friend," said he, solemnly, rising and reaching forward his glass, and touching the brim to mine, as is the custom of the country—

I rose also, involuntarily, awed by the earnest gravity of his manner.

"My friend, let us pledge the memory of a most excellent man now no more, the late worthy curate of Adayes, and my ancient friend, Baltazar Polo."

I did as I was requested. "Sit down, Mr. Herbert," said the old man, when he had emptied his glass; "sit down, I pray you," said he, with an air which instantly showed me that he had recovered his vivacity—"and I will tell you a pleasant story about that same Baltazar Polo. I have been keeping it for you all day.

"Baltazar Polo was a native of Valencia, in old Spain, and I have heard him boast that old Gil Polo, who wrote the *Diana Enamorada*, was of the family of his ancestors. He was educated at the University of Saragossa. Some unfortunate love affair in early life, having given him a distaste for the vanities of the world, he entered into holy orders, quitted the country of his ancestors, came to New Mexico, and wandered to the remote and solitary little settlement of Adayes, where he sat himself down to take care of the souls and bodies of the simple inhabitants. He was their curate, doctor, and schoolmaster. He taught the children their *aves*, and if willing, their alphabet, said mass, helped the old nurses to cure the bilious fever, proposed riddles to the young people, and played with them at forfeits and blind man's buff. There his portrait hangs just before you—look at it, Herbert—a good-looking man, was he not?"

"It is a round, honest, jolly face," said I,

“and not devoid of expression. There is a becoming clerical stoop in the shoulders, and his eyes are so prominent, that my friend Spurzheim would set him down for a great proficient in the languages. But there is a blemish in the left eye, if I am not mistaken.”

“It was put out by a blow from an angry Castilian, whom he had accidentally jostled in the streets of Madrid, and whom he was coaxing to be quiet. He was the gentlest and most kindly officious of human beings, full of good intentions, and ever attempting good works, though not always successfully. He was very absent, and so near-sighted with the only eye he had, that his sphere of vision was, actually, I believe, limited to the circle of a few inches. These defects kept him continually playing at a game of cross-purposes; and if the tranquil and sleepy lives of the people of Adayes had ever been disturbed by any tendency to waggy, they might have extracted infinite amusement from his continual blunders. I have known him address a negro with an exhortation intended for his master, recommending courtesy to his inferiors, and good treatment and indulgence to his slaves, enlarging upon the duty of allowing them wholesome food and comfortable clothing, and of letting them go at large during the holidays. I doubt whether this black rogue

was much the better for this good counsel. The next moment, perhaps, he would accost the lazy proprietor himself with a homily on the duty of obedience and alacrity in labour. He would expostulate feelingly with some pretty natural coquet of the village, whose only pride was in her own graceful shape, lustrous eyes, and crimson petticoat, and whose only ambition was to win the heart of some young beau from Natchitoches, on the folly of staking her last rag at the gaming-table; and I once heard of his lecturing an unshaven, barefooted, shirtless old Spaniard, in a poncho and tattered pair of breeches, the only ones he had in the world, on the wickedness of placing his affections on the vanities of dress.

“But, alas! there were no wags in that primitive little village, and there was no wit. The boys never stuffed with gunpowder the cigars which the worthy Valencian used to smoke after dinner, nor did the men, to make him drunk, substitute brandy for the wholesome *vino tinto*, of which, from mere absence of mind, he would sometimes, in the company of his friends, partake rather too genially. They never thought of making any man’s natural oddities of manner or peculiarities of temper the subject of merriment, any more than the cut of his face. If ever they laughed, it was at what would excite the

laughter of children—at palpable rustic jokes and broad buffoonery, at the *Pruchinela*, as the Spaniards call Punch, from Mexico, and at the man from New Orleans, who pulled so many yards of ribbon from his mouth. On the contrary, they had as high an opinion of the Reverend Father Polo's sagacity as they justly had of his goodness. Whenever there was any thing in his conduct which puzzled them, as was often the case, they ascribed it to some reason too deep for scrutiny, and only became the more confirmed in their notion of his unfathomable wisdom. Far from comprehending any ridicule on the subject of his mistakes, they would look grave, shake their solemn Spanish heads, and say they would warrant Father Polo knew very well what he was about. This confidence in his superior understanding, fortunately served to counteract in a good degree the effects of his continual mistakes. But it was not only among the people of Adayes that he was loved and respected. The neighbouring French planters found in him an agreeable and instructive companion, and were glad of a pretext to detain him a day or two at their houses; nor was his reputation confined to this neighbourhood alone, for I remember to have heard my friend Antonia de Sedilla, the venerable bishop of Louisiana, speak of him as a man of great learn-

ing and piety, and once in my presence the benevolent Poydras took occasion to extol his humanity.

“At the time of which I am speaking, the prettiest maiden of Adayes was Teresa Paccard, the daughter of a Frenchman, who had taken a wife of Spanish extraction, and settled in the village. Teresa inherited much of the vivacity of our nation, and was likewise somewhat accomplished; for her father had made her learn a tolerable stock of phrases in his native language, and often took her to visit the families of the French planters; and the good Baltazar had taught her to read. At the age of sixteen she was an orphan, without fortune, and but for the hospitality of her neighbours, without a home. Not far from the village lived a young Frenchman, who had emigrated thither from the broad airy plains of the Avoyelles, some hundred miles down the Red River, where he had followed the occupation of a herdsman. He had grown weary of watching the immense droves of cattle and horses belonging to others, and having collected a little money, emigrated to the parish of Natchitoches, bought a few acres, and established himself in the more dignified condition of a proprietor, with his old father, in a rude cabin swarming with a family of healthy brothers and sisters. Richard Le moine, then in his twentieth year, was one of the

handsomest men of the province, notwithstanding his leathern doublet and small clothes, the dress of the prairies. He was of Norman extraction, fair haired, blue eyed, ruddy in spite of the climate, broad shouldered, large limbed, with a pair of heavy Teutonic wrists, of a free port and frank speech, and such a horseman as even in this country of fine horsemen is seldom seen. He saw Teresa—

“And fell in love, of course,” said I, interrupting my host.

“And fell in love, of course,” resumed he; “and Teresa was not averse to his addresses. They first agreed to be married, and then the young lady consulted Baltazar Polo.

“‘Yes, my daughter,’ said he, ‘with all my heart. The young man is not rich, to be sure—and you are poor—but you are both industrious and virtuous—you love each other I suppose, and I ought not to prevent you from being happy.’

“About the same time another courtship, not quite so tender, perhaps, but more prudent and well-considered, was going on between a couple of maturer age and more easy circumstances. You cannot have forgotten the thrifty-looking plantation I showed you this morning, and the neat mansion, with the two young sycamores before its door. There lived at the period of my story, and there had lived for eighteen years before, Madame La-

bedoyère, the widow of a rich planter, childless, and just on the very verge of forty. She was a countrywoman of yours, an Anglo-American lady, whom Labedoyère found in one of your Atlantic cities, poor, proud, and pretty, and transplanted to the banks of the Red River to bear rule over himself and his household, while he contented himself with ruling his field negroes. The honest man, I believe, found her a little more inclined to govern than he had expected; but after a short struggle for his independence, in which he discovered that her temper was best when she was suffered to take her own way, he submitted with that grace so characteristic of our nation, to what he could not remedy, endured the married state with becoming resignation, and showed himself a most obedient and exemplary husband. Ten years passed away in wedlock, at the end of which my friend Labedoyère regained his liberty by departing for another world, where I trust he received the reward of his patience. Eight years longer his lady dwelt in solitary widowhood, as the sole inheritor of Labedoyère's large estates; and the features of the demure maiden had settled into those of the imperious matron—a full square face, dark strong eyebrows, and steady bold black eyes, while her once sylphlike figure had rounded into a dignified and comfortable corpulency, and her light youthful

step had been exchanged for the stately and swimming gait of a duchess.

“This lady had consented to receive the addresses of a rich old Frenchman, who lived two or three miles distant from her house, and still further from the spot where the young Richard Lemoine had established himself with his old parents, and their numerous progeny. Monsieur Du Lac was a little old gentleman, of sixty years of age, an inveterate hypochondriac, and the most fretful and irritable being imaginable, with a bilious, withered face, an under lip projecting so as to be the most conspicuous feature of his countenance, and the corners of his mouth drawn down with a perpetual grimace of discontent. No subject could be more unpromising for a woman of the disposition of Madame Labedoyère; but she was weary of having nobody but servants to govern; besides, she was a lady of spirit, and felt herself moved by the noble ambition of taming so intractable a creature as Monsieur Du Lac. She therefore began to treat him with extreme civility and deference, inquired, with the tenderest interest, the state of his health, sent him prescriptions for his maladies, and good things from her well-stored pantry, and whenever they met, accosted him with her mildest words and softest accents, and chastised the usual terrors of her eye into a catlike sleepiness and languor of look.

The plan succeeded ; the old gentleman's heart was taken by surprise ; he reflected how invaluable would be the attentions, the skill and the sympathy of so kind a friend and so accomplished a nurse as Madame Labedoyère, in the midst of his increasing infirmities ; he studied a few phrases of gallantry, and offered her his hand, which, after a proper exhibition of coyness, hesitation, and deliberation, on a step so important to the lady's happiness, was accepted.

“ Thus matters were arranged between the mature and between the youthful lovers ; they were to be married, and to be happy, and honest Baltazar Polo, the favourite of both young and old for leagues round, was to perform the marriage ceremony. The courtship of both couples had been in autumn, and now the chilly and frosty month of January was over, and the rains of February had set in, flooding the roads and swelling the streams to such a degree, that nobody could think of a wedding until finer weather. The weary rains of February passed away also, and the sun of March looked out in the heavens. March is a fine month in our climate, whatever it may be in yours, Mr. Herbert ; it brings bright pleasant days, and soft airs—now and then, it is true, a startling thunder-shower ; but then, such a magnificence of young vegetation, such a glory of flowers over all the

woods and the earth ! You have not yet seen the spring in Louisiana, Mr. Herbert, and I assure you it is a sight worth a year's residence in the country.

“ March, as I told you, had set in ; the planters began to intrust to the ground the seeds of cotton and maize ; fire flies were seen to twinkle in the evening, and the dog-wood to spread its large white blossoms, and the crimson tufts of the red bud to burst their winter sheaths, and the azalea and yellow jessamine, and a thousand other brilliant flowers, which you shall see if you stay with us till spring, flaunted by the borders of the streams, and filled the forests with intense fragrance ; and the prairies were purple with their earliest blossoms. Spring is the season of new plans and new hopes—the time for men and birds to build new habitations, and marry—the time for those who are declining to the grave with sickness and old age, to form plans for long years to come. I myself, amidst the freshness and youthfulness of nature, and the elasticity of the air of this season, white as my hair is, sometimes forget that I am old, and almost think I shall live for ever. Mons. Du Lac grew tenderer as the sun mounted higher, the air blew softer, and the forests looked greener ; he became impatient for the marriage day, and entreated the widow to defer their mutual happiness no longer. ,

“ Ah, my dear madam !” said the withered old gentleman, in a quaking falsetto voice, “ let us gather the flowers of existence before they are faded—let us enjoy the spring of life !” It was impossible for the gentle widow to resist such ardent solicitations, and she consented that the nuptial rites should be delayed no longer.

Nearly at the same time that this tender scene was passing, Richard Lemoine also, in phrase less select, but by no means less impassioned, pressed the lovely Teresa, and not in vain, to a speedy union. But it was already near the close of the carnival, and but two or three days intervened before the commencement of Lent, that long melancholy fast, in which, for the space of forty days, the Catholic church forbids the happy ceremony of marriage. I have often thought, that if the observances of our church had been regulated with a particular view to the climate of Louisiana, the fast of Lent would have been put a month or two earlier in the calendar ; but I am no divine, and do not presume to give my profane opinion upon this delicate and sacred subject. Neither did the four lovers ; but it was agreed by them all, that they could not possibly wait until Lent was over, and the only alternative was to be married before it began.

In the mean time it seemed as if all the inha-

bitants of the parish of Natchitoches, who had the misfortune to be single, had formed the resolution of entering into the state of wedlock before the carnival ended. They came flocking in couples of various nations, ages, and complexions, to the church of Adayes, to be married by the good Baltazar Polo; and that year was long afterwards remembered in the parish of Natchitoches, under the name of *l'an des nœces*, the year of weddings.

“Do you know, Richard,” said Teresa to her lover, on his proposing that the wedding ceremony should take place the next day, “do you know that Father Polo has promised, on the day after to-morrow, which is the last of the carnival, to begin at four o’clock in the morning, and to marry at the same mass all who shall present themselves at the church of Adayes? It is so awkward to be married with every body staring at one!—but if we are married in company with a dozen others, they cannot laugh at us, you know. Let it therefore be the day after to-morrow, dear Richard, and as early in the morning as you please, for the earlier we go to the church, the darker it will be, and I should like, of all things, to be married in the dark.” Richard could not but assent to so reasonable a proposal, and departed to make his little arrangements at home for the reception of his bride.

It is somewhat remarkable that Madame Labe-

doyère, notwithstanding she was as little liable to the charge of excessive timidity and superfluous coyness as any of her sex, should also have insisted on being married on the morning of the last day of the carnival. Her gallant and venerable suitor contended most tenderly and perseveringly against this proposal, urging the propriety of their being united in broad day-light, with the decorums and ceremonies proper to the occasion; but he was forced to yield the point, at last, as the lady declared that unless the marriage took place at the time she proposed, it must be delayed until after Lent; and to this alternative Mons. Du Lac was too gallant and impatient a lover to agree. I believe that Madame was sensible of the queer figure her withered, weak-legged, and sour-visaged Adonis would make, as principal in a marriage ceremony, and was willing he should escape observation among the crowd of bridegrooms whom she expected the last day of the carnival would bring to the church of Adayes.

At length the day arrived. At half-past three in the morning, the sexton threw open the doors of the little log church, and awoke the village with a most furious and discordant peal on the cracked bells. The good Baltazar Polo appeared at the appointed hour, and the building began to fill with the candidates for matrimony and their relatives.

Couple came flocking in after couple. Here you might see by the light of lanterns, which the negroes stood holding at the door, a young fellow in a short cloak and broad-brimmed palmetto hat and feathers, with a face in which were mingled the features of Spain with those of the Aborigines, walking with an indifferent and listless air, and supporting a young woman, whose rounder and more placid, though not less dark countenance, was half covered by the *manto*, or thick Spanish veil, which, however, was not drawn so closely over her forehead, as to hide the cluster of natural blossoms she had gathered that morning and placed there. There you might see a simpering fair one, with a complexion somewhat too rosy for our climate, and a wreath of artificial flowers in her hair, stepping briskly into the church on pointed toe, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, whose liveliness of look and air needed not the help of his cocked hat and powdered locks, and long-skirted coat of sky-blue, to tell that he was a Frenchman. In others you might remark a whimsical blending of costume, and a perplexing amalgamation of the features of different races, that denoted their mixed origin. Nearly all came protected with ample clothing against the inclemency of the weather, which, lately mild and serene, had changed during the course of the night to cold and damp, with a

strong wind, driving across the sky vast masses of vapour, of a shadowy and indistinct outline. Fourteen couples at length took their place in the nave of the church, in two opposite rows, with a sufficient space between them for the priest to pass in performing the marriage ceremony. Behind these rows stood the friends and relations of the parties, waiting for the moment when the rite should be concluded, to conduct the brides to the houses of the bridegrooms. The interior of the church was dimly lighted by two wax tapers that stood on the altar. A storm was evidently rising without, the sky seemed to grow darker every moment as the day advanced, the wind swept in gusts round the building, and rushed in eddies through the open door, waving the flame of the tapers to and fro. As the flickering light played over the walls, it showed on one side of the altar a picture of our Lady of Grief, *La Virgen de los Dolores*, the very caricature of sorrow, and on the other a representation of the holy St. Anthony tempted by evil spirits, in which the painter's ingenuity had been exerted so successfully, as to puzzle the most sagacious spectator to tell which was the ugliest, the saint or the devils—or, indeed, to distinguish the devils from the saint. Farther off were one or two other pictures, whose grim and shadowy faces, in the imperfect and unsteady glare of the tapers,

seemed to frown suddenly on the walls, and then as suddenly shrink into the shade. The horses which the company rode, and which stood about the door, held by negroes, or fastened to posts and saplings, pawed and neighed, and champed their huge Spanish bits, as if to give their riders notice of the approaching tempest. Father Polo saw, or rather was informed by the friends of the parties, that there was no time to be lost, if he intended that the brides should reach their new habitations that morning in comfort and safety. He therefore passed between the rows of the betrothed, performing the ceremony rapidly as he went, and handing over each of the ladies, as he put the wedding-ring on her finger, to the friends of her husband, who conducted her out of the church. Close together stood Mons. Du Lac and Richard Lemoine, and opposite them Madame Labedoyère and Teresa Paccard. The latter were both in cloaks, a circumstance sufficient in itself to cause them to be mistaken for each other, by a person so absent and near sighted as Baltazar Polo. He put the ring of Mons. Du Lac on the hand of Teresa Paccard, and that of Richard Lemoine on the hand of Madame Labedoyère, and as they drew their cloaks over their faces, preparing to face the wind without, handed them to those whom he supposed to be the friends of their respective spouses.

Madame Labedoyère was given in charge to the relatives of Lemoine. They placed her on a fleet horse, brought by the young man from the Avoyelles, and went off at a quick pace, attended by two or three of his brothers and sisters. Teresa was seated on a soft-footed ambling nag, bought by Du Lac expressly for the use of his widow, and departed in company with an old planter, a cousin of Du Lac, a negro, who rode after them on horseback, and three or four more, who trotted on foot behind them.

In consequence of the high wind, the roaring of the woods, and the haste made to escape the storm, there was little conversation between the brides and their attendants, and nothing occurred to make them suspect the mistake, until they reached the habitations of the bridegrooms.

Teresa arrived with her escort at the place of her supposed destination, just as the clouds had settled into a solid mass all over the sky, and were shedding down the first drops of rain. By the imperfect light—for although the sun was rising, the thickness of the gathering storm still maintained a sort of twilight in the atmosphere—she could distinguish a sort of vastness in the walls of the building she was approaching, that did not agree with her ideas of the cabin of Richard; and the shrubs and trees about it, waving low and sighing

heavily in the violent wind, betokened the site of an ancient dwelling. She had, however, no time to speculate upon the matter; and the temporary misgiving which these appearances forced upon her, was forgotten in her eagerness to obtain a shelter. Her ancient attendant, with more briskness than the stiff formality of his figure would have warranted her to expect, alighted, and assisted her from her pony; the negro had flung himself from his horse, and opened the door, and Teresa in an instant was within the house. Here she was met by half-a-dozen domestic negroes, with shining jetty faces, grinning and welcoming their new mistress with bows and curtsies. One took her cloak, another ushered her into a spacious apartment, a third sprang before her and placed a chair, and a fourth presented a looking glass, by which to adjust her hair, disordered in the haste of her ride. She threw a hurried glance at her own image, but the furniture of the room, so different from what she expected to see, more strongly attracted her attention, and she quickly handed back the mirror. She saw that she was sitting on an arm chair, with a seat and fringes of crimson silk, and the back and legs ornamented with a profusion of heavy carving and tarnished gilding. Several others of the same description were scattered around, and a large comfortable looking sofa,

covered with faded damask, stood under a huge looking glass, carved and gilt after the same fashion with the chairs, but, unluckily, cracked in its voyage from France. The glass leaned majestically forward into the room, so as to reflect every inch of a floor smoothly paved with French brick, the fashion of the day. On another side of the wall hung two family portraits, in big wigs and bright armour. This magnificence was curiously contrasted with the stout cedar table in the middle of the room, with half a dozen coarse wooden chairs scattered about, and a clumsy chest of drawers, the work of some rude artificer of the country. The table, however, presented a most sumptuous *dejeuner à la fourchette*, coffee, claret, the delicate bar-fish, trout, duck-pies, the favourite dishes of the country, with others, which I will leave you, who know something of French cookery, to imagine to yourself, served up on massy old plate.

“Ah!” said Teresa to herself, “this surely cannot be Richard’s house. Or is it possible that he has been amusing himself with my simplicity, and that he is a rich man after all!”

Her doubts were of short duration. The door opened, and a vinegar faced old gentleman, with an olive complexion, shrunk legs, and attenuated figure, presented himself. The solemn gentleman who had hitherto attended Teresa, arose, and with

infinite solemnity announced Mons. Du Lac, the bridegroom, to Madame Du Lac, the bride. The poor girl turned red, and then pale, and seemed ready to sink into the earth with embarrassment and anxiety. The old gentleman himself stood for a moment motionless with surprise, and then appearing to recollect himself, he advanced and took the hand of Teresa, who felt almost afraid to withdraw it from a gentleman so aged that he reminded her of her grandfather.

"Ah, madam," said he, coughing, "forgive my awkwardness—but I was so surprised! How much you are changed since I saw you last evening—you are more than twice as young, and ten times more beautiful."

"Indeed, sir," interrupted Teresa, eagerly—"there is no change, I can assure you—I am the same that I ever was—there is some error here—something very extraordinary."

"Extraordinary! my princess; well may you call it so; it is one of the most extraordinary things I ever witnessed in the course of my life, and I have seen fifty years"—here the old gentleman told the truth, though by no means the whole truth; "nothing less than a miracle could have produced—and yet it may be a miracle, my dear madam, the Saints are so good!"

"Ah, sir," said the poor girl, "do not mock

me, I pray you. I perceive here has been a sad mistake—let me go to my Richard, I intreat you, let me go to my Richard.”

As she spoke, she rose, and made an effort to withdraw her hand, of which, however, the ancient swain retained obstinate possession. Much as he was struck with her beauty at first sight, he grew more charmed with it, as he gazed upon her round youthful figure, her polished forehead, her finely-moulded cheeks, now flushed with an unusual crimson; and her full black eyes, in each of which a tear was gathering. He determined not to give up so fine a creature, without an effort to retain her.

“May I take the liberty of inquiring,” said he, “whom you call your Richard?”

“It is Richard Lemoine,” answered the young woman, “who lives down by the Poplars. I married him this morning.”

“I beg ten thousand pardons, madam; but you married *me* this morning; and here is my ring on your finger—my grandmother’s wedding-ring, with the finest diamonds in the colony, and the pretty motto, *jusqu’ à la mort*, which I hope is a great way off; at least, I am sure it is, if I can get rid of this troublesome cough. Ah, my adorable princess, we may both imagine that there is a mistake in this affair, and yet it may be all right—indeed, I am confident it is. The kind heavens have

destined us for each other. I certainly expected to marry a different person, but Providence has willed it otherwise; and I am most happy to submit to its dispensations. I hope you will have as little reason to complain of them as I. We are united I trust, for a long and happy life; and the marriage knot, you know, is indissoluble; marriage is too solemn a thing, madam, to be trifled with; as, I presume, you are sensible—”

Here Mons. Du Lac was obliged, by a violent fit of coughing, to break off his discourse; but Teresa had sunk back into the chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, was sobbing violently. The old man tried every method he could think of, to reconcile her to what he called her destiny, in which he was zealously seconded by his friend, the old planter. He made her presents of necklaces and jewels, and various other fineries, which he had intended as nuptial gifts to the fair widow; he enlarged on the comforts of his mansion, the extent of his plantation, the ease and opulence she would enjoy; vowed that his existence should be devoted to her service, and that her slightest wish should be the law of his conduct; and, finally, hinted that Richard doubtless knew very well what he was about in the affair; that he had probably intrigued with the widow, and that the perfidious beings were now in some snug cor-

ner, congratulating themselves on the success of their wicked stratagem. Monsieur Du Lac's grave old cousin reinforced this last argument, by declaring his solemn belief that it was true; and it effected what none of the others could. How could Teresa refuse to believe two such old, and apparently honest men? The offended beauty dried her tears, consented to look on the rich adornments for her person, presented by her venerable lover, and finally, suffered herself to be led to her seat at the head of the breakfast-table.

The widow, in the mean time, was more rapidly conveyed to her place of destination, on the fine fleet animal which Richard had brought from the Avoyelles; a gentle but spirited creature, broken by him for the use of his sisters. They rode so rapidly, that they seemed to leave the huge low-hung clouds behind them; and although Richard's habitation was at a considerably greater distance from the church than that of Monsieur Du Lac, they reached home quite as soon. What was the surprise of the lady on entering the house! The room into which she was ushered, was floored with loose planks, a huge naked chimney yawned in the midst, where two or three cypress logs were smouldering; the naked rafters of the ceiling were stained with smoke; and a few old chests, a dozen

joint-stools, and two clumsy arm-chairs, were the only furniture of the apartment. A flaxen-headed girl, assisted her to take off her cloak; and as she stood in the majesty of her rustling silk and glittering jewels, an elderly couple, a white-bearded man of sixty, in a leathern doublet, and a thin matron of ten years younger, in a coarse white cotton cap, and blue cotton short gown and petticoat, who had risen upon her entrance, began to bow and curtsy, with an involuntary and profound respect.

"What a fine lady she is;" said the old woman to her husband.

"What an old wife Richard has got;" whispered to one of her brothers the flaxen-haired girl, who had helped her off with her cloak.

In the mean time, the stern lady stood regarding the group with a look of unutterable disdain. Her bold black eyes flashed fire, as she pushed aside the big arm-chair that was offered her. "Where am I?" she exclaimed; "why am I brought to this place?—I am sure this is not my husband's house; take me thither, instantly."

"Where is my wife?" said Richard; who just then entered the door. "Who is that lady?"

"That is your wife," answered one of the boys; "that is the lady the minister handed us."

"And a fine lady she is," added Richard's mother; "I warrant the whole country cannot show a finer."

"But I am not your wife," said Madam Labe-doyère; fixing her resolute eyes on Richard. "I demand to be taken back to my husband; I will not remain another moment in this miserable hut."

"You say true," replied Richard; "you are not my wife. I married a younger, and thank heaven, a prettier woman; but you must consent to play the hostage here, madam, till I get her. There is some cursed blunder in this business. You claim your husband, I claim my bride—my Teresa. I declare that you shall not stir from this house, until she is restored to me."

"Ah, I see how it is, my son," interrupted Richard's mother; "the good one-eyed Baltazar has made a mistake, and given you the wrong lady."

"Then, the good one-eyed Baltazar must give me the right one," retorted Richard. "What right had the old blunderer to rob me of my pretty Teresa? What business had he to give her to another man, and fob me off with this fine lady as you call her, who is old enough to be my mother?—But I will go after him, and force him to make restitution—if I do not, I wish I may never mount a horse again. Brothers, look well to that lady,

with her silks and jewels; and do not let her leave the house till I come back."

So saying, Richard flung out at the door, though the rain drove in heavy torrents against the windows: and his mother screamed out to him, that he would certainly catch his death, by venturing forth in such a storm. He sprang upon his horse, and was soon at the curate's; where he was admitted to an instant conference with Baltazar Polo. The good man tried at first to convince him, that it was impossible for any mistake to have been committed; as he was very confident, that he had put every particular ring upon the hand of the lady for whom it was intended; and accurately handed the brides to their respective bridegrooms. This, however, only served to work up into fury the exasperation of Richard; who asked him, if he supposed that every body was as near-sighted as himself; and whether he thought he could not tell a woman of forty, from a girl of eighteen. The clergyman then enquired of the young man, if he knew the name of the person whom the lady he had left at home intended to have married, as it was probable that Teresa might have been carried to his house by mistake. On this point, Richard was wholly ignorant, having neglected to inform himself before he set out; nor did he even know the name of the lady. He saw, however, that there

was a good deal of reason in Baltazar's suggestion, and departed with a determination to make the necessary inquiries of the unknown matron.

It occurred to him, however, that he would not leave the village of Adayes, in which Father Polo resided, without first calling at the late home of Teresa, to see if its inmates could tell what had become of her. They could give him no information. They had neither seen or heard any thing of her, since she left them that morning at an early hour, dressed for the marriage ceremony. He then ran to the church, which he entered with a vague hope that he might yet find her within it. Nobody was there but the sexton, and the grim, bearded, unsympathising saints on the walls; who seemed to stare, in the most unfeeling manner, on his anguish. There, too, was the Virgen de los Dolores, still occupied with her own ancient griefs, regardless of his newer and keener distress. He felt as if he could have torn them from the walls where they hung. Leaving the church, he put his horse to its full speed, and came home wet to the skin, amidst a cloud of vapour, arising from the perspiration of the animal.

Madame Labedoyère, in the mean time, had borne her detention at Richard's house more patiently, on account of the storm that was raging without; and which infallibly would have spoiled,

or at least, sadly disordered her wedding-dress, had she ventured to encounter it. Richard found her at his return, seated somewhat sullenly in the arm-chair, which she had accepted on his departure; and his mother and sisters busied in their usual occupations, though somewhat more silent than usual; for they were awed by the strange lady's imperious manner, and that splendour of costume, which had never before been seen within those walls. The lady's reflections, in the mean time, however, had not been much to Richard's disadvantage. If he recovered Teresa, she was sure to have Monsieur Du Lac restored to her; but if otherwise, it struck her that the young fellow's manly frame, and blooming face, were no inadequate compensation for the loss of the old gentleman's possessions. He was poor, it is true; but she was, in fact, rich enough for them both; and she began to think, that after all she might not be so very wretched in his society.

Immediately on entering, Richard inquired of the lady her name, and that of the gentleman whom she went to the church to marry; and a family council was held to consider what should be done, at which the stately widow graciously condescended to assist. It was finally settled that Richard should proceed with his father to the house of Monsieur Du Lac, to induce him to

restore the young bride, who had doubtless been conducted thither by mistake ; and in case of the success of the embassy, Madame Labedoyère received an assurance that she should be duly conveyed to the mansion of her venerable lover. Some time elapsed in making these arrangements, but at length the old gentleman and his son set off together. The father was a slow rider, and often did Richard find himself far before him on the road, and heard himself called upon to slacken his pace. Du Lac's house lay in a direction from the church of Adayes exactly opposite to that of Richard, and consequently at a considerable distance from the latter. In vain the young man represented to old Lemoine, that at the rate they were travelling it would be impossible to reach the place before night-fall.

"No matter, Richard," replied the old man, "you know I have never ridden any faster these ten years, and I hope you would not have your father turn jockey, and break his neck in his old age. Rein in your horse, can't you, and stop kicking him in the side, and keep back along with me."

Oh, what a long journey that was for poor Richard ! They arrived at Du Lac's house, however, while the twilight was yet in the western sky.

The rain was over, and the thin, vapoury, clouds were crimson with the latest of those hues which foretel a fair day on the morrow. They knocked at Du Lac's door, and it was opened by a negro, who told them that his master was engaged with his new wife.

"And who is his wife?" asked Richard, quickly.

"A very handsome, and very young woman," said the negro, in his Creole French, "whom master brought home with him to-day."

Richard's heart sunk within him, when he heard this answer, nor had he the voice or the courage to ask any more questions; but his father pursued the inquiry. The black informed them that the bride was a beautiful creature, about eighteen years of age, that his master was married to her that very morning, that he understood her name was Teresa, that she was from the Spanish village of Adayes, that she wept very much when she first came to the house, but that before night she seemed very happy and contented.

Richard, in the mean time, listened with feelings that are indescribable. "Let us go home," said he to his father; "I see how it is; the girl has tricked me." The old gentleman commanded him to stay.

As a sort of middle course, it was finally agreed

to go to Baltazar Polo, to rate him soundly for what he had done, and to see if he had any counsel to offer.

The good pastor received them with his usual benignity, and listened mildly to their complaints. "My friends," said he, "I should the more regret the error I have committed, did I not see in it a particular and benevolent providence. I cannot alter what heaven has done; Madame Labedoyère is your wife, and Teresa is united to M. Du Lac; but come to me to-morrow morning; I will send for the other couple, and will endeavour to adjust the matter to your satisfaction."

The next morning early the four newly married people were at the house of Baltazar Polo. You know, perhaps, Mr. Herbert, that by the marital law of Louisiana, neither the husband has any title to the real or personal property of the wife, nor the wife to that of the husband; and, therefore, although both M. Du Lac and Madame Labedoyère were rich, yet if they had died the next day, or after ten years of matrimony, both their young spouses would have been left as poor as they were before the marriage.

"We have made a great blunder," said the curate, "by which the original intentions of all parties have been frustrated. You," said he, addressing himself to the old people, "have been the gainers

by this accident, and these young folks have been the losers. You must therefore make them a compensation. Let Mons. Du Lac settle half his large estates on his young wife here, and you, Madame, half yours on your young husband, and on this condition the marriages shall remain as they are."

None of the party seemed at first exactly pleased with this arrangement; but the curate was peremptory. Du Lac could not think of giving up Teresa; and Madame Labedoyère, when she saw the handsome Richard by the side of his withered and crooked competitor, could not help congratulating herself fervently on the exchange; a notary, therefore, was sent for, the instruments of settlement were executed on the spot, and the parties withdrew—Teresa with Du Lac, and Richard with Madame Labedoyère, now become Madame Lemoine, in whose house he was to establish himself.

That very evening, both the young persons had a sample of the disposition and temper of their spouses. You know something of the custom of *Charivari*, which prevails in all the French colonies of North America. It is a way we have of celebrating odd, unequal, unsuitable matches. It was hardly dark, when the tumult of the *Charivari* was heard from a distance by the inmates of Madame Lemoine's dwelling. Horns windèd, whistles

blown, tin kettles beaten with sticks, a jangle of bells, and a medley of discordant voices, was heard on the wind; and when the crowd came in sight, torches were seen flaming and smoking over their heads. As the procession drew near, it was observed to be headed by two grotesque masked figures; the one representing a fat, staring, bold-faced old woman; and the other a lubberly, foolish-looking young bumpkin, who, at intervals, embraced each other lovingly, and with abundance of awkward gesticulations. A broad-chested fellow, marching after them, thundered out a halting ballad, with a chorus in which the whole procession joined, and in which the names of Richard and his spouse were duly commemorated. That fearless lady, however, took her measures with her usual spirit; she posted her negroes at the windows, gave them their orders, and was fully prepared for the arrival of the party. The procession at length reached the house, and came to a halt before the door, when immediately one dressed in a fantastic garb, much like that of a clown at a theatre, and who acted as marshal of the ceremonies, stepped forward, and with a wand which he carried in his hand, gave a most furious rap on the door. That was the signal for the besieged to ply their weapons of defence; the windows were suddenly opened, vessels of dirty water were emptied into

the faces of the procession, sticks, rotten eggs, and other missiles were thrown at them, and a couple of fowling pieces were discharged over their heads. They fled precipitately, leaving on the field their instruments of music, which the servants afterwards picked up and brought in, as trophies of the victory they had obtained.

Whether it was by the same party or not, I cannot say; but the wedding of Mons. Du Lac was celebrated with similar honours, and under more lucky auspices for those by whom they were rendered. The old gentleman submitted to the custom with so bad a grace, that they were encouraged to take the greater liberties; the serenaders entered his house, deafened his ears with their horrid music, drank gallons of his best wine, and one of them, a strapping young fellow, had even the impudence to snatch a kiss from the bride. It was one o'clock in the morning before these rude wassailers left the house, and then the vexation of old Du Lac, which had been so long restrained by their presence, broke forth into fury. He stormed at his negroes, cursed the neighbourhood, railed at every body whose name was mentioned, or who came into his presence, nor did he even spare his wife. He told her he wished he had married Madame Labedoyère, and then none of all this trouble could have happened.

Teresa was never destined to see him in good humour again. He had broken on that evening through that reserve of first acquaintance which produces civility, even in the peevish and morose, and ever afterwards he treated her as he did the other inmates of the family, with an intolerable and perpetual ill-humour. In three years he fretted himself into his grave, notwithstanding all the pains which the gentle Teresa took to keep him alive, leaving her the owner of half his possessions, and the mother of two children, who inherited the other half.

As for the matron, with whom Richard was paired so much against his inclination, she could never reduce the young man to that state of obedience which she esteemed the proper relation of a husband to the wife of his bosom. Richard insisted firmly on maintaining his parents in comfort, and educating his sisters, and she insisted as strongly that he should not. He carried his intentions into effect, at the expense of a daily quarrel with his wife. This vain contest for supremacy preyed upon her spirits and impaired her health, her portly figure wasted visibly, she went into a deep decline, and died at the end of five years from the time of her marriage, having also borne two children to her husband.

And now, Mr. Herbert, you anticipate the con-

clusion of my story. You are right—Richard and Teresa were united at last, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the little old church at Adayes, by the benevolent curate, my right worthy friend, Baltazar Polo; and never did those cracked bells ring a merrier peal than at that wedding. It was performed with more than usual precaution, for the good minister declared that no second mistake should be committed, if it was possible to guard against it by human means. It took place at broad noon, in a clear bright day, and the curate wore a new pair of concave spectacles, which he had procured from New Orleans expressly for the occasion.

The worthy couple are now, like myself, grown old. They live on the fertile plantation which formerly belonged to Madame Labedoyère, where I showed you the two fine young button-wood trees before the mansion. The children of the first marriages are provided for on the ample estates of the deceased parents, and Lemoine and his wife live surrounded by their mutual offspring, in the serene old age of a quiet and well acted life. Some years since a French botanist, travelling in this country, claimed the hospitality of their roof. He showed them, among other matters connected with his science, how the leaf of the button tree hides in its footstalk the bud of the next year's

leaf. Richard told his wife, that this was an emblem of their first unfortunate marriage, which, however, contrary to their expectations, contained within itself the germ of their present happy union, and their present opulence. They adopted the tree as their favourite among all the growth of the forest, and caused two of them of equal size and similar shape to be planted before their door.

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER.

“ She had just arrived
At life's best season; when the world seems all
One land of promise; when hope, like the lark,
Sings to the unrisen sun, and time's dread scythe,
Is polished to a bright and flattering mirror,
Where youth and beauty view their growing image,
And wanton with the edge.”

MORE than thirty years ago, there lived in the beautiful vale of one of the tributaries to the Susquehanna, whose waters wind their way among the hills of Otsego, a person of singular character and appearance. Without, as far as the writer knew, ever having lifted his finger against a human being, he was nevertheless a terror to the children and youth of the border settlement: and those even who had arrived at the age of manhood shook

their heads mysteriously, and looked grave, when he was the subject of conversation. His cottage, at that time ancient and moss-grown, was situated at the foot of a hill, descending with a gentle slope to the south, and fronting a beautiful meadow, skirted in part by the creek which murmured tranquilly by. On the opposite bank, the deep-tangled shrubs, which fringed the statelier forest, dipped their pendent branches in the clear stream. On three sides the "clearing" was bounded by the dark primitive forest; but on the north-east there was a thick secondary growth of timber over the space of a goodly-sized farm, among which were yet standing the apple-trees, of what appeared to have been in former days a regularly planted orchard. There was a small open space in the midst of this younger forest, in the centre of which were the ruins of buildings; associated with these were tales of terror, Indian wars, murders, ghosts, tomahawks, and blood. The passage through this little forest—for as no heirs appeared to claim the soil, it stood years and years after the "clearings" had approached its borders on all sides—always reminded my associates and myself of Indians and scalping-knives, and of the possibility that unquiet spirits were hovering there. In the night time especially, if one of us had to pass alone the "Buxton farm," as it was called,

he walked briskly, and "whistled to keep his courage up." If a company of lads had occasion to go by after twilight, they would crowd closer together as they came near, hurry onward with a lighter tread, and speak scarce above their breath, while a shuddering sensation would creep over them at every rustling leaf. Having crossed the gloomy place, when wending our steps from home, we next came upon the before described premises of Mr. Johnson—for that was the name of the singular man whom we have introduced to the reader above—but in no very cheerful mood, as may be supposed; and perhaps that was, in part, the reason of our looking upon him with more alarm than a regiment of warlocks could infuse into the bosom of a Scotsman. Certain it is, however, he was a most singular man, and to us a man of terror. But why we knew not; only that there was always some mysterious association in the mind, between him and the tragic reminiscences and traditions of the Buxton farm. The causes of this association I was unacquainted with until years after the period of which I am writing. But such was the fact with respect to Mr. Johnson; and his looks and demeanour in our youthful eyes were exceedingly dubious, and inspired us with many dark suspicions and unpleasant apprehensions. He was a spare man, of an athletic,

middle-sized frame, large boned, with dark shaggy eye-brows, grisly hair, and an austere, melancholy look.

“Cruel to himself

They did report him : the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd’s alms.”

Scarcely could any of us pass his residence, but, to our regret, we saw him ; and if he were near, an involuntary shudder would run over us. He lived alone like a hermit ; and when seen by me, was always standing still, either in the garden, the meadow, the field, or the lawn—always in the same antiquated attire, in the attitude of deep and heavy thoughtfulness. His furrowed features ever wore the same appearance of fixed, imperturbable gravity—the same unapproachable and forbidding severity. I have seen him a hundred times, but never heard him speak, nor saw him smile. Every thing about his habits likewise looked strangely. At the easternmost end of the little lawn, in the centre of which stood his cottage, was a small oval enclosure, in the middle of which was a little knoll covered with green turf, kept perfectly neat and clean. The ivy and wild honey-suckle intertwined their tendrils as they clung to the rude wicket fence, and the rose in its season bloomed at its head. This was said to be the

tomb of his wife, whose burial took place before his solitude had been disturbed by other settlers. His orchard, instead of being planted in rows, like those of other people, grew in irregular clusters around his house and garden; and yet, without being separated, transplanted, or pruned, as was necessary with other people's apple trees, it seemed to grow more thriftily than any other. Even his cattle, as they grazed among the cowslips in the meadow or the field, and the fowls of his barn-yard, as they flapped their wings in the sun, or pecked upon the dunghill, appeared singular and different from those of other people. And I am sure that his old sturdy bull-dog had ten times more terrors for me than any bull-dog I ever saw. Indeed every thing conspired to invest Mr. Johnson, and the clearing in which he lived, and all that he possessed, with a strange, mysterious, and forbidding character, for which no one in our juvenile circle could have accounted, had such a thing been required. Yet the little farm was cultivated with care, and was always in excellent order; no hedge-rows of briars and bushes were suffered to spring up by his fences; its situation was delightful; and to the eye of a stranger it would have appeared one of the sweetest places of residence that heart could desire.

As we grew older our terrors of course decreased, in passing both Johnson's and the Buxton farm; but the strange feelings and emotions never entirely left us; and I believe that, even to this day, were I to be set down in the dim hour of twilight in the once fearful spot, looking as it then did, a momentary shudder would come over me as in times past. But it must be borne in mind that I left that country soon after the first meeting-house was built, and before I had outgrown the fears and apprehensions of the days of my boyhood, when the mind, pliant as melted wax, is moulded at pleasure; and when, by the indiscretion of nurses and by old wives' tales, superstitious impressions are too often so deeply implanted, as to defy all the efforts of reason in future life to eradicate them. And it was not until years afterwards, when on a visit to the scenes of my boyhood, during which I spent a week in searching for trees, on the trunks of which I had inscribed my name, and in climbing rocks, clambering over hills, and stumbling through glens, merely because I had clambered and stumbled in those places twenty years before, that I ascertained the sad cause which had transformed one of the happiest and best of men into the gloomy solitary I had seen him, and whose aching heart had then but recently been relieved from

pain by the kindest stroke he had felt for forty years—the stroke of death.

Before the period of the revolution, while the Germans had pushed their settlements as far up the rich vale of the Mohawk as Fort Schuyler, now the site of Utica, the beautiful queen of western villages, a few enterprising Englishmen had diverged more southerly, and penetrated the wilds beyond the sources of the Susquehanna. This they were enabled to do, and, though far separated from each other, live in comparative security under the powerful protection, first, of Sir William Johnson, and subsequently, for a short time only, under that of Sir John, the influence of both of whom, particularly the former, among the Indians on this side of the Iroquois was unbounded. Cherry Valley was considered the frontier settlement; but a family, by the name of Tunnickliff, had advanced westward a few miles beyond Caniaderaga lake; while two intimate and resolute friends, named Johnson and Buxton, had located themselves with their young wives in the deep forest ten miles south of Mr. Tunnickliff's establishment, in the beautiful situation which we have before attempted to describe. Here, in remote but industrious seclusion, these pioneers dwelt for many happy years. The forests gradually receded before the axe-men, and some years before the troublous times of the

revolution came on, each of the friends had an extensive and well cultivated farm; the first rude structure of logs had been superseded by more comfortable and substantial dwellings; and young, thrifty orchards began to repay the toil of the provident husbandman, who had transplanted them to those wilds, and reared them there. Their communications with their friends at Cherry Valley, Canajoharie, and beyond, were not many, and their own visits to the settlements few and unfrequent. The roads were mere bridle-paths through the woods, by which the few luxuries and comforts they enjoyed, beyond those produced on their own farms, were transported upon pack-horses. But in such a secluded spot the two families must necessarily have lived in the closest intimacy, even had they not been bound together by the stronger and more endearing bonds of relationship. Their wives were sisters, who together had heroically crossed the ocean with their husbands in search of the new world, and a home in the trackless wilderness. Thus expatriated from society, the families were the world to each other. Their pursuits, their trials, their deprivations, and their joys, were the same. Their lives were unvaried, and their quiet undisturbed by the company of man, save when a straggling Indian hunter or trapper, or perhaps a tawny

messenger from some of the Indian tribes to Sir William Johnson, passed in that direction. But in the days of Sir William, and the good king Hendrick, they had no more to fear from the Indians than from the noble stag that proudly bounded over the meadow, unpursued by the clamorous blood-snuffing hound, or the rapacious huntsman. Indeed, these occasional visits of the Indians were rather courted than otherwise, as they sometimes served as messengers to and from the settlements, and once in a long time brought them the invaluable treasure of a newspaper printed two months before in New York, and containing the latest news in a hundred and twenty days from "home," as England was then called.

Meantime, as years rolled on, a number of sweet "children of the woods" were from time to time introduced into their respective families; and many were the dreams of happiness in which the fond parents indulged, derived from the comfort and support which they anticipated from the society and labours of their children, now springing up in health, and vigour, and beauty, "like olive plants around their tables." Mrs. Buxton, like the eldest mother of the sons of Jacob, to those who think children a blessing, was more blessed than her younger sister, Mrs. Johnson, who had presented

her husband but two of these living blossoms of the wilderness. They were daughters—twins; beautiful in their infancy ; and they

“ Grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;
But yet a union in partition ;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
Two seeming bodies, but one heart.”

Having no associates but their parents and their cousins, and the latter at the distance of three quarters of a mile, the twin sisters did almost literally grow up together like the double cherry of the poet ; or rather, perhaps, like two wild rose-buds upon a single twig ; for never did buds put forth more beautiful flowers since Adam wove the first garland for Eve in Paradise. At the age of from ten to fourteen, the interesting period when the sweetness and innocence of female childhood is rendered yet more lovely by the expanding faculties of the mind, and the intelligence which beams from the face, and adds lustre to the eye of beauty, the twin sisters, Alice and Rose, might have been mistaken for attendants in the fairy train of Titania, as they strayed, hand in hand, chasing birds and butterflies in the flowery meadow, or startling the timid hare, as they skirted the forest for the wild flowers, with which the air was redolent in the spring. Their complexions bordered upon the bru-

nette, through which the rich blood, mantling in their cheeks, at once gave evidence of their health, and added to their beauty. Their eyes were dark and lustrous, above which beautifully curved brows adorned their polished foreheads, while their hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, hung in profuse clustering ringlets over their necks and shoulders. Added to these attractions were forms cast in nature's finest mould, and steps light and elastic as the feet of the gazelle. But if nature, in one of her visits to this fair spot, amidst what seemed a "boundless contiguity of shade," had been prodigal of favours to this innocent pair, their parents had not been the less mindful of their own duty, as well to their beauteous offspring, as to Him who had given them these little cherubs to strew their solitary path with flowers. The heads of both families, who had settled together in these wilds, had all sprung from a respectable stock; and their own advantages in early life had been such as to fit them for moulding the young minds committed to them, for calling forth their infant faculties, and for imbuing their intellects, as those faculties were gradually developed, with wholesome and correct principles. They were therefore early impressed with the importance and value of religion, the purest principles of which, in their most lovely and attractive form, were at all suitable times painted

in the fairest hues before their youthful imaginations as they grew in years. And at the age of which we shall soon speak, secluded from the world as they were, more useful knowledge had been acquired by those lovely flowers, born, almost literally,

“ To blush unseen,

And waste their sweetness on the desert air,”

than falls to the lot of many of the present day, who have shared the seeming advantages of the whole round of fashionable boarding-schools.

It was in the month of November 1778, when the harvest was past, and the season of husbandry closed in the little paradise of Mr. Johnson and his brother Buxton, that the former found it necessary to repair to his next neighbour, Tunnicliff, to bring in the residue of their winter stores, which had been sent thus far by their friends in Canajoharie; and as it was so near the approach of winter that even the occasional intercourse kept up by the scattered borderers must soon close for the season, Mrs. Johnson determined to accompany her husband for a brief visit. Though it was now the third year of the revolutionary struggle of the colonies with the mother country, yet the storm of war had not reached their peaceful dwelling. They had not even heard of the terrible fate which had befallen the settlements of Wilkesbarré and “ fair Wyo-

ming," inflicted by the cruel hands of the ferocious John Butler, at the head of a legion of savages, and a gang of tories if possible more savage than they. Every thing in that charming settlement, which, assisted by a rich soil, the hand of industry had transformed into a second Eden, had been doomed to destruction, the inhabitants to indiscriminate butchery, and their dwellings to the flames. Cruelties were practised at which human nature recoils, and the valley was left desolate. But of these atrocities they were ignorant; and Mr. Johnson and his wife departed, without concern, for an absence of but two days—leaving their little daughters with their small family until their return.

It was on one of the loveliest days of the Indian summer, that, without the least apprehension of lurking danger, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left their peaceful abode upon this occasion, when the glare of the sunbeams and the deep cerulean of the sky were softened by the light hazy smoke which attends that delightful portion of an American autumn. Few objects in nature can be more beautiful than the rich and variegated autumnal livery of the American forests. After being touched by a few sharp frosts, the leaves of the various deciduous trees, as they gradually become sear, assume a thousand different hues, from the pale to

the bright yellow, the russet brown, the scarlet red, the dark purple, the deep and rich carnation—all mingling and blending together, and with the sombre evergreens sprinkled here and there over the forests, forming a landscape of apparent flowers, rivalling in variety and beauty the spectacle which, to a poet's eye, would be presented by a magnificent undulating bed of tulips, of illimitable extent—a picture which art could not imitate nor equal, with a pencil dipt in the colours of the rainbow, or pen describe, though directed by the luxuriant imagination of the unrivalled romancer of Scotland.

The day having considerably advanced before our friends departed, and the travelling, by obscure and winding bridle-paths, being but a slow operation at best, the evening shut in upon them before they had reached their place of destination—a romantic valley, now, as then, occupied in part by the family of the Tunnicliffs. A visible change had commenced in the atmosphere, however, towards the close of the day. The wind began to rustle among the half-withered leaves, and the softness of the air had considerably diminished. The sun shed a redder glow upon the tops of the eastern hills, as he sank in the west; and a dark cloud, wild and irregular in its form, hung in the western horizon as the glorious luminary departed.

Though beautified by the brightness and variety of hues imparted to its edges by the glancing beams of the invisible sun—now glowing like streaks of burning lava, and now melting into the softer tints of the rainbow—yet to the observant eye the cloud clearly forboded a storm. But ere twilight had darkened into night, just as our travellers had reached the brow of the hill leading down to the quiet abode of their friends, the queen of night arose in all her brightness and beauty; and, by the aid of her mild and mellow light, they descended and arrived in safety. A hearty welcome greeted them at the door, and they were ushered in to share the comforts of a crackling fire, which blazed invitingly upon the ample hearth, and of a well stored farm-house, not forgetting the good old wholesome and exhilarating winter beverage—a noggin of pepper and cider.

The following day was one of alternate storm and sunshine—the former being attended with light flurries of snow, which was sometimes driven in curling wreaths furiously along the fences, and which, so great already had been the change of temperature, the sun had not power to dissolve as it fell. In the course of the day, Mr. Johnson's arrangements were completed, and every thing was in readiness for the return of himself and wife to their own dear hermitage, on the morrow.

But the circumstances under which they and the hospitable household, with whom they rested, awoke, were sadly different from the happy tranquillity in which they had retired to their pillows. Just at the dawn of day, the family were aroused from their quiet slumbers, by a messenger who had traversed nearly twenty miles of wilderness during the night, bearing the appalling tidings, that the tragic scenes of Wyoming had, the evening previous, been re-enacted at Cherry Valley, where the savage Brandt and the Butlers, at the head of about five hundred Indians and Tories, had broken into and utterly destroyed the settlement. Colonel Alden, who commanded a small garrison at that place, had been completely surprised; a sergeant's guard cut off; the colonel himself killed; and his lieutenant-colonel and some subaltern officers made prisoners. Brandt had next attacked the garrison; but meeting with too warm a reception, he turned his attention to the adjacent settlement, the inhabitants of which were indiscriminately tomahawked, as they were caught secreted, or overtaken in flight; while the paths of the few who escaped were lighted up by the blaze of their dwellings. On completing the work of desolation and blood, the Indians had immediately retired to their native forests; and it was feared that some of their straggling parties might fall upon the settlement

of the Tunnicliffs, and the still farther advanced location of Mr. Johnson and his brother-in-law. To avoid the danger which hung over them, the messenger, who had put his life in risk to bear the unwelcome tidings, urged an immediate flight, by a circuitous route, round both the Caniaderaga and Ostego lakes, to the more secure settlements of the Mohawk.

The afflictive intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon them all. But, alas ! what were Mr. Johnson and his wife to do ? Fly, they could not. Their brother and sister and family, and, above all, their own still more precious treasures—their little daughters—were behind. And, still worse, they were about ten miles nearer the probable track by which the terrible foe would retreat, than the place where the unhappy parents then were. It was of course the first impulse of Mr. Johnson, to hurry back with all the expedition possible over a bridle path, now somewhat obscured and encumbered by the slight falls of snow during the preceding day. In vain, however, did he essay to persuade his wife to remain and fly with her friends, while he proposed to hasten to his home, and follow speedily with their relatives and daughters. Mrs. Johnson had been too long acquainted with the hardships and perils of the wilderness, to shrink from the duty of attempting to rescue her family from the

imminent danger which now impended over them. She felt that her beloved offspring would be even safer, could she press them again to her bosom; and she was possessed of that resolution and firmness of purpose, which could look danger in the face, however threatening, though her frame might sink from exhaustion when the danger was past, and the excitement over. She accordingly mounted her horse, and with a fearful and palpitating heart, set off with her husband, now armed, and generously accompanied by a labourer attached to the family of Mr. Tunnicliff, from whose truly hospitable roof they now parted—perhaps for ever.

The journey was tedious and dreary. For while the disquieted borderers were doubly anxious to hasten forward, the snow served but to blind their way, and otherwise to impede their progress. The birds no longer enlivened the wilderness by their melodies, but had suddenly migrated to a more genial climate; and the numerous varieties of the nimble squirrel tribe, instead of leaping about merrily among the tree-tops, as they gathered in their winter store of nuts, had retreated to their holes. Anxiety for the welfare of their children, moreover, added much to the gloominess of their journey. The most oppressive forebodings weighed upon their hearts, and the occasional deep-drawn

sighs, which escaped their lips, bespoke bosoms too full for utterance; while the unwelcome visions, which floated among the thick-coming fancies now crowding their minds, became momentarily more insupportable as they approached the place where they had left their habitation and their all.

We do not believe in the revelation of future events to men, since the Apocalypse; but still it does sometimes appear, as though an all-wise Being, in compassion to the weakness of the creatures inhabiting this small portion of the universe, called earth, allows anticipations of approaching evil to be shadowed forth upon the mind, to prepare us for the endurance of sad realities; lest the shock, when it falls suddenly like a bolt from heaven, should be too heavy for human strength. So was it in the instance before us. When they had arrived within the distance of a mile or more from the clearing of Mr. Buxton, they observed heavier pillars of smoke to rise slowly up, and float away above the tree-tops, than were wont to ascend from their chimneys, though these were very capacious. But their apprehensions became a hundred fold more fearful and appalling, when, as they advanced half a mile nearer, they fell in with moccasins tracks of what must have been a considerable party of Indians, coming from the most alarming direction, and pointed towards the last spot on

earth where the now agonized parents would have wished to trace them. Father and mother alike viewed the fatal omens above and below them in silence—but with looks which spoke with far more feeling and power than words. Their suspense was not long; and though their apprehensions had been wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, still the most horrible pictures of their troubled imaginations, had not equalled the spectacle which presented itself, as they emerged suddenly from the forest, near the verge of which, two days before, stood the pleasant cottage of Mr. Buxton. It was now, alas! no more; it lay before them, in yet burning ruins, surrounded by the mangled remains of its late happy inmates; including one, at least, of the beautiful daughters of those, who were now gazing with unutterable anguish on the scene of blood! The wretched parents stood for a time upon the borders of this field of desolation, in the deepest agony, petrified, as it were, by the mingled emotions of astonishment, fear, and horror. A beloved sister, husband and children, and their own children too—all had fallen beneath the tomahawk of these merciless demons of the forest; and their mutilated bodies were now lying in various directions, and at different distances, around the mouldering ruins of their habitation!

When the blood, which had at first rushed like

a stream of ice back to the hearts of the agonized parents, began again to seek its natural currents, the mother flew to the body of her daughter, and, snatching it cold and stiff from its bed of snow, clasped it again and again to her bosom, with all the ardour of maternal affection, and all the agony of a mother's woe. Her beloved sister, too, and her tender offspring—the youngest of which now lay lifeless and frozen upon its mother's bosom, she having clung to it with maternal care and fondness, even in the last agonies of death—did not escape her attention. She ran from one cold body to another, embracing each alternately, and imprinting kisses upon the mute and pallid lips. In the wild distraction of the moment, she even half forgot that she had ascertained the fate of but one of her own lovely children. This forgetfulness, however, was but for an instant; for soon, indeed, the thought flashed upon her mind, that she was yet more deeply bereaved. For although the lifeless body of Rose—her dark ringlets ravished by the scalping knife—was before her, yet where was Alice? Her heart swelled within, as the recollection came over her; and she swooned away in the arms of her husband. On her recovery from a temporary suspension of animation, search was made for Alice, but no sign or trace of her could be discovered. She had probably been cast into

the flames—and the parents heaved another sigh of bitterness.

Night, however, was now rapidly shutting in upon the foresters; and it became as necessary to provide for the wants of the living, as to discharge the melancholy duties to the dead. Happily, through want or fear, the savages had not disturbed, if they had discovered, the cottage of Mr. Johnson, which was not distinctly visible from the theatre of the tragedy they had early that evening enacted. Mrs. Johnson was conveyed thither, with the corse of her deceased Rose in her arms; and after the necessary preparations were made for passing the night comfortably, should the enemy not come upon them also, the remains of all their slaughtered friends were also conveyed to the house, by Mr. Johnson and honest David, who had not been an unfeeling or unmoved spectator of the scene of horror of which we have attempted a feeble description. This precaution was necessary to keep the bodies from the ferocious jaws of the wolves, whose distant howlings already announced that they had snuffed a breeze tainted with blood; and were gathering in to a feast, which other beasts of prey had prepared for their banquet.

Thus they passed the night—the living with the dead;—and what a night! Who could describe the sufferings of the lonely and bereaved parents

at such an hour ! Surrounded by the dead—the awful certainty of the foul murder of one of their children before their eyes, and oppressed by the most agonizing uncertainty as to the fate of the other. And yet they yielded not to utter despair ; nor did they weep that night. The ruin which had thus suddenly overwhelmed them, the accumulated horrors present with them, and the barbed arrows which had penetrated their bosoms, beyond the possibility of extraction—all did not crush them. Yet their grief, though silent, was so keen and so deep, as to eat into their very souls. Tears would have relieved the poignancy of their anguish ; but these were denied. We forbear, however, to dwell longer upon a scene like this—preferring, like the ancient artist, to draw a veil over those passions and emotions, which we despair of being able faithfully to portray.

The first business of the morning was to revisit the ruins, and renew the all but hopeless search for the remains of the absent Alice. But no relics were found, nor any favourable circumstances discovered, until it occurred to Mr. Johnson to examine the “ trail ” of the Indians. It was then that a glimmering ray of hope broke through the dark cloud of adversity, which hung over the bereaved parents. There were no impressions in the snow but those of mocassins, in the trail of the Indians,

before they reached the fatal spot ; but among the traces of their departure, in the direction of Anaququa, the head-quarters of Brandt, the small, slender footsteps of some child, who must have worn English shoes, were distinctly visible. The shoes of the sisters had been moulded upon the same last ; and on applying one plucked from the foot of the deceased Rose, it was found to correspond exactly. Her trail was pursued for two or three miles into the wilderness ; and the footsteps continued, until the pursuit was reluctantly relinquished ; it being in vain to think of overtaking them, after they had so much the start, and besides certainly fatal should they succeed. But just as Mr. Johnson was once more turning towards his cheerless home, a signal caught his eyes, which for a moment brightened the little ray of hope before mentioned, into a broad gleam of comparative joy. He was about leaving a spot where the savages had apparently halted for a few moments, when, upon the verge of the unbeaten snow, without their tracks, his eyes fell upon the words—“ Alice Johnson ;” traced undoubtedly by the finger of his beloved daughter, unperceived by her captors, as an indication of her fate, should Providence direct the steps of her father thus far in pursuit, before the easily-effaced characters should be obliterated by storm or sun-shine. He hastened

back with the intelligence to his disconsolate wife, who raised her eyes, and clasped her hands with delight;—but the forthcoming exclamation died upon her lips, as, with a chill of despair, the thought struck her, that perhaps her child had only been reserved for a more lingering and revolting death at the stake, when the Indians should celebrate the triumph of this cruel expedition. The fearful suspense in the one case, was therefore scarcely less terrible, than the melancholy reality of the other.

Having interred, in the best manner they could, the mangled bodies of their relations, the next step was to make the necessary disposition for the winter. To pursue the savage horde in search of their child, would be madness. And for the solitary pair to remain in that wild and desolate region, during a long and dreary winter, was hardly advisable on several accounts. Another straggling party of Indians might come upon them; they might be taken sick; or other casualties occur, with none to go for relief. And besides, were they in some settlement near a military post, they would be more likely to obtain intelligence from their little daughter, by means of spies and scouts, than if they remained in their seclusion. It was therefore determined by Mr. Johnson to leave his habitation, and repair with his wife to the neighbourhood

of the camp then forming on the Mohawk, preparatory to the projected campaign of the ensuing season. Honest David assisted them in the transportation of such few of their moveables as were most necessary, and the journey was performed with safety and without accident.

On emerging from the forest, they were received by the friendly settlers at Canajoharie with every kindness and attention. All who heard their tale of woe, deeply sympathized in their afflictions, and administered to them all those little nameless and endearing attentions, which contribute so powerfully to ease the aching heart, and soothe the troubled mind.

It is well known that after the bloody tragedies of which we have spoken as having transpired at Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and with the latter of which our tale is so intimately connected, extensive preparations were made by General Washington for turning the weapon back upon the foe, and taking ample vengeance of the white and red savages who had desolated the western frontier, and drenched its fairest settlements with tears and blood. The troops for the expedition were assembled upon three points; one to move from Pittsburgh, and scour the valleys of the Ohio, Monongahela, and Alleghany rivers; the second, and considerably the largest, to march from the interior

of Pennsylvania, through desolate Wyoming, and around the Susquehanna to Chemung; while the third division was collected upon the Mohawk, under General Clinton, (father of the late distinguished governor of New York,) with a view of crossing over to the head waters of the Susquehanna, and descending thence down the valley of the river, to unite with General Sullivan. From the point of junction, it was their design to sweep up the Chemung river to the lakes, and lay waste the fields and villages of the Indians—for even then, the Six Nations had so far copied the example of the whites, as to erect rude villages, and plant fields and orchards. Many of these Indian orchards have afforded the first fruits to the settlers who have pushed their course westwardly at a later day.

While the northern portion of this intended expedition was thus collecting upon the Mohawk, Mr. Johnson sought and obtained an introduction to General Clinton, who became much interested in the story of his sufferings; and instructions were given to the Indian spies sent out for information, to obtain intelligence, if possible, of the captive Alice. Early in the spring, to the great joy of the disconsolate parents, one of them returned with direct and certain tidings from the little prisoner. He had artfully contrived to mingle with the warriors of Brandt, and had succeed-

ed in having an interview with Alice, from whom he learnt the particulars of her captivity, and the murder of her sister and relatives. The Indians, it appeared, when on their retreat from Cherry Valley, like the tiger rendered more furious by the blood they had drunk at that ill-fated settlement, raised the fell war-whoop as they came upon the dwelling of Mr. Buxton, and rushed on to the slaughter. The appalling signal reached the ears of the family while they were at breakfast. A single glance from the window yet more clearly disclosed the purpose of the unwelcome intruders, whose painted visages rendered their looks, if possible, far more hideous and terrible than was natural to the dark and ferocious countenances so striking and peculiar to the American aboriginal. The different members of the family rushed forth in wild affright, and were struck down in their flight by the tomahawk, and left weltering in their blood, in the places where they were found, as before described. Brandt himself was of this party ; and having despatched the unhappy father with his own hand, he gave pursuit to the gentle Alice, who, in her panic, was bounding over the frosty field with the fleetness of a frightened fawn. Before the vengeful chief had quite reached her, the beautiful little girl turned, and as his uplifted arm was all but ready to fall with unerring and deadly

aim, she threw such an imploring look into his stern face—so sweetly innocent and affecting—that for once his marble heart relented. He dropped his brawny arm as if nerveless at his side, gazed for a moment upon the beautiful object now trembling in an attitude of supplication before him, and in the next instant kindly took her hand as his captive. This celebrated chieftain had a portion of white blood in his veins; and although his deeds have deservedly caused his name to be written in characters of blood, yet he was not, at times, altogether so destitute of the nobler and more generous feelings of our nature, as is generally believed. But these compassionate moments occurred only at long intervals. Alice, however, was spared; and before she had time to linger many moments even over the remains of her sister, now lying in the very embrace of death, the Indians secured the provisions in the house, applied the torch to its walls, and she was hurried away to Anaquaqua. She was treated kindly on the way—according to Indian notions of kindness; and on her arrival at the Indian village, was given by Brandt to Mackwah, one of his favourite chiefs, who took her to his hut, and adopted her as his daughter. Though too young and timid to have attempted a flight alone in the wilderness, yet she was narrowly watched; but the principal inconve-

nience which she experienced was being compelled to sleep with slender stalks of saplings laid across her, upon the end of which, on either side, some of the Indians always reposed at night, in order effectually to secure her against the possibility of escape during their slumbers. In all other respects the little stranger was treated with the same affection as the native papposes, and even became a favourite, whom they designated as the Markaute-Lissis-Wacheekseh, or little black-haired girl.

Having thus ascertained the fact of his daughter's existence and present safety, the next subject of consideration was the means of her rescue. But every project was environed with difficulties. Various schemes were suggested and successively abandoned. It was finally determined, however, that Mr. Johnson should accompany the expedition of General Clinton down the Susquehanna, in the hope that by some means the little exile might fall within the power of the colonial arms. The humane general had become so much interested in the painful situation of Mr. Johnson, that he generously proffered every assistance in his power, and the exertion of every means, to recover his child. Early in May the encampment on the Mohawk was broken up, and the troops moved by slow marches to the foot of Otsego lake, and encamped upon the ground whereon now stands the delightful vil-

lage of Cooper's-town. Otsego lake is a beautiful sheet of clear water, about ten miles long by three in width, completely embosomed by high hills, one of which, on the eastern side, swells into a considerable mountain—the same which the fire in the woods once swept with devouring fury, as described in a masterly manner by the author of the *Pioneers*. At the foot of this romantic lake, in a narrow channel between high and steep banks, issues the noble though rapid and impetuous Susquehanna.

From this point the expedition had a long march to perform, through an uninhabited country, without roads, or any other facilities for the transportation of the baggage and the warlike munitions in the train of so considerable a body of troops, before they could reach the Chemung, where the forces of Clinton were to be united with those of General Sullivan, now advancing from the south. But as he was strolling upon the shore one bright moonlight evening, surveying with the eye of an amateur the landscape which lay before him, in all the wild and rugged majesty and grandeur of nature, while yet the moon lingered so low in the eastern horizon as to cast the dark shade of the mountain half across the silver surface of the lake, a happy thought flashed upon the mind of the sagacious commander, by which he hoped at once

to remove the difficulties of a laborious and harassing march, and at the same time accomplish the second object of the expedition—the destruction of the growing crops of corn upon the rich alluvial lands of Anaquaqua, and below, upon the wide margin of the river. This project was nothing less than the erection of a temporary dam at the estuary of the lake; and while the waters were collecting between the hills, to prepare rafts and floats for the purpose of descending with the troops, ammunition, sick, and baggage, upon the bosom of the torrent, to the appointed place of rendezvous. Directions were immediately given for carrying the bold and novel project into execution. The dam was speedily erected, and the engaged waters accumulated so rapidly, that by the middle of July they overleaped the barrier, and were sufficient to flood all the interval lands in the winding course of the river from its source to the Chesapeake. The preparations being completed, the troops and stores were embarked. The flood gates were then thrown open, and the whole expedition was wafted safely and rapidly to the entrance of the Chemung. The torrent in its course had alike swept away the tender crops of the Indians, and the villages in the valley of the river. Great numbers of the savages, especially the women and children, perished in the resistless

flood, which came upon them so suddenly and unexpectedly that they had not time to escape ; while those who were more fortunate, fled in wild consternation from an inundation which, as there had been a long drought, they believed to be a supernatural visitation ; and the fugitives, of course, communicated their terrors to the more distant villages in their flight.

The forces of Generals Clinton and Sullivan, now under the command of the latter, to the number of five thousand men, effected a junction at the confluence of the Susquehanna and Chemung, as appointed, on the twenty-second of August ; and as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, the march was commenced along the valley of the latter stream, towards the heart of the Indian country. The extensive, and not very rapid preparations for this expedition, could not, of course, be kept a secret from the wily Indians ; and Brandt, the Butlers, and Guy Johnson, with fifteen hundred Indians and five companies of whites, chiefly Tories, made corresponding exertions to meet it. Indeed it was soon ascertained by Sullivan, that they had boldly determined to risk a general battle, for which preparations were made upon a well selected spot, in the place afterwards called Newtown, and now known as the village of Elmira. They had here constructed a

breast-work of half a mile in length, covered by a bend of the river, so as to expose only the front and one flank to attack ; and even that flank was rendered difficult of approach, by resting upon a steep ridge. The ground, moreover, was difficult of access, by reason of its being covered with pines, thickly interspersed with shrub-oaks. Beyond the river, at the distance of a few miles, was a small scattered Indian village, to which place a spy had been despatched by a circuitous route. He returned in due season ; and the heart of Mr. Johnson was overjoyed to learn that Mackwah's cabin was there, and Alice still the attendant upon Mattewan, his favourite squaw. His impatience to hurry to the spot, and fold her to his bosom, scarcely knew bounds. Still nothing was to be attempted rashly ; and hope, who is ever whispering dreams of " promised pleasure," now stepped in to clear his despondency, and animate his exertions ; while the rapidly approaching crisis left him apparently but a few hours more of suspense.

The next day, being the twenty-ninth of August, had been determined on by Sullivan for the attack upon the savage allies. The Indians, too, were aware that the blow was soon to be struck ; and as the devastating and untimely flood had inspired them with superstitious forebodings, they

resolved to hold the Black Dance of the Pow-wow, at a council of the chiefs to take place at the village that night. The Pow-wow was not of frequent occurrence; and when summoned as on the present occasion, in cases of emergency, or on the eve of great events, it was with a view of divining the future by the assistance of a familiar spirit, to be conjured up by their diabolical incantations. Brandt, at this time, was in as great a strait as Saul, on the eve of the battle of Gilboa; and the Pow-wow was summoned for much the same reason, as that which induced the former to steal from his camp in the night, and hold communion with the old lady of Endor. As the shades of the night drew on, the council fire was lighted amidst a grove of tall pines, near the cabin of Mackwah, thus affording Alice and her new associates an opportunity for a full view of the picturesque, though revolting and somewhat terrific spectacle. The night was clear star-light, for the Indians never hold any of their public meetings or religious assemblages, unless when the sky is unclouded. The dark and heavy branches of the pines, however, thickly intermingling with each other, spread a gloom over the spot, rendered not the less sombre by the glare of the fire as it blazed fitfully up, and cast its lurid light upon the tall trunks and waving branches of the surrounding

forest. The chiefs assembled early, painted and attired for war, and in moody silence seated themselves in a circle about the fire. Presently the athletic and commanding figure of Brandt appeared in the dark group, clad in his richest attire, a cluster of black plumes nodding upon his head, and his arms and robe glittering with the profusion of bracelets and other ornaments of burnished silver, with which the proud chieftain was bedecked. After him came the priests, and conjuror, and those initiates of the Pow-wow, who were to join in the dance, and conduct the diabolical rites; all clad in a manner at once grotesque and frightful. Their plumes were coal black, mingled with red, and around the head of the conjuror was coiled, like a wreath, the speckled skin of a wampum snake of unusual length, used only on these occasions, the scaly folds of which glistened as the crackling flames rolled upwards with increasing volumes, when successive quantities of fuel were supplied, and the whole head-gear was equally grotesque and frightful. To the legs of the dancers were attached multitudes of the chickicoes, or rattles, made of dry horns and other materials, which rattle at every step, and form a prominent, though not melodious part of the music of their dances. A dog was first sacrificed with the accustomed rites of the Indians

to propitiate the demon, his carcass eaten, and the tongue cast into the flames, while something like a preliminary incantation was slowly recited. The dancing then began, in slow and measured tread around the fire, which was quickened very gradually as they proceeded. They seemed to commence their singing by an invocation, after which they sung of the deeds of their ancestors—of the mighty dead of their tribes—whose shades, from their actions, one would suppose they beheld hovering about them amid the surrounding gloom. Sometimes, too, would they commemorate the prowess of their contemporary chiefs and warriors, and rehearse their achievements in arms or the chase, during which rehearsals, the sullen chiefs would raise themselves more erect from their seats, while their burning eye-balls seemed to flash fire, and light up their dark visages with fiend-like fury. Sometimes the Pow-wows would throw themselves into frantic postures, making all manner of distracted motions; bowing their faces to the earth, wringing their bodies, and distorting their countenances, as if writhing in the severest agony. The dance was quickened at times, and then slackened again, every step being accompanied by the interminable “yah—yah, yah—yah,” which words are always mingled by some of the dancers with the incessant dry rattling of the

chickicoes, and the coarser guttural notes of the singers. Ever and anon, likewise, these wild and violent antics were accompanied by the shrill piercing tones of the war-whoop, which rang through the deep forest, and struck a note of remembrance upon the ear of Alice like a death-knell. She had been drawn to the outer circle of this fearful spot by Mattewan, to whom she instinctively clung as to her mother, drawing closer and closer, as the savages heightened the terror of the scene, by repeating their war-whoops and other hideous and deafening yells. The time, the place, the circumstances, would have rendered the appearance of this savage group sufficiently appalling to the stoutest heart; but to the youthful captive it was full of terror. And yet she watched every movement, and endured the withering gaze of the savage chieftains, as they darted their furious glances upon her, with far more firmness and composure than could have been expected.

For nearly two hours were the Pow-wows engaged in the uncouth and frightful manner we have attempted to describe, when a tall figure, more hideous, if possible, than any in the savage band, stepped forth from the shadow of a giant pine, and strode solemnly into the midst of the circle. Casting a sullen gaze upon the multitude

around, he intimated by his attitude and gestures, that he was an important messenger, about to utter an incantation, or perform a spell. He was begrimed with a black mixture over his body, and a crest of hair, like that of a helmet, bristled up over his head, which elsewhere was closely shaven. Two dark wings were attached to his ears, which waved with the motions of his head and body. Circles of bright red were drawn round his eyes, which glared in the centre with a fierce yellow lustre. From his girdle, composed of the preserved skin of an enormous rattle-snake, tied so as to bear the head and tail projecting and darting, as if the serpent retained its animation, depended skins of gloomy colours, grotesquely arranged with a rattle, and the instruments of his fantastic craft. He stretched his arms towards the topmost branches of the trees, his eyes fixed as if upon some object of interest and terror, and commenced a chant, at first monotonous, but varying as his excitement, real or affected, occasioned him to vary his gestures and posture, until, at the close, he reeled with seeming exhaustion. What he muttered in his uncouth rhythm, may have been to the following effect :—

What wild, deep murmurs whisper near ?
Do I the solemn voices hear

Of warriors dead, that wander by ?
Does the wind-spirit moan and sigh,
Through the black pines that sternly bow
Each fire-lit mass and gloomy brow ?

Manitto, no ! I mark thee well ;
I fix thee by my word and spell.
In dream-land I have known thee long ;
Spirit, whose power is quick and strong !
In every form that thou mayst take,
I know thee, slumbering or awake !

Thy fiercely flashing eyes I ken,
Like famish'd she-wolf's in her den ;
Like the red torch-light o'er the wave,
Gleaming in deep and sunless cave ;
Like ambush'd warrior's, when he knows
The coming of his direst foes !

Why do they glare so fast and bright ?
Though fiercer than the sulphurous light
From Ariouski's chariot flashing,
When heaven's whole vault is wildly crashing :
Thy glances I endure, and live !
And ask, what tidings canst thou give ?

Ha ! ha ! what gloom those fire-balls shrouds ?
Like the dim stars through murky clouds
They glimmer—shrink—and now they seem
Less than the fire-fly's tiny gleam ;—
Now they are gone :—and hark ! I hear
The flapping of strange pinions near !

Bird of ill omen! whence art thou?
Spirit! thou shalt not cheat me now!
I know thee still—to darkest night
On leathery wings pursue thy flight!
Death and defeat will come to-morrow:
Thine is the mirth, and ours the sorrow!

We cannot suppose that the conjurer derived much valuable information from his conversation with Manitto. But the legends tell, that, during the recitation of the two last stanzas of his rhapsody, a great bat wheeled over the space illuminated by the fire, sweeping round the smoke and flapping its sullen heavy wings, and then disappeared. As he concluded his canticle, he became violently convulsed: his countenance was distorted, and he fell to the earth as motionless as if he had been knocked on the head. The other Pow-wows instantly closed the circle around his body, where he lay without apparent sense or motion, during which period those who stood over him chanted a few sentences in low, plaintive strains. The whole wild assemblage stood fixed and silent as death. Then followed a solemn pause, during which not a word or a whisper was heard, either from the performers or the anxious multitude. The wind moved heavily the wide-spreading branches of the forest pines, creating a noise like the distant rush of mighty waters. For a few moments nothing inter-

rupted the dismal silence, but the occasional screams of the bird of night, which hovered near, and was regarded as a bad omen by the assembled council. After a time the initiates commenced rubbing the limbs of the juggler, and inflicting many blows upon his body with thongs, till at length he began to discover symptoms of returning life. His recovery was at first slow and convulsive ; but he presently sat up, and soon afterwards rose upon his feet. He then waved his hand for the departure of the multitude, and taking Brandt by the arm, left the magic circle, and retired deeper into the forest, as if to pour into the ear of the chieftain alone a message of high import, which he only ought to hear. The fire was then extinguished, and the assembled chiefs and warriors, and the non-combatants, who had gathered in a dark circle around the whole, retired to their cabins, or to their proper posts among the warriors in the field.

We return with our somewhat eventful history, now drawing rapidly to a close, to the American camp. Early on the morning of the 29th, the troops were under arms, and the proper dispositions made for the attack. Before day-light, at the request of General Clinton, who ceased not to interest himself in the cause of the distressed father, whose sufferings are interwoven with our tale, a

small detachment of picked men, under a trusty officer well skilled in the Indian wars, accompanied by Mr. Johnson and the spy before mentioned, as a guide, was directed to cross the river silently below, and by a circuitous route obtain the rear of the Indian village, in order to intercept the flight of the Indians, in the event of their almost certain defeat, and by this means, if possible, to insure the re-capture and safety of the anxiously-sought daughter. The troops advanced at eleven o'clock to the attack, which was commenced and kept up for some time by skirmishing, the Indians sallying out of their works by small parties, firing and suddenly retreating—making the woods at the same time resound with their war-whoops, which pierced the air from point to point, as though the tangled forest were swarming with Indians in arms. One of their flanks being covered by the river, the other rested on, as has already been remarked, or was rather covered by, a high ridge of land, from which it was presently ascertained to be the design of the foe to annoy the flanks of Sullivan, as soon as he should be closely engaged in front. General Clinton was immediately ordered to push up the mountain, dislodge the foe, and by turning his flank, gain the rear of his works. Here the battle began to be animated, and was soon contested with desperation. The Indians and Tories deserved the credit of fight-

ing manfully. Every rock, and tree, and bush, shielded its man, from behind which the winged messengers of death were quickly sent forth, and often with but too unerring an aim. They yielded only inch by inch; and, in their retreat, darted from tree to tree with the agility of the panther, often contesting each new position up to the point of the bayonet. Brandt was the animating spirit among his forces. He was ever in the thickest of the fight, and used every effort to stimulate his followers, and lead them on to victory.

While this movement upon the flank was in slow but successful progress, the artillery had been brought up to the assault in front, and its deep-toned thunder soon drowned the yells and whoops of the savages, which, till then, rose above the scattered and less powerful fire of the musketry. As Clinton gallantly approached the point which completely uncovered the flank of the enemy, Brandt attempted once more to rally his forces, and with the assistance of a battalion of his white auxiliaries, make a stand. But it was in vain: though the desperate chieftain exerted himself to the utmost, flying from point to point, seeming to be every where present, and using every means in his power to revive the now sinking spirits, and nerve the arms of his followers. They appeared to be disheartened: the summer flood without rain, and the

ill omens of the Pow-wow, and the fortunes of the day thus far against them, had left them but little heart for continuing what they began to be persuaded must be a hopeless contest. The enemy, who had ascended the steep without faltering, continued to rush impetuously onward, until the hill was cleared of the foe, and his flank completely turned. Perceiving that the fortunes of the day were irretrievably lost, and that there was a prospect of their now being surrounded, the savages and their allies precipitately abandoned their works, crossed the river, and fled in the utmost confusion.

Meantime the detachment, which had been sent round to the rear of the village, already spoken of, with Mr. Johnson, entered the same from one direction just as the flying fugitives, maddened by defeat, and burning with rage, began to make their appearance from the other. In a moment all was uproar and confusion. Not dreaming of having the "long knives" to encounter from behind, they were now driven to despair, a scattering fight took place, and a few fell on both sides. The guide hurried the detachment along in the direction of Mackwah's cabin, before reaching which Mattewan was discovered in an attempt to fly with Alice, whom she was dragging along by her side. The detachment rushed forward, the eagerness of the

father keeping him in hazardous advance. The recognition of father and daughter was simultaneous. "My father!" "My daughter!" were exclamations of the same instant of time; and the delighted parent sprang forward to clasp his lost child to his bosom. But he had not yet exhausted the bitterness mingled in his cup of life. For at the very moment when another leap would have consummated the father's joyous expectations, the undaunted Mackwah bounded like a tiger from behind the ample trunk of a giant pine; his eyes flashing fire, and his distended nostrils breathing vengeance and fury, as his uplifted hatchet twinkled for a moment in the air, and was in the same instant planted deep in the lovely temples of the beautiful Alice Johnson! In the very same instant also, that the fatal weapon was thus buried in the head of the fair and innocent captive, a bullet sped to his heart by an eagle-eyed and unerring rifleman, who comprehended his purpose as he sprang from his hiding-place, brought the furious Mackwah, with a convulsive bound, his full length upon the earth. The vindictive warrior pointed with exultation to the bleeding victim at his side, as his body was writhing in the last struggle with death; and he died "grinning horribly a ghastly smile."

But who can paint the sufferings of the twice bereaved parent, at the moment of such an awful

disappointment, or adequately describe the emotions then swelling his bleeding, bursting heart! In one moment he beheld the lovely form of his beloved and only child, in health and beauty, extending her arms in an ecstasy of delight to meet his warm embrace, and in the next instant, he was clasping her mangled remains to his throbbing bosom, the flesh yet quivering in the agonies of death!

“ Not all the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years,
Could match that minute's anguish! All the worst
Of sorrow's elements, in that dark hour,
Broke o'er his soul, and with one crash of fate
Laid the hopes of his whole life desolate.”

Long and dreary was the pilgrimage of Mr. Johnson, after the tragic events we have here recorded. His wife soon followed her little ones to the mansions of rest: when the last ray of earthly happiness was extinguished in his bosom for ever. He never smiled again!

THE GHOST.

SOMETIME in the year 1800 or 1801, I am not certain which, a man of the name of William Morgan—I don't mean the person whose "abduction" has made so much noise in the world—enlisted on board the United States frigate ——— for a three years cruize in the Mediterranean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high ; a long pale visage deeply furrowed with wrinkles ; sunken eyes far up towards his forehead ; black exuberant hair standing on end as if he was always frightened at something ; a sharp chin, of a length proportioned to his height ; teeth white, but very irregular ; and the colour of his eyes what the writers on supernatural affairs call very singular and mysterious. Besides this, his voice was hollow and sepulchral ; on his right arm were engraved certain mysterious devices, surmounted with the letters E. M. ; and his tobacco-box was

of iron. His every day dress was a canvass hat with a black ribbon band, a blue jacket, white trowsers, and leather shoes. On Sundays he wore a white beaver, which, among sailors, bespoke something extraordinary, and on rainy days a pea-jacket, too short by half a yard. It is worthy of remark, that Morgan entered on Friday; that the frigate was launched on Friday; that the master carpenter who built her was born on Friday; and that the squadron went to sea on Friday. All these singular coincidences, combined with his mysterious appearance, caused the sailors to look upon Morgan with some little degree of wonder.

During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made on the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together—at least no one ever saw him eat; and, if ever he slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes or lying down, for his messmates, one and all, swore that, wake at what time of the night they would, Morgan was seen sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take his watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange. He would stand stock still in one place, gazing at the stars, or the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation; and when roused by his companions, fall flat on the deck in a swoon.

When he revived, he would fall to preaching the most strange and incomprehensible rhapsodies that ever were heard. In their idle hours upon the fore-castle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and land, as caused the sailors' hair to stand on end, and made the jolly fellows look upon him as a person gifted with the privilege of living for ever. He often, indeed, hinted that he had as many lives as a cat, and more than once offered to let himself be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On more than one occasion, he was found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed and glowing, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaw sunk down, and his pulse motionless, at least so his messmates swore when they went to call the doctor; though when the latter came, he always found Morgan as well as ever he was in his life, and apparently unconscious of all that had happened.

As they proceeded on the voyage, which proved for the most part, a succession of calms, the sailors, having little else to do, either imagined or invented new wonders about Morgan. At one time, a little Welsh foretop-man swore, that as he was going to sit down to dinner, his canteen was snatched from under him, by an invisible hand, and he fell plump on the deck. A second had his

allowance of grog "abducted" in a mysterious manner; although he was ready to make oath, he never had his eyes off it for a moment. A third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket. A fourth had a crooked sixpence, with a hole by which it was suspended from his neck by a ribbon, taken away without his ever being the wiser for it.

These things at length reached the ears of Captain R——, who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four and twenty hours; and otherwise punished him in various ways, on the recurrence of any one of these wonderful reports. All this produced no effect whatever, either on Morgan or the crew, which at length had its wonder stretched to the utmost bounds by a singular adventure of our hero.

One day, the squadron being about half way across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues a-head with a fine breeze, there was an alarm of the magazine being on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck with a spoon in his hand, for some purpose or other, when hearing the cry of "magazine on fire," he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer, now living, and standing in the first rank of our naval heroes. In the confusion and

alarm, it was impossible to make any efforts to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course that he had perished in the ocean. Two days after, one of the other vessels of the squadron came alongside the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard, he had been found swimming away gallantly, with the spoon in his hand. When asked why he did not let it go, he replied, that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was dry. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion, that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one that was not very easy to be killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain R—— punished him, until the squadron were within two or three days sail of Gibraltar, admitting the wind continued fair, as it then was. Morgan had been punished pretty severely that morning for star-gazing and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before, and had solemnly assured his messmates, that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung

about his neck, saying, that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water, before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night a clear starlight, and the sentinels pacing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwark, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts, and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. This affair occasioned much talk, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject. Some swore it was one Davy Jones who had been playing his pranks—others that it was no man, but a ghost or a devil that had got among them—and others were in daily expectation of seeing him come on board again, as much alive as ever he was.

In the mean time, the squadron proceeded but slowly, being detained several days by calms and head winds, most of which were in some way or other laid to Billy Morgan by the gallant tars, who fear nothing but Fridays and men without heads. His fate, however, gradually ceased to be a subject of discussion, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when one night, about a week after

his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him—with eyes more sunken, hair more upright; and face more thin and cadaverous than ever. was seen by one of his messmates who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the fore-part of the ship, approach one of the tables where there was a can of water, from which it took a hearty draught, and disappear in the direction whence it came. The sailor told the story next morning, but as yet very few believed him.

The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by a different person from him by whom it was first observed. It came from the same quarter again, helped itself to a drink, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost, in the course of a day or two, came to the ears of Captain R——, who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come; under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship. The search ended, however, without any discovery. The calms and head winds still continued, and not a sailor on board but ascribed them to Billy Morgan's mysterious influence. The ghost made its appearance again the following night after the search, when it was

seen, by another of Morgan's messmates, to empty his tobacco-box, and seize some of the fragments of supper, which had been accidentally left on a table, with which it again vanished in the manner before described. The sailor swore, that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box, he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand but something exactly like cold water.

Captain R—— was excessively provoked at these stories, and caused another and still more thorough search to be made, but without any discovery. He then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. That night the ghost again made its appearance; and the courageous young officer sallied out upon it; but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain R——, who instituted an immediate search, but with as little success as before. By this time, there was not a sailor on board that was not afraid of his shadow; and even the officers began to be infected with a superstitious dread. At length the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and came to in the Bay of Algesiras, where the ships remained some days waiting the arrival of those they had come to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him

its hand, and saying, "Good bye, Tom," disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight or more, before the relief squadron sailed up the Mediterranean; during which time, the crews of the ships were permitted to take their time to go ashore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerably dark lane, in the suburbs of Algesiras, when he heard a well-known voice call out—"Tom, Tom, d——n your eyes, don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and looking round, recognised his old messmate Morgan's ghost: but he had no inclination to renew the acquaintance; he took to his heels, and without looking behind him to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat where his companions were waiting, and told the story as soon as he could find breath for the purpose. This reached the ear of Captain R——, who, being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the governor of the town, who caused search to be made every where without effect. No one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed its cold wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch, and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but, before any pursuit could be made, the

ghost had disappeared in the forward part of the ship, as usual. After this, Billy again appeared two or three times alternately, to some one of his old messmates; sometimes in the town, at others, on board the frigate; but always in the dead of night. He seemed desirous to say something particular; but could never succeed in getting any of the sailors to listen quietly to the communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algesiras on board the frigate, he was heard, by one of the sailors, to utter, in a low, hollow whisper, "You shall see me at Malta;" after which he vanished, as before.

Captain R—— was excessively perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations; and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined, with a view to the discovery either of the place where Morgan secreted himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he ever discover that they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices in the escape of Morgan. He even removed every thing in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there, without being detected. The whole re-

sulted in leaving the affair involved in complete mystery ; and the squadron proceeded up the Mediterranean, to cruize along the African coast, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate came to the latter place ; and, in the mean time, as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan was appeased, or rather the whole affair had been gradually forgotten. Two nights after her arrival, a party of sailors, being ashore at La Vallette, accidentally entered a small tavern, in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, after the manner of those amphibious bipeds. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who, about three or four in the morning went to bed, not quite as clear-headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear, " Tom, Tom, wake up !" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan, leaning over his bed, and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried, " murder ! ghost ! Billy Morgan !" as loud as he could bawl, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair ; and inquired, if he had seen any thing of

the figure he described. Mine host utterly denied having seen, or ever heard of such a figure as Billy Morgan; and so did all his family. The report was again alive on board the frigate, that Billy Morgan's ghost had taken the field once more. "Heaven and earth!" cried Captain R——, "is Billy Morgan's ghost come again? Shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

Captain R—— immediately ordered his barge, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner of the little town of La Vallette; but in vain. No one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house where the spectre appeared, together with all his family, utterly denied any knowledge of such a person or thing. It is little to be wondered at, that the search proved ineffectual; for that very night, Billy took a fancy to appear on board the frigate, where he again accosted his old friend Tom, to whom he had bequeathed all his goods and chattels. But Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared

out so lustily, as usual, that it glided away, and disappeared as before, without being intercepted in the confusion which followed.

Captain R—— was in despair; never was man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and dismay, insomuch, that had an Algerine come across them, they might peradventure have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, drawn up by one of Billy Morgan's old messmates, representing to Captain R——, the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks; at others; on the end of the bowsprit; and at others, cutting capers on the yards and top-gallant mast. The story spread into the town of La Vallette, and nothing was talked of but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear occasionally to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island, and made matters ten times worse than ever.

From Malta the squadron, after making a cruise of a few weeks, proceeded to Syracuse, with the intention of remaining some time. They were obliged to perform a long quarantine; the ships were strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction

of the crew of the frigate, who were in great hopes this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost. These hopes were strengthened, by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor, during the whole time the quarantine continued. The very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old messmate and heir, Tom Brown, lank, lean, and dripping wet as usual; and after giving him a rousing shake, whispered, "Hush, Tom; I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes." But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "murder" with all his might; when the ghost vanished as before, muttering, as Tom swore, "You bloody infernal lubber."

The re-appearance of the ghost occasioned greater consternation than ever among the crew of the good ship; and it required all the influence of severe punishments, to keep them from deserting on every occasion. Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed most especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow. He became very serious; and spent almost all his leisure time in reading chapters in the Bible, or singing psalms. Captain R—— now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly

a night passed, without Tom waking, and crying out that the ghost had just paid him a visit. It was, however, thought very singular, and to afford additional proof of its being a ghost, that on all these occasions, except two, it was invisible to every body but Tom Brown.

In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering and diabolical persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened almost every day on board the frigate. Tobacco-boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner, and in the dead of the night; sailors would sometimes be missing a whole day, and return again without being able to give any account of themselves; and not a few of them were overtaken with liquor, without their being ever the wiser for it; for they all swore they had not drunk a drop beyond their allowance. Sometimes, on going ashore on leave, for a limited time, the sailors would be decoyed, as they solemnly assured the captain, by some unaccountable influence, into strange out of the way places, where they could not find their road back; and where they were found by their officers in a state of mysterious stupefaction, though not one had tasted a drop of liquor. On these occasions, they always saw the ghost of Billy Morgan, either flying through the air, or dancing on the tops of the steeples, with a

fiery tail, like a comet. Wonder grew upon wonder every day; until the wonder transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length, Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared and was never heard of afterwards. As the chest of clothes inherited from his deceased messmate was found entirely empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red hot plough-share in the water. After this bold feat, the spectre appeared no more. The squadron remained some time at Syracuse, and various adventures befell the officers and crews, which those remaining alive tell of to this day. How Macdonough, then a madcap midshipman, "licked" the high constable of the town; how Burroughs quizzed the governor; what rows they kicked up at masquerades; what a dust they raised among the antiquities; and what wonders they whispered in the ear of Dionysius. From thence, they again sailed on a cruize, and after teaching the bey of Tripoli a new way of paying tribute, and laying the foundation of that structure of imperishable glory which shall one day reach the highest heaven, returned home, after an

absence of between two and three years. The crew of the frigate were paid off and discharged, and it is on record, as a wonder, that their three years' pay lasted some of them nearly three days. But though we believe in the ghost of Billy Morgan, we can scarcely credit this incredible wonder. Certain it is, that not a man of them ever doubted for a moment the reality of the spectre, or would have hesitated to make oath to having seen it more than once. Even captain R—— spoke of it on his return, as one of those strange, inscrutable things, which baffle the efforts of human ingenuity, and seem to justify the most extraordinary relations of past and present times. His understanding revolted at the absurdity of great part of the wonders ascribed to Billy Morgan's ghost; but some of the facts were so well attested, that a painful doubt would often pass over his mind, and dispose it to the reception of superstitious impressions.

He remained in this state of mixed scepticism and credulity, when, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the westward, he had occasion to halt at a log house, on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognized as his old acquaintance Billy Morgan: "Heavens!" thought captain R——, "here's Monsieur Tonson come again!" Billy, who had

also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with little of the frank hospitality characteristic of a genuine backwoodsman. Captain R—— followed him into the house, where he found a comely good-natured dame, and two or three yellow haired boys and girls, all in a fluster at the stranger. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress, by her stirring activity, accompanied with smiling looks withal, seemed pleased at the rare incident of a stranger entering their door.

Billy Morgan was at first rather shy and awkward. But finding Captain R—— treated him with good-humoured frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife busy in milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander.

“Captain, I hope you don’t mean to shoot me for a deserter?”

“By no means,” said the captain, smiling; “there would be little use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat.”

Billy Morgan smiled rather a melancholy smile.

“Ah! captain, you have not forgot the ghost, I see. But it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you’ll forgive me.”

“On one condition I will,” replied Captain R——; “that you tell me honestly how you

managed to make all my sailors believe they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time; only at such times as the sailors saw me—except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir; I did jump overboard—but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich islanders, where the vessel in which I was a cabin boy was wrecked, a long time ago, and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued; except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their other habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man-of-war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired after a few days. To pass the time, and to make

fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water, and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, as you know, I played them many other pranks, partly for amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate with me, whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports of the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught, and shot as an example; and for this reason we settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My messmate procured a piece of old canvass, with which I might cover myself if necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect on the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pockets with biscuits, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them perhaps I might take it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom

Brown to write my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get. But Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in place of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friend was afraid of discovery, if he made any rout about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain R——.

"He is still alive, and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R——, "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port-hole, on the star-board side was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The captain struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and said to himself,

"What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said honest Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain; but it sounded directly the contrary.

"As soon as I had jumped overboard I swam to the rope, which I held fast, waiting the signal

from my friend to climb up and hide myself in the coil of cable. In the bustle which followed it was easy enough to do this, and nobody saw me but my friend. Here I remained in my wet clothes, rather uncomfortably as you may suppose, until my provision and water were expended, and my tobacco-box empty. I calculated they would last till we arrived at Gibraltar, when nothing would have been easier for me than to jump out of the port-hole and swim ashore. But the plaguy head winds and calms, which I dare say you remember, delayed the squadron several days longer than I expected, and left me without supply. I could have gone without biscuit and water, but it was impossible to live without the tobacco. My friend had promised to come near enough to hear signals of distress sometimes, but, as he told me afterwards, he was confined several days for picking a quarrel with Tom Brown, whom he longed to flog for forging the will.

“I remained in this state until I was nearly starved, when, not being able to stand it any longer, I one night, when every body between decks seemed fast asleep, crept out from my hiding place, where I was coiled up in the shape of a cable, and finding a pitcher of water, took a hearty drink out of it. This was as far as I dared go at that time, so I went back again as quietly as possible.

But I was too hungry to remain quiet, though among the Sandwich islanders I had been used to go without eating for days at a time. The next night I crept out again, and was lucky enough to get a pretty good supply of provisions, which happened to be left by some accident in the way. Two or three times I heard search making for me, and was very much frightened lest I should be found out in my hole."

"How was it possible for the blockheads to miss you?" asked Captain R——.

"Why, sir, they did come to the cable tier where I was, but I believe they were too much frightened to look into it, or could not see me in the dark hole. They did not lift the canvass that covered me, either of the times they came. The night I found the officer on the watch, I gave myself up for gone; but as luck would have it, my friend was now out of limbo, and always took care to examine the coil of cable so carefully, that nobody thought of looking into it after him. When we arrived at the bay of Algesiras, I took an opportunity to frighten Tom Brown a little, by visiting him in the night and bidding him good-bye, after which I slipped quietly out of the port-hole, and swam ashore, while my friend pulled up the rope and shut the port after me."

"But how did you manage to escape from the search made by the police at Algesiras?"

"Oh, sir! I was on board the frigate all the time, in my old hiding place."

"And when the ship was searched directly after?"

"I was ashore at that time."

"And how did you manage at Malta?"

"The landlord was my sworn brother, and wouldn't have blabbed for a thousand pounds."

"And the capers on the yard-arm and top-gallant, the visits paid to Tom Brown at Syracuse, and the wonderful stories told by the sailors of being robbed of their tobacco, getting tipsy upon nothing, and being led astray by nobody? What do you say to all this, Mr. Ghost?" said the captain, smiling.

"I never paid but two visits to the ship, so far as I remember, sir, after she left Malta. One was the night I wanted to talk with Tom Brown, the other when he disappeared the night afterwards. The rest of the stories were all owing to the jokes of some of the sailors, and the fears of the others."

"But are you sure you did not jump into the sea with Tom Brown, in a flame of fire?"

"Yes, sir, as I am an honest man. Tom got

away without any help of mine, and without my ever knowing how, until a long time afterwards, when I accidentally met him at Liverpool."

" Well ?"

" He was not to be convinced I was living, but ran away as hard as he could, and to this day believes in ghosts as much as he does in his being alive himself."

" So far all is clear enough," said Captain R——; " but what could possibly induce you to put yourself in the way of being caught, after escaping, by visiting the ship and letting yourself be seen ?"

" I wanted to see Tom Brown, sir."

" Why so ?"

" I wanted to get back my watch and clothes from him."

" O ! I see it now. But had you no other object ?"

" Why, I'll tell you, sir ; besides that, I had a sort of foolish pride, all my life, in frightening people, and making them wonder at me, by telling tough stories, or doing strange things. I hav'n't got over it to this day, and have been well beaten two or three times, besides being put in gaol, for playing the ghost hereabouts, with the country people, at court time. I confess too, sir, that I have once or twice frightened my wife almost into fits, by way of a frolic ; and for all the trouble it

has brought upon me, I believe in my soul I shall play the ghost, till I give up the ghost at last. Besides this, the truth is, sir, I had a little spite at you for having put me in the bilboes for some of these pranks, as I deserved, and had no objection to pay you off, by breeding trouble in the ship."

"Truly, you succeeded wonderfully ; but what became of you afterwards?"

"Why, sir, after Tom Brown deserted, and, to quiet his conscience, left my watch and clothes to my friend, I had no motive for playing the ghost any more. I shipped in an American merchantman for Smyrna—from thence I went to Gibraltar—and after voyaging a year or two, and saving a few hundred dollars, came to Boston at last. I did not dare to stay along shore, for fear of being known by some of the officers of the squadron, so I took my money and my bundle and went into the back country. I am a little of every thing, a jack of all trades, and turned farmer, as sea captains often do when they are tired of ploughing the ocean. I get on pretty well now, and hope you won't have me shot by a court martial."

"No," replied Captain R——, "I am out of the navy now. I have turned farmer too, and you are quite safe."

"I hope you prosper well, sir?"

“ Not quite as well as you, Billy—I have come into the backwoods to see if I can do better.”

“ Only serve under me,” said Billy, “ and I will repay all your good offices.”

“ What the floggings *et cætera* ?”

“ By God’s help, sir, I may,” said Billy. “ Try me, sir.”

“ No—I am going on a little further.”

“ You may go further, and fare worse, sir.”

“ Perhaps so—but I believe it is bed-time—and so good night, Mr. Ghost.”

The captain retired, and was so full of the adventures of Billy Morgan he could not sleep, though he had ridden forty miles that day on horseback. It might be about two hours before day-light, when he thought he heard a sort of low whispering under his window, which was on the ground-floor, and all at once the loneliness of his situation came across his mind. If ever there was a man that looked suspicious, it was Billy Morgan ; and if ever there was a spot where a traveller might be despatched with impunity, it was this lonely retreat in the almost pathless forest. The thought also came across him, that he had told Billy that he was come with a view to the purchase of land ; of course he must have money. At all events no man could set out on a journey of some thousands of miles, without a few hundred

dollars to bear his expenses. Captain R—— was a man of great resolution: but there are times and situations in which the apprehension of danger is ten thousand times more appalling than the reality. Indeed we are persuaded, from our own experience, that imagination makes more cowards than all other causes put together. The captain tried to reason and then to bully these apprehensions into silence. But the whispering continued, and at length he could distinguish the low hollow voice of Billy Morgan, saying,

“ Hush—you’ll wake the captain.”

“ Shall I shoot him now ?” replied some one in the same suppressed tone.

“ No,” replied Billy, “ you can’t see him quite plain enough yet. You may miss him.”

“ Well, if I do, you can try him afterwards.”

“ He’ll run away.”

“ I’ll be d——d if I do,” thought Captain R——, cautiously raising himself up in bed, and peeping out at the window, which was just at his bedside. There was no moon, and the whole expanse of the heavens was veiled by light fleecy clouds, which entirely hid the stars, and caused an indistinct obscurity, through which objects could be perceived in the outline, but not in their distinct features. Crouching in a large plane tree, whose hollow trunk would have accommodated a

troop of robbers, he distinguished two figures, cowering and stooping as if to see some object in the distance.

“ There! there he is!” whispered one, “ fire!”

The captain sank down on his bed, as he could distinguish one of the fellows raising his rifle.

“ D—n it,” said Billy, in his low deep tones, “ he’s dodged us this time. Look out again, and the very first glimpse you get of his eyes, fire away.”

Captain R—— rose, dressed as briefly as possible, and arming himself with a pair of pistols he had brought with him, seated himself near the only door of his room, in a situation where he could not be seen without, calmly awaiting the result. The more the appearance of danger assumed the port of reality, the more his courage rose to meet it. He had not sat thus for five minutes, when he heard the two rifles fired in quick succession. A moment after, the voice of Billy Morgan was distinguished.

“ By ——, we’ve done for the gentleman.”

“ Not quite,” thought Captain R——, cocking his pistol, and expecting a visit every moment.

“ I saw him drop,” cried Billy’s companion.

“ He has run away,” answered Billy.

“ You lie, you scoundrel,” muttered Captain R——, in a violent passion, and sallying forth, as

he exclaimed, "I'll show you whether I've run away."

He advanced boldly towards the two villains, who were now groping about among the neighbouring bushes. At last one of them cried out—

"O! here's the *gentleman*, as dead as Julius Cæsar. He'll never tell who did it, I reckon."

"He's as fat as butter," said Billy.

"It is not me, after all," thought Captain R——, "that they intended to murder. Some poor unfortunate fat gentleman, who has lost his way in these woods."

"Rascals," cried he, rushing forward, "whom have you been murdering here!"

"Only a bear, sir," cried the ghost of Billy Morgan, "he's been robbing my pig-pen for some time past; but I think I've paid off all scores now."

Captain R—— returned very quietly to his room, went to bed, and slept like a top, till the broad sun shone over the summits of the trees into his face, as he lay under the window. He breakfasted sumptuously upon a steak of the fat gentleman, and set out gallantly for the prairies of St. Louis.

"Good-bye, captain," said Billy, leering, and lengthening his face to a supernatural degree. "I hope you wont be fright—I mean murdered, on your way."

“ Good-bye, Billy,” replied Captain R——, a little nettled at this joke, “ I hope you will not get into the state prison for playing the ghost.”

“ I’ll take care of that, sir ; I’ve been in the state prison three years already, and you won’t catch me there again, I warrant you.”

“ What do you mean, Billy?”

“ I mean that there is little or no odds between a state ship and a state prison,” said Billy, with a face longer than ever, and a most expressive shrug.

Captain R—— proceeded on his way, reflecting on the singular story of Billy Morgan, whose pranks on board the frigate had convinced some hundreds of men of the existence of ghosts, and thrown the gloom of superstitious horror over the remainder of their existence. “ Not a sailor,” thought he, “ out of more than five hundred, with the exception of a single one, but will go to his grave in the full belief in the appearance of Billy Morgan’s ghost. What an unlucky rencontre this of mine ; it has spoiled one of the best authenticated ghost stories of the age.”

THE SEAMAN'S WIDOW.

IN one of those beautiful indentures that mark the coast of Long Island, was some years ago to be seen a small, but neat building, at that time occupied by an officer in the naval service of the Republic. At the first glance it seemed to be a dwelling-place well designed for a son of the ocean. Situated almost upon the borders of the sea, the eye was perpetually filled with its vastness and wonders, while the music of its waves, whether in the stormiest or laziest flow, was distinctly and continually heard there. The spot, too, was cultivated, and wore an air of seclusion, that in another age would have been called romantic. Tall overhanging trees grew round about, and waved over the low roof, while the land, in the shape of a lawn, sloped away in fine verdure to the shore. The prospect of the Sound was extensive and delightful; for, though the residence

was at the head of a small bay, still, as the land lay low on all sides, its position afforded a wide reach of water scenery. Taste and order reigned round the dwelling ; and you might see there the honeysuckle and woodbine clambering in at door and window, until the little place seemed to be almost embowered. In short, it was a place of beautiful quiet—one of those places that we dream about, and pant to fly to, when weary with the ways of men and the thousand heavy and disheartening cares of life.

To this retreat, soon after his marriage, Captain Kirkwood retired with his young and lovely wife. He had served long and well. Honour he had won, and with death he had been familiar in his course of high endeavour and perilous struggle for his land, and he had been successful. Next came the reward of beauty and worth, and he called himself happy. In the flush of life, with a reputation that was ringing about him, he married a woman in whom he had found accomplishment united with affection, and loveliness with all virtue. She looked on him with pride, for his character and his fame ; and he on her with delight, for the hallowed purity of her heart. Heretofore he had heard enough of praise from all quarters ; he now wished for a still and concentrated admiration, and he saw it offered in the person of one, who was

indeed a prize to him, for he had borne her away from a throng of admirers, with wit and wealth for their portion. It is not surprising, therefore, that, living just as he did, and where he did, he was eminently happy.

His youthful wife, while she was Helen Fraser, had been celebrated for her beauty. She was then giddy with the applause that murmured round her wherever she went. She was the glittering centre of the circle that she charmed about her, not because she was strikingly wise, or by any means magical in her attractions, but because she had so much heart in her manner, and so much downright kindness mingling with the natural pride of the station, which all had willingly assigned her. She had grown up thus far in fashionable life, ever retaining, however, a wonderful spirit—energetic, deep-toned, full of sympathy, but totally inexperienced, and with a heart whose pure elements the world had not contaminated or touched. Such as we have here described her, she gave her heart fervently to James Kirkwood, who inherited little else but a competency and his good fame.

Yet Helen Fraser had no idea, when she married Kirkwood, that she put her happiness into great risk. She thought not of the dangers of his profession, and that the chances of life were dimi-

nished by his being in it. She thought only of its glory. As to leaving her companions, and the "pride of place" she held in an admiring group of friends, it was nothing to her. Instead of being gazed at, she was now but taking her turn to gaze at the world, and to learn something of its realities. Besides, her friends were near her. The spires and vanes of the city were in view; and while she could see them glitter in the light of morning and evening, and hear the hum of the metropolis stealing out on the breeze, she felt as though all former ties were as yet unsevered, and that even were Kirkwood called suddenly away, a moment of time would bring her friends to her, or carry her back to her friends.

And such a time had now come—already come, while yet the bridal wreath was fresh upon her brows. It was a time of trouble, and for purposes of protection, it became necessary to despatch a force to the Mediterranean. The ship to which Kirkwood was attached, was under orders to sail forthwith for those seas; and at the time our tale commences, his wife was alone at the cottage, waiting his arrival from the city, to which the business of preparation had called him in the early part of the day. The evening was a bland one, in midsummer. She sat at the window, earnestly

gazing out in expectation of his approach. The last light of sunset shot through the flowers and wild vines, and sent a mellow lustre into the room. It was all fragrance and twilight. Thoughts were rising upon her mind, that had never visited it before, because, till now, the occasion had never come that should suggest them. She had never reflected upon the possibility of these things, and she now began to question herself, and to grow sad and uneasy. But her reverie was broken by the arrival of Kirkwood, attended by a female companion. She recognized her with evident satisfaction, and hastened to welcome them at the door.

"Well, Helen," said Kirkwood, "you see I have prevailed, and brought Julia, who has promised to remain with you during my truant months; so you must contrive to make yourselves happy while I am gone on this ill-timed cruise. But I hope," continued he, forcing an air of gaiety, "that I shall soon be back again to make you both stare at my delightful stories about the turbans."

There was no hilarity to answer that in which these words were uttered, and the conversation turned to other topics. It was a relief, indeed, to that young wife, to find so tried a friend at her

side at this crisis. They had been as sisters from their childhood ;—could any thing separate them at such a time !

The evening, however, passed heavily. It grew late. The frigate that lay on the calm waters in full view of the dwelling, and on which they had all been unconsciously gazing, was now lost in gloom. The air grew chill. Kirkwood drew down the window, and the party retired with a melancholy good night.

The next morning there was frequent passing to and from the shore ; and before noon his wife and friend were there to wish Kirkwood farewell and a good wind. Helen did not sink under this, though it was a trial sore and cutting to her untried heart. The ship unfurled her canvass, the guns roared over the waters, and the signal was given for weighing anchor. Kirkwood, in a tone of cheerfulness, bade them have no fear for him.

“ God bless you, Helen ! God bless and preserve you, my dear girl ! Don't look pale while I am gone. Bear up, bear up—you shall hear from me as often as possible, and everything shall go well.”

She did bear up. Woman is capable of wonderful fortitude at times, and here was another example of it.

“ I *will* believe,” said she, placidly, and in an

under tone, "I *will* believe all you tell me—that you will return soon in safety and with gratitude. And now go," continued she, as if fearing for the mastery of her feelings, "don't you see that your ship is impatient to be gone, and the signal has already called you?"

Kirkwood bent over her, and whispered a few words, then sprang into the boat in waiting, and soon stood upon the deck of his vessel.

The two friends, without interchanging a single word, hurried up the lawn and into the house, before they ventured a glance at the gallant frigate. They then seated themselves in silence at the windows, to watch her movements as she put to sea. Long did they remain there looking at that beautiful object. By degrees, sail after sail was dropped, and filled away before the freshening wind, till she seemed to float over the element under a cloud of canvass. At first, every spar was distinctly visible as the sails were stretched upon them, and the men could be seen darting among the rigging, in the busy preparation for the voyage. Gradually the ship sunk into a white, towering mass, that appeared to rest against the sky, continuing to diminish, until it faded into a speck of mist on the watery horizon.

It was then that Helen turned to her companion, and felt how many of her hopes were extin-

guished when the white sail died in the distance. She rose up, with tears trembling in her eyes, and walked the room with her arms folded upon her bosom.

“Certainly,” said she, “I have seen many partings, Julia, and heard of them, too, under circumstances of no small anxiety, and people seemed to take them as a matter of course; but I find I have never thought of these things, or else I am different from every body else.”

Julia saw that, in some respects, she was so indeed; and she began to banter her for her melancholy.

The next day came in with storm and rain; but there was every reason to believe that the ship had got well to sea, as the wind had blown freshly and prosperously during the night. Still it was a sad day to begin her widowhood with, and Helen was disposed to presage something from it. This was not superstition in her; it was merely the indulgence of a feeling that holds all of us more or less within its influence. Yet such was but the first of many days of disquiet that she was doomed to pass.

As might be expected, her retreat was not unvisited at this crisis. It was the resort of many kind and solicitous friends, who came and went with smiles of cheerfulness and words of consola-

tion; while in Julia, her companion, she found that well-ordered sympathy, that does more than anything, to reconcile us to hard occasions. She did not yield a ready echo to every fear that she breathed, but contrived to elude all mention of the painful part of her anticipations, while she always treated them with tender, but silent attention. Still Julia was sensitive to a fault; but she had forethought as well as tears for her friends, and, over all, an intelligence that beguiled time of half its weariness.

But Helen Kirkwood's strength was miscalculated. She knew little about it herself; and when she came to feel how it was going from her, she wondered how she had dared to put it to such trial. Yet she felt that this was not so great a struggle to bear with, after all. Thousands of fine spirits had undergone such before, and their eyes had not lost lustre, nor their cheeks colour, nor their frames life and proportion. But we have said that she was young, and unprepared, and singularly confiding. Neither her own resolution, therefore, nor the tone of comfort and hope assumed by her friends, could rid her of that prophetic sense of evil that sat upon her spirit like an incubus, pressing it deeply and painfully home to its citadel. She went out and walked among the flowers and woods, and talked with her friend as

she had been accustomed to talk in her rambles with Kirkwood, and, with her, planned out numberless little things to please and surprise him. But all this was constrained, it was unnatural—a vain effort to escape from the chilling, deadening influence of some of those terrible convictions, that, in spite of us, will sometimes people the imagination.

Autumn passed by, and winter was verging on, when the first letters arrived. One was dated at sea, and written in strains of alternate hope, and anxiety, and happiness. The prospect of a speedy voyage appeared to be quite certain, and a determination to do something brilliant and decisive was earnestly expressed. Something desperate was to be done, and the service would be perilous. “But then,” said he, “exposure is a part of our profession, Helen, and peril is the track we are always doomed to move in.” Here, conjured up anew, was the very fear that had been, since his departure, pursuing her like a phantom. Once she would have looked on the thought of security as inglorious. Now, fame was a word of sad import to her; and safety was something better than honour—it was her hope, her happiness.

The winter went heavily by, and found our friends at their still fireside in almost unbroken retirement. Though often urged to revisit her former

circles, Helen had no heart to do it. Her friends knew her too well to press the matter. With Julia alone, therefore, she passed the season of gloom, relieving it, as well as could be hoped, with such scenery to fill their eyes, and such recollections to occupy their hearts. Still Kirkwood's letters continued to come fast and full, bringing gladness and consolation, momentary though they might be, into that little dwelling. But in no one was a hope held out of return. Every thing was very uncertain. The service was active. What the end would be, and when, was a problem; and to talk of return as a thing certain, was not to be permitted, and, besides, would awaken hopes that might not be realized till the expectant was disheartened. What, but a deadly one, could be the effect of such conclusions upon one so constituted! The winter fled without hope; and when Helen first opened her doors and windows on the new-budding vines that clung about them, it was with as little prospect of joy to come, as when their leaves fell fluttering and circling round her in the dim sunlight of autumn.

The effect of all these things could be no longer concealed. Sickness had followed; and ere the winter was over, it was evident that disappointment, leagued with disease, had commenced its work of decay and desolation. It was decay, how-

ever, unaccompanied by complaint of any sort. Her smile, indeed, grew more languid, and a beautiful complacency came on as her presentiments grew more fixed and decided.

A long interval had now elapsed since the last letter. The season had again mellowed into summer, and fruits and flowers were once more hanging about the retreat. But Helen no longer moved among them as she had been wont to do. A pale cheek, a quick-beating heart too well whispered the story of her suffering. The subtle, strange fever of the spirit was upon her, and she felt that she was to be a martyr. At length all her apprehensions seemed about to be realized. There had been vague rumours of the loss of a government ship in the Mediterranean, by storm or battle. Heretofore it had been nothing but rumour, and as such had circulated but little in the papers. It was now ascertained that the report was true, and the public prints were filled with accounts of a hard-fought battle between the ship commanded by Kirkwood and an Algerine frigate. Still there was nothing official. The journals only said, in addition, that the contest was gallantly maintained, and that the American commander was mortally wounded.

When Helen read this intelligence, at length assuming some credible shape, there was no violent burst of grief, no wailing or despair ; but the little

hope that had hitherto sustained her, seemed suddenly withdrawn, and she settled downward to the earth, as though an overpowering and overshadowing presence was upon her. So completely had the subduing conviction of a terrible issue come over her, that, had the death of Kirkwood at that moment been announced to her, it would have been any thing but stunning intelligence. She looked as though the worst might come now, and she would receive it with tranquillity. Still there was no complaint; but sighs broke from her, such as come only from an expiring spirit. It was now the time of conflicting emotions; and the troubled tides were rushing and mingling about her heart, as some distant hope would shoot over the stirring elements, and startle them into excitation. Again the waters would subside, and a profound calm settle upon the deep.

She had now become so feeble that even her companion's encouraging gaiety could no longer keep her up.

"I am worse than ever, Julia," said she; "I will go into my bedroom; it seems the fittest place for me; I cannot hold up much longer; and I am only a trouble to you, to be wandering about so."

There is something inexpressibly touching in this voluntary relinquishment of the common holds upon life and its pleasures—of all that sense of en-

joyment that comes from moving among the beauties of the world and in its free air, for the sameness and silence of a sick-room ; for a sick chamber is but the vestibule of the tomb, and when the beautiful and young go into it, with a preparedness of spirit, and that quiet tone of feeling that is as far removed from complaint as it is from display, there is something in the spectacle irresistibly chastening and pathetic.

Here, then, in a small room that opened upon the blue sea, she set herself to wait the issue. A holiness of purpose appeared now to have settled upon her, and a concentration of her thoughts seemed to have taken place, that served, peculiarly, to harmonize with her sickness. On a small table at her bedside lay her Bible, and under it the paper that contained the last distressing account of Kirkwood. This she kept by her continually ; and often was she to be seen holding it for hours together, with her eyes fixed vacantly upon that part which bore the intelligence, as though she were trying to derive something new from what she had read again and again. Thus was she cherishing, with a deep, calm fervour, the very lines that had bowed her down, merely because they were the last that had come relating to her unfortunate husband, and because they still left to her the doubtful joy of one dim, solitary hope.

Yet Helen was not alone. She was not forgotten. Over her sad lot there were many to weep, who had known her in the days of bloom, when joy was ever present, the buoyant handmaiden of her bright hours. Her friends were often with her; but it was no longer with the smile of social rebuke for imaginary fears, or with the language of consolation. They looked on her as one whom they could not trifle with in that way, as though the conviction of her terrible loss, and of her coming destiny, was too deeply seated to be charmed away by kind words or kind looks. They regarded her as an offering for the grave, and felt a hallowed solemnity steal over them, as they saw her there, waiting, as it might be, for her sepulchre. The house was as tranquil as though it was deserted; no glad voices were heard there; no human sound, but occasionally, when Julia sang some low air, as she sat, charged with grief, over her harpsichord. Friends came and went as noiseless as the birds about the dwelling. All exchanged a few words upon the condition of the young wife as they met or parted, but always in whispers—as though her subtle spirit was all about them, and could catch every breath they uttered.

As if her sense of what is beautiful in nature were revived to an intense degree, she would request to have fresh-blown flowers, especially roses of

deep fragrance, culled, and ranged along upon the table before her, in little vases. Julia lent all her care as well as taste in performing this duty, for it seemed to connect itself beautifully, but mysteriously, with the state of her dying friend. On this lovely collection, that was laid every morning, like an offering of odour and dew before her, forming in its bloom an emblem of her own purity and fragility—on these clustering flowers she would gaze with an intensity that seemed almost painful. Thus she would sit for a long time, as though waiting to see them droop, the summer airs breathing around her, and scattering in at the door the blossoms from the wild vines, while Julia, at her side, read in a quiet tone some favourite volume, or held a low-voiced conversation, leaving her, with an instinctive kind of respect, to such subjects as her fancy might suggest.

It was wonderful to see with what calmness and devotion that young creature sat there, waiting the issue of her fatal disease. It was a picture for the rigid religionist, or the gay and thankless devotee of the world and its follies. There was nothing to be seen there, in the sublime support that her spirit seemed to enjoy, which was to be referred to any miraculous influence of a mysterious faith. It was merely the submission of a pure heart, conscious

indeed of its demerits at its best estate, but still too pure to believe that God would deride its holiest feelings, or withdraw his mercy as the shadow of death came on. It was the calmness of a meek spirit, passing in the strength of its duty, of its affection, of its trial; and there is a world of consolation and of instruction to be drawn from the scene.

In this manner another month passed away. It was midsummer once more, and almost a year had fled since Kirkwood had departed. It was near a glowing noon in July, and Helen, as usual, was seated in her deep chair, placid and pale as marble. A soft air was breathing from the sea, and, as it came in at the windows, scattered the rose-leaves from the vases, till they fell in showers upon her head and lap. Unconscious of every thing else, however, she was busy over her solitary paper, reading—was it for the last time?—that sad narrative, on which, as by some fatality, she continued doatingly to linger. A few tears might be seen passing off, but there was no heaving of the bosom, no sob, no sigh. The tears seemed to be the last tears of an exhausted heart. Near her, and with her back turned upon her, sat Julia, just breathing a few sad words of melody in accompaniment to her instrument. As she played, she thought ano-

ther voice stole in and mingled with her own. Listening attentively, she heard with distinctness a few notes that could not be mistaken, and she was convinced that Helen joined with her. This was uncommon, and she played on as though she had not heard it; but the voice ceased entirely. She rose on being addressed by Helen, and seated herself at her side. She observed that she was just then passing her eye from the window to the portrait of Kirkwood, that hung near the bed.

“How strongly, Julia, this day reminds me of that when James parted from us! It is just the time of year, and the sea looks the same, and then the shore there, and the ship—everything, everything, Julia, remains the same but myself—and I am altered indeed!”

She gazed on her white, withered hands, while Julia, her attention thus directed, looked out upon the prospect. The scene was indeed calculated to recal the time that had been alluded to—boats shooting from the shore; the air quivering over the heated sand; the green trees waving in the vicinity, and a stout ship standing in with her high sails set, and her tapering masts apparently tracing the clouds in her approach.

“I have been thinking, Julia,” she continued, “that this life of corroding suspense—if, indeed, I can call it suspense—is about closing with me. I

am convinced that even James's return would not revive me now, and I can hardly wish to live, while there would be nothing to welcome him but this miserable wreck, nothing for him to live for but such a shadow as I am."

"But, my dear Helen," returned Julia, "you know we can't measure another's feelings by our own, in such cases; especially the feelings of those who love us. Kirkwood would think you were doing him injustice by such an idea."

"Do you think so?" said she, faintly; and again her eyes fell on her shrunken and transparent hands. There was silence for some time. At length she proceeded.

"The world has altered strangely to me, very strangely, Julia. I seem to forget every thing, every thing"—she hesitated a moment—"all but James, and he now appears before me with a strange distinctness, just as he was on the eve of our marriage. But things are fading from me fast, which I would remember. They have been a solace to me heretofore. I would not forget them now; it seems to be the last time I shall think of them. Speak, Julia! speak of those times as they were, and as we used to speak of them; this void is worse than all."

Julia saw at once the sad condition to which decay had brought her friend; and as she would

have done by a child, she drew her to her bosom, and talked over many events that she knew would flow pleasingly into her awakened recollection. She listened as in a sweet dream; and a half-formed smile sometimes appeared flitting over her colourless face as the endeared memories came back upon her.

While they were thus engaged, a domestic appeared at the door, and beckoned to Julia. The intimation was not seen by Helen, and having gently extricated herself, she advanced as if to give some of the usual household directions, and hastily took a letter from the hands of the servant. Helen, meanwhile, had resumed her paper, but, on Julia's turning, suddenly looked up and discovered the letter in her hands. It was in vain to attempt concealment. There was but one course to pursue. Lighting into a smile, "See, Helen! here is something at last, this moment handed me. It comes suddenly indeed. Do you feel prepared for it? Will you open it, or shall I?"

Julia hardly knew what she was saying. Her thoughts were in tumult. She was answered simply by a motion. The handwriting of the envelope was unknown to her, and the seal was black. But the letter was already open, and the well-known characters were before her. Without saying a word, she hurried it into the hands of Helen.

The writing was his own, and the charm of death was dissolved. Kirkwood was alive, was well, was returning to her; and life flowed back once more into its long deserted channels.

Crushing the letter between her hands, she rose up with wonderful vigour, and lifted her arms to heaven.

"Thank God—thank God for this! Now I am ready to die;" and she sunk again into her chair, and covered her face.

"Read it, Julia, for I cannot—I have no sight—and—I am very weak—Great God!" murmured she to herself, "what a revulsion!"

With fear and trembling Julia read as follows. The letter was dated at Gibraltar.

"You must not be alarmed, Helen, to find me addressing you from a sick-bed. We have had a desperate battle. I was wounded, mortally, it was supposed, and brought hither. And here I have been, lingering, lingering, for long weeks, and even months; suffering much which it would avail little to talk of now, but which your presence, your presence, Helen! how it would have alleviated! I am still very weak, and suffer a great deal, now, while I am writing to you. You would hardly know

me, I am so altered. What a contrast I must present to you and Julia!—happy, no doubt, and healthy; full of life and expectation. But at present I must not dwell on this subject. I must husband my little strength, and tell you, as well as I can, something about my misfortunes and condition.

“The story of a bloody battle, my beloved wife, it would be cruel to torture you with. The papers, besides, have no doubt let you into all the particulars. It was in the heat of the fight, as I was attempting to replace the fallen colours, that I received a severe wound that prostrated me in an instant. How long I lay insensible, I know not; but my first recollection found me at this place, under good care, but deeply, dreadfully wounded. The history of my suffering, I say, I will not repeat; it is useless, and it would wring your heart to read it all. Such has it been, that, till this moment, I have not been able to write a word. I would rather turn from it to you, Helen, for I find a comfort in holding this sort of communion with you. When, when will the time come, that I shall exchange it for yourself?—

* * * *

“My dreams are strange and fevered. I thought last night you had come to me, and stood over my

pillow. But then, how you had altered ! You seemed to be a statue ; and when your lips touched mine, they felt as cold as marble, and your form looked wild and spectral. What does this mean ? Is my fancy still so diseased ? or is it one of those mysterious intimations of our sleep, that would seem to come just at the moment when we least can bear them ? O Helen ! as I write, and my feelings awaken to old memories and joys that are now denied me, I feel indeed how miserable I am. I have been, too, a great while on this bed of pain and languishing. Yet my strength is that of a child, and there are strange convictions coming over me at times, that I cannot bear to indulge, yet cannot get rid of. I try to be patient—God forgive me for my complaining—but the thought that there is an ocean between us is intolerable. How much I want you now ! And how doubly blessed, now, appears our little retreat, and the repose there, and all, all, everything about it ! But I am a mere infant at exertion. I am warned not to put forth too much. I will wait. More as soon as I am permitted. Good night—good night !

* * * *

“ My wound pains me but little to-day ; yet I can hardly write, and the surgeon forbids exertion. Exertion ! why, what does he think we are made

of? What can keep the mind in stagnation? Yet think of a spirit fettered down, and toiling and wearing away the very principle of life. Helen, I feel that I am getting low; and that this confinement, with this cold, low tone of encouragement, that is worse than the extinction of all hope, are hurrying me downward very fast. I pray you, prepare yourself for the worst. God knows, it may come, for my system is in a terrible struggle with nature, and the spirit of life is too weak to hold out long in this way.

“But I seem to think and talk wholly of myself. And now how far’s it with you, Helen? How is our home? and our friends, how are they? and your letters, where are they? I have had no word for months from you—and I here, upon this weary bed, heaving and panting! Oh! this wide sea! this wide sea! But I must break off again; my pen drops; I am exhausted. Once more, Helen, as you love me, let me conjure you to be calm. There is a high duty upon us.

* * * *

“Yesterday the physician said something about hope, but he shook his head as he said it, and I feel something here that he cannot fathom. Am I to feel it much longer? Then God bless you, God bless you, and preserve you, for I can do it no

longer! I think I know my situation—but I am as weak as death—I cannot trace my words. O home! home! *our* home! and our young love! how soon it is cut off! But tell them our flag was not dishonoured—and—remember, Helen—but my wound bleeds afresh.”

Julia stopped. She thought it was enough. There were a few words more, but she hardly dared to read them. During this time she had continued standing by the side of her afflicted friend; and, as she closed, she glanced her eye over the top of the letter to mark its effect upon her. She sat perfectly collected and motionless; but an indescribable expression of deep-settled sorrow had passed into her face, and a look of utter abandonment was there, mingled with a loveliness so subdued and so tender, that it melted the heart to see it. The paper had fallen, and lay upon the floor, at her side. A shade of singular resignation was thrown over her countenance by the simple arrangement about her head; a white robe enveloped her shrinking figure, and a beautiful mantle, over that, was drawn in folds about her. Her hands lay meekly crossed in her lap, and her feet sat lifelessly forward upon the floor, as though they had long ago forgotten their office of support.

Her lips moved not during the recital ; her eye gleamed not with a single tear, but fixed itself in stedfast gaze upon the air, as though her soul had already taken wing for the land of spirits.

As Julia finished, she seemed to be roused from her reverie.

“ Is it all, Julia ? ” said she, slowly, and in a tone scarcely audible, as she looked up—“ is it all ? read it all—all—I am prepared now for every thing. Did he not tell me to be calm ?—read—read ”—and at once, she sobbed as if overpowered and suffocated.

Julia sat by her, and read the postscript. It was from a friend of Kirkwood, who thus performed his dying request, in relating the circumstances of his death, and forwarding the letter. He had not disgraced his flag, and he died as became a man and a Christian.

As she closed, Helen bowed, as with some terrible oppression, upon the bosom of her friend. As she once more faintly raised her head, her eye fell on the portrait of him she had so fervently loved. It fixed there a moment—and, ere Julia was aware, she fell back lifeless upon her arm. Her heart was broken.

UNWRITTEN PHILOSOPHY.

Nature there
Was with thee ; she who loved us both, she still
Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become
A silent poet ; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.

Wordsworth.

A SUMMER or two since, I was wasting a college vacation among the beautiful creeks and falls in the neighbourhood of New York. In the course of my wanderings, up stream and down stream, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and never without a book, for an excuse to loiter on the mossy banks, and beside the edge of running water, I met frequently a young man of a peculiarly still and collected-eye, and a forehead more like a broad slab of marble, than a human brow. His mouth

was small and thinly cut; his chin had no superfluous flesh upon it; and his whole appearance was that of a man, whose intellectual nature prevailed over the animal. He was evidently a scholar. We had met so frequently at last, that, on passing each other one delicious morning, we bowed and smiled simultaneously, and, without further introduction, entered into conversation.

It was a temperate day in August, with a clear but not oppressive sun, and we wandered down a long creek together, mineralizing here, botanizing there, and examining the strata of the ravines, with that sort of instinctive certainty of each other's attainments, which scholars always feel, and thrusting in many a little wayside parenthesis, explanatory of each other's history and circumstances. I found that he was one of those pure and unambitious men, who, by close application and moderate living while in college, become in love with their books; and, caring little for any thing more than the subsistence, which philosophy tells them is enough to have of this world, settle down for life into a wicker-bottomed chair, more contentedly than if it were the cushion of a throne.

We were together three or four days, and when I left him, he gave me his direction, and promised to write to me. I shall give below an extract from one of his letters. I had asked him for a history

of his daily habits, and any incidents which he might choose to throw in—hinting to him, that I was the editor of a periodical, and would be obliged to him if he would do it minutely, and in a form of which I might avail myself in the way of my profession.

After some particulars, unimportant to the reader, he proceeds:—

“ I keep a room at a country tavern. It is a quiet, out of the way place, with a whole generation of elms about it; and the greenest grass up to the very door, and the pleasantest view in the whole country round from my chamber window. Though it is a public-house, and the word ‘HOTEL’ swings in golden capitals under a landscape of two hills and a river, painted for a sign by some wandering Tinto, it is so orderly a town, that not a lounge is ever seen about the door; and the noisiest traveller is changed to a quiet man, as it were by the very hush of the atmosphere.

“ Here, in my pleasant room, upon the second floor, with my round table covered with choice books, my shutters closed just so much as to admit light enough for a painter; and my walls hung with the pictures which adorned my college chambers, and are therefore linked with a thousand delightful associations, I can study my twelve hours a day, in a state of mind sufficiently even and

philosophical. I do not want for excitement. The animal spirits, thanks to the Creator, are enough at all times, with employment and temperate living, to raise us above the common shadows of life; and after a day of studious confinement, when my mind is unbound, and I go out and give it up to reckless association, and lay myself open unreservedly to the influences of nature—at such a time, there comes mysteriously upon me a degree of pure joy, unmingled and unaccountable, which is worth years of artificial excitement. The common air seems to have grown rarer; my step is strangely elastic; my sense of motion full of unwonted dignity; my thoughts elevated; my perceptions of beauty acuter and more pleasurable; and my better nature predominant and sublime. There is nothing in the future which looks difficult, nothing in my ambition unattainable, nothing in the past which cannot be reconciled with good; I am a purer and a better man; and though I am elevated in my own thoughts, it will not lead to vanity, for my ideas of God, and of my fellow men, have been enlarged also. This excitement ceases soon; but it ceases like the bubbling of a fountain, which leaves the waters purer for the influence which has passed through them—not like the mirth of the world, which ebbs like an unnatural tide, and leaves loathsomeness and disgust.

“ Let no one say, that such a mode of life is adapted to peculiar constitutions, and can be relished by those only. Give me the veriest worldling—the most devoted, and the happiest of fashionable ephemera, and if he has material for a thought, and can take pride in the improvement of his nature, I will so order his daily round, that, with temperance and exercise, he shall be happier in one hour spent within himself, than in ten wasted on folly.

“ Few know the treasures in their own bosoms—very few, the elasticity and capacity of a well-regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of philosophers, and historians, and poets, seem, to the secluded student, to have laboured but for his pleasure; and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart; which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. I have seen my college chum—a man, who from a life of mingled business and pleasure, became suddenly a student—lean back in his chair, at the triumph of an argument, or the discovery of a philosophical truth; and give himself up for a few moments to the enjoyment of sensations, which, he assured me, surpassed exceedingly the most vivid pleasures of his life. The mind is like the appetite; when healthy and well-toned, receiving

pleasure from the commonest food ; but becoming a disease, when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself, satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give birth to health, to animal spirits, to every thing which invigorates the body, while it is advancing by every step the capacities of the soul. Oh ! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters, better even than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told, that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet ; they will not know, that the music they look to enchant them, is sleeping in their own untouched instruments ; that the lamp which they vainly ask from the enchanter, is burning in their own bosoms !

“ When I first came here, my host’s eldest daughter was about twelve years of age. She was, without being beautiful, an engaging child, rather disposed to be contemplative, and, like all children at that age, very inquisitive and curious. She was shy at first, but soon became acquainted with me ; and would come into my room in her idle hours, and look at my pictures and read. She never disturbed me, because her natural politeness forbade it ; and I pursued my thoughts or my studies just as if she were not there, till, by and bye, I grew fond of her quiet company, and was

happier when she was moving stealthily around, and looking into a book here and there, in her quiet way.

“ She had been my companion thus for some time, when it occurred to me that I might be of use to her in leading her to cultivate a love for study. I seized the idea enthusiastically. Now, thought I, I will see the process of a human mind. I have studied its philosophy from books, and now I will take a single original, and compare them, step by step. I have seen the bud, and the flower full blown, and I am told that the change was gradual, and effected thus—leaf after leaf. Now I will watch the expansion, and while I water it and let in the sunshine to its bosom, detect the secret springs which move to such beautiful results. The idea delighted me.

“ I was aware that there was great drudgery in the first steps, and I determined to avoid it, and connect the idea of my own instruction with all that was interesting and delightful in her mind. For this purpose I persuaded her father to send her to a better school than she had been accustomed to attend, and, by a little conversation, stimulated her to enter upon her studies with alacrity.

“ She was now grown to a girl, and had begun to assume the *naïve*, womanly airs which girls do

at her age. Her figure had rounded into a flowing symmetry, and her face, whether from associating principally with an older person, or for what other reason I know not, had assumed a thoughtful cast, and she was really a girl of most interesting and striking personal appearance.

“ I did not expect much from the first year of my experiment. I calculated justly on its being irksome and common place. Still, I was amused and interested. I could hear her light step on the stair, always at the same early hour of the evening, and it was a pleasure to me to say ‘Come in,’ to her timid rap, and set her a chair by my own, that I might look over her book, or talk in a low tone to her. I then asked her about her lessons, and found out what had most attracted her notice, and I could always find some interesting fact connected with it, or strike off into some pleasant association, till she acquired a habit of selection in her reading, and looked at me earnestly to know what I would say upon it. You would have smiled to see her leaning forward, with her soft blue eye fixed on me, and her lips half parted with attention, waiting for my ideas upon some bare fact in geography or history; and it would have convinced you that the natural, unstimulated mind, takes pleasure in the simplest addition to its knowledge.

“ All this time I kept out of her way everything

that would have a tendency to destroy a taste for mere knowledge, and had the pleasure to see that she passed with a keen relish from her text books to my observations, which were as dry as they, though recommended by kindness of tone and an interested manner. She acquired gradually, by this process, a habit of reasoning upon everything which admitted it, which was afterwards of great use in fixing and retaining the leading features of her attainments.

“ I proceeded in this way till she was fifteen. Her mind had now become inured to regular habits of inquiry, and she began to ask difficult questions and wonder at common things. Her thoughts assumed a graver complexion, and she asked for books upon subjects of which she felt the want of information. She was ready to receive and appreciate truth and instruction, and here was to begin my pleasure.

“ She came up one evening, with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress. She took her usual seat, and told me that she had been thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things—so much, even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she got on so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better, she said, to be happy in ignorance,

than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child ! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton, and Locke, and Bacon, and that the wisest of men were only ‘gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea !’ I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment and wonderful discovery—sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul—the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world, with a loftier capacity than your fellow-beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation—the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect and true appreciation.

“ She listened to me in silence, and wept. It was one of those periods which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear ; and when it passed by, and her ambition stirred again, she gave vent to her feelings with a woman’s beautiful privilege. I had no more trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than while

following her from step to step in this delightful study.

“ I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind, from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name—a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by the bye, you came to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face in a tumultuous consciousness—you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features—and you know, now, that it was jealousy, or ambition, or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject, of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion for your very

partialities, or a strange warming in your heart toward people or pursuits that you had disliked ; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart, and a wish that you might die.

“ These are mysteries which are not all soluble, even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies, and like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player.

“ I remembered my school-day feelings, and lived them over again with my beautiful pupil. I entered with as much enthusiasm as she, into the strength and sublimity which I had wondered at before ; and I believe that, even as she sat reading by herself, my blood thrilled, and my pulses quickened, as vividly as her own, when I saw, by the deepening colour of her cheek, or the marked passages of my book, that she had found a noble thought or a daring hypothesis.

“ She proceeded with her course of philosophy rapidly and eagerly. Her mind was well prepared for its relish. She said she felt as if a new sense had been given her—an inner eye which she could turn in upon herself, and by which she could, as

it were, stand aside while the process of thought went on. She began to respect and rely upon her own mind, and the elevation of countenance and manner, which so certainly and so beautifully accompanies inward refinement, stole over her daily. I began to feel respectful in her presence, and when, with the peculiar elegance of a woman's mind, she discovered a delicate shade of meaning which I had not seen, or traced an association which could spring only from an unsullied heart, I experienced a sensation like the consciousness of an unseen presence—elevating, without alarming me.

“ It was probably well, that, with all this change in her mind and manner, her person still retained its childish grace and flexibility. She had not grown tall, and she wore her hair yet as she used to do—falling with a luxuriant fulness upon her shoulders. Hence she was still a child, when, had she been taller or more womanly, the demands upon her attention, and the attractiveness of mature society, might have divided that engrossing interest which is necessary to successful study.

“ I have often wished I was a painter ; but never so much as when looking on this beautiful being as she sat absorbed in her studies, or turned to gaze up a moment to my face, with that delicious expression of inquiry and affection. Every

one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined with its rarity, to make this expression less observable in woman ; but, to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from every thing gross and material, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave it to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough for me that I can see and feel it in every pulse of my being. It is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not define it ; he may be totally unconscious what it is that awes him ; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother who prays nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave round her a defence stronger than steel—that she may place in her heart a living amulet whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution. I am not “stringing pearls.” I have seen, and I know, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel ; and in the

melancholy chronicle of female ruin, the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the "point of a diamond," and I were writing on living hearts! for when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honour—and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed, utterly, by a daughter's degradation, I feel, that if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant!

"My pupil had, as yet, read no poetry. I was uncertain how to enter upon it. Her taste for the beautiful in prose had become so decided, that I feared for the first impression of my poetical world. I wished it to burst upon her brilliantly—like the entrance to an inner and more magnificent temple of knowledge. I hoped to dazzle her with a high and unimagined beauty, which should exceed far the massive but plain splendours of philosophy. We had often conversed on the probability of a previous existence, and, one evening, I opened Wordsworth, and read his sublime "Ode upon Intimations of Immortality." She did not interrupt me, but I looked up at the conclusion, and she was in tears. I made no remark, but took Byron, and read some of

the finest passages in Childe Harold, and Manfred, and Cain—and, from that time, poetry has been her world!

“ It would not have been so earlier. It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish and feel poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste, and then it is like a language from heaven.. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of a plain garment and a homely presence—and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend who talked with us by the wayside, and kept us company on our familiar paths—and we see him coming with a stately step, and a glittering diadem on his brow; and we wonder that we did not see that his plain garment honoured him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king!

“ Poetry entered to the very soul of Caroline Grey. It was touching an unreached string, and she felt as if the whole compass of her heart were given out. I used to read to her for hours, and it was beautiful to see her eye kindle, and her cheek burn with excitement. The sublimed mysticism and spirituality of Wordsworth were her delight, and she feasted upon the deep philosophy and half-hidden tenderness of Coleridge.

“ I had observed, with some satisfaction, that, in the rapid development of her mental powers, she had not found time to study nature. She knew little of the character of the material creation, and I now commenced walking constantly abroad with her at sunset, and at all the delicious seasons of moonlight and starlight and dawn. It came in well with her poetry. I cannot describe the effect. She became, like all who are, for the first time, made sensible of the glories around them, a worshipper of the external world.

“ There is a time when nature first loses its familiarity, and seems suddenly to have become beautiful. This is true, even of those who have been taught early habits of observation. The mind of a child is too feeble to comprehend, and does not soon learn, the scale of sublimity and beauty. He would not be surprised if the sun were brighter, or if the stars were sown thicker in the sky. He sees that the flower is beautiful, and he feels admiration at the rainbow; but he would not wonder if the dyes of the flower were deeper, or if the sky were laced to the four corners with the colours of a prism. He grows up with these splendid phenomena at work about him, till they have become common, and, in their most wonderful forms, cease to extract his attention. Then his senses are, suddenly, as by an invisible in-

fluence, unsealed, and, like the proselyte of the Egyptian pyramids, he finds himself in a magnificent temple, and hears exquisite music, and is dazzled by surpassing glory. He never recovers his indifference. The perpetual changes of nature keep alive his enthusiasm, and if his taste is not dulled by subsequent debasement, the pleasure he receives from it flows on like a stream—wearing deeper and calmer.

“ Caroline became now my constant companion. The changes of the natural world have always been my chief source of happiness, and I was curious to know whether my different sensations, under different circumstances, were peculiar to myself. I left her, therefore, to lead the conversation, without any expression of my feelings, and, to my surprise and delight, she invariably struck their tone, and pursued the same vein of reflection. It convinced me of what I had long thought might be true—that there was, in the varieties of natural beauty, a hidden meaning, and a delightful purpose of good; and, if I am not deceived, it is a new and beautiful evidence of the proportion and extent of God’s benevolent wisdom. Thus, you may remember the peculiar effect of the early dawn—the deep, unruffled serenity, and the perfect collectedness of your senses. You may remember the remarkable purity that pervades the stealing

in of colour, and the vanishing of the cold shadows of grey—the heavenly quiet that seems infused, like a visible spirit, into the pearly depths of the East, as the light violet tints become deeper in the upper sky, and the morning mist rises up like a veil of silvery film, and softens away its intensity; and then you will remember how the very beatings of your heart grew quiet, and you felt an irresistible impulse to pray! There was no irregular delight, no indefinite sensation, no ecstasy. It was deep, unbroken repose, and your pulses were free from the fever of life, and your reason was lying awake in its chamber.

“ There is a hush also at noon; but it is not like the morning. You have been mingling in the business of the world, and you turn aside, weary and distracted, for rest. There is a far depth in the intense blue of the sky which takes in the spirit, and you are content to lie down and sleep in the cool shadow, and forget even your existence. How different from the cool wakefulness of the morning, and yet how fitted for the necessity of the hour!

“ The day wears on and comes to the sun-setting. The strong light passes off from the hills, and the leaves are mingled in golden masses, and the tips of the long grass, and the blades of maize, and the luxuriant grain, are all sleeping in

a rich glow, as if the daylight had melted into gold and descended upon every living thing like dew. The sun goes down and there is a tissue of indescribable glory floating upon the clouds, and the almost imperceptible blending of the sunset colour with the blue sky, is far up towards the zenith. Presently the pomp of the early sunset passes away; and the clouds are all clad in purple, with edges of metallic lustre; and very far in the West, as if they were sailing away into another world, are seen spots of intense brightness, and the tall trees on the hilly edge of the horizon seem piercing the sky, on fire with its consuming heat. There is a tumultuous joy in the contemplation of this hour which is peculiar to itself. You feel as if you should have had wings; for there is a strange stirring in your heart to follow on—and your imagination bursts away into that beautiful world, and revels among the unsubstantial clouds till they become cold. It is a triumphant and extravagant hour. Its joyousness is an intoxication, and its pleasure dies with the day.

“The night, starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a blue, intense almost to blackness, and the stars are set in it like gems. They are of different glory, and there are some that burn, and some that have a twinkling lustre, and some are just visible and faint. You know their nature,

and their motion ; and there is something awful in so many worlds moving on through the firmament so silently and in order. You feel an indescribable awe stealing upon you, and your imagination trembles as it goes up among them. You gaze on, and on, and the superstitions of olden time, and the wild visions of astrology steal over your memory, till, by and bye, you hear the music which they ' give out as they go,' and drink in the mysteries of their hidden meaning, and believe that your destiny is woven by their burning spheres. There comes on you a delirious joy, and a kind of terrible fellowship with their sublime nature, and you feel as if you could go up to a starry place and course the heavens in company. There is a spirituality in this hour, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of happiness. The purity of the morning, and the noontide quietness, and the rapture of the glorious sunset, are all human and comprehensible feelings ; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose. — See now the wisdom of God ! — the collected intellect for the morning prayer and our daily duty — the delicious repose for our noontide weariness, and the rapt fervour to purify us by night from our worldliness, and keep wakeful the eye of

immortality ! They are all suited to our need ; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out at this or that season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

“ The world had become to Caroline a new place. No change in the season was indifferent to her—nothing was common or familiar. She found beauty in things you would pass by, and a lesson for her mind or her heart in the minutest workmanship of nature. Her character assumed a cheerful dignity, and an elevation above ordinary amusements or annoyances. She was equable and calm, because her feelings were never reached by ordinary irritations, and, if there were no other benefit in cultivation, this were almost argument enough to induce it.

“ It is now five years since I commenced my tutorship. I have given you the history of two of them. In the remaining three there has been much that has interested my mind—probably little that would interest yours. We have read together, and, as far as possible, studied together. She has walked with me, and shared all my leisure and known every thought. She is now a woman of eighteen. Her childish graces are matured, and her blue eye would send a thrill through you. You might object to her want of fashionable

tournure, and find fault with her unfashionable impulses. I do not. She is a high-minded, noble, impassioned being—with an enthusiasm that is not without reason, and a common sense that is not a regard to self-interest. Her motion was not learnt at schools, but it is unembarrassed and free; and her tone has not been educated to a refined whisper, but it expresses the meaning of her heart, as if its very pulse had become articulate. The many might not admire her—I know she would be idolized by the few.

“ Our intercourse is as intimate still; and it could not change without being less so—for we are constantly together. There is—to be sure—lately—a slight degree of embarrassment—and—somehow—we read more poetry than we used to do—but it is nothing at all—nothing.”

My friend was married to his pupil a few months after writing the foregoing. He has written to me since, and I will show you the letter if you will call, any time. It will not do to print it, because there are some domestic details not proper for the general eye; but, to me, who am a bachelor, bent upon matrimony, it is interesting to the last degree. He lives the same quiet, retired life, that he did before he was married. His room is arranged with the same taste, and with reference

to the same habits as before. The light comes in as timidly through the half-closed window, and his pictures look as shadowy and dim, and the rustle of the turned leaf adds as mysteriously to the silence. He is the fondest of husbands, but his affection does not encroach on the habits of his mind. Now and then he looks up from his book, and, resting his head upon his hand, lets his eye wander over the pale cheek and drooping lid of the beautiful being who sits reading beside him ; but he soon returns to his half-forgotten page, and the smile of affection which had stolen over his features fades gradually away into the habitual soberness of thought. There sits his wife, hour after hour, in the same chair which she occupied when she first came, a curious loiterer to his room ; and though she does not study so much, because other cares have a claim upon her now, she still keeps pace with him in the pleasanter branches of knowledge, and they talk as often and as earnestly as before on the thousand topics of a scholar's contemplation. Her cares may and will multiply ; but she understands the economy of time, and I have no doubt that, with every attention to her daily duties, she will find ample time for her mind, and be always as well fitted as now for the companionship of an intellectual being.

I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal

upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married—as the world said—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and, at such times, I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her

to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honour and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die !

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself, and, if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them, as they glide by, joyously and confidingly, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is coloured like the fancies of the bride; and many—oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on, for a while, undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband, first, in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by and bye, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their "lover and friend" could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever, a

fellowship of mind—the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship—and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the “voice of the charmer.” It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge!—Oh! no, lady!—believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman’s is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God’s evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun—and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest!

SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

It was on a fine, mild, sunshiny morning in December, while the Congress of 18— was in session, when the Hon. Mr. Moreton was taking his breakfast, at his quarters in a fashionable boarding house, and reading in the *Intelligencer* a speech made by himself two days before, on his favourite subject, “internal improvement,” that my story begins. Mr. Moreton was a gentleman, distinguished alike for his graceful and flowing eloquence, in public, and his courteous bearing towards his constituents and fellow citizens, in the private intercourse of life. I dare add no more, than that he was a little stately, without pomposity ; a little precise and oratorical in conversation, without being pedantic or fantastic. He is dead—and the picture would be too easily recognized, were I to go further. I will not profane his

memory, in a sketch in which I must necessarily bring him into contact with somewhat grotesque though real characters. I have, in the course of accidental intercourse with him, abroad and at home, witnessed in his company much of what was naturally and morally striking—

“ Have climbed with him the Alpine snow,
Have heard the cannon as they rolled
Along the silver Po ;”

and rarely have I seen his dignified equanimity of mind, or the somewhat formal tenor of his discourse, ruffled or interrupted by the circumstances of the moment. I leave it to his interesting nephew, who is, as I understand, preparing his biography, to do that justice to his memory which the well-known talents of the writer authorize the friends of Mr. Moreton to expect. But I am constrained to introduce this gentleman, in relating some anecdotes perhaps scarce worth preserving, homely, but too true to make a joke of.

I chuse to tell all my stories, for what they are worth, in my own way ; and should not have embarrassed this sketch with an apology, if personal feeling had not dictated one.

Mr. Moreton was at breakfast, as I have stated, when a black servant announced that a gentleman in the parlour below was waiting to see him.

Occupied with the happy folio of four pages, wherein Messrs. Gales and Seaton had done full justice to Mr. Moreton in a reported speech occupying three out of the four aforesaid crowded pages, and not having yet tasted his coffee, the call seemed unseasonable. But supposing it was made by one of his constituents, to all whose suggestions he conscientiously gave ear, or by some person of scientific ability, who had new ideas on his favourite subject, rail-roads, he left the breakfast table to attend upon his visitor.

As he entered the parlour below, he encountered a gentleman in black clothes, somewhat rusty, with white cotton stockings, yellow shoes, and a blue cravat; who came rapidly up to him, with a letter in his hand, talking, as rapidly, in a pert and sharp tone. He was in stature rather under the ordinary size, small across the shoulders, and feeble looking in body, though his complexion was fair and sanguineous. It was no hectic flush; and yet a recruiting sergeant would have hardly reported him as an able-bodied man.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to present to you this letter"—a queer-looking document, devoid of rectangular proportions, and travel-strained from long wearing in the pocket—"which makes known to each other, mutually and reciprocally, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, of Little Babylon, and

the Honourable and eloquent Mr. Moreton, of the house of representatives—

‘Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati—’

which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders.

‘Arcadians both, and both alike inspired,
To sing and answer, as the song required.’

Of this passage, by the bye, neither the great Heynè, nor the American editor of Virgil, the Reverend Job Cooper, seem to me to have understood the naked and eutonic, I might add the diatonic and catatonic force. But, “non cuivis adigit adire Corinthum;” a proverb, which, though usually quoted in Latin, belongs in fact to a Greek author, whom I rate as high for classic sense, as I do Lord Coke for legal acumen:—for though now an ecclesiastic, I was once a member of the bar myself, as you will see—but I beg pardon—by the letter which I interrupt you in reading. A very clever man indeed is Mr. Jinks, the writer of it. I raised him, as they say in Kentucky. I brought it for form’s sake. He is one of my deacons.”

The Honourable Mr. Moreton gravely requested his voluble guest to be seated; and read, not

without a little perturbation, after the volley of words he had received, the letter presented to him ; which ran as follows :—

“ Little Babylon, Nov. 30th, 18—.

“ Excellent Sir,

“ Knowing from the newspapers that you are a great friend of internal improvements and canals in general, and being myself president of a company formed to get our legislature to connect Ten-mile-pond with Little-eel-creek, I make bold to introduce to your better acquaintance my learned friend and pastor, also the principal of our academy, and whose works on law, trigonometry, divinity, and statistics, you must have read often, the Reverend Hercules Firkins, D.D., principal as aforesaid, and president of the Athenian Lycæum of this town, as also of the societies for the suppression of intemperance and political economy. I entirely approve myself of your political course, as does our friend, Dr. Firkins ; whom you will find a very agreeable acquaintance.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ HIRAM JINKS.”

“ Jinks, Jinks—Firkins, Perkins,” here uttered Mr. Moreton in soliloquy—“ patent ploughs—resources—tractors ”—

“ Yes, yes, sir, Firkins, the same Reverend Dr. Firkins, the *veritable Amphytrion*, as Moliere says. ‘ Quæ regio in terris non nostri conscia laboris !’ I had no doubt you had heard of me. You must have read in the reports my great argument in the case of Rhode Island Butter-churns, Peabody and Huskins *versus* Peck, though the reporter did me injustice ; for he summed up the whole in a page, when I took five hours and forty minutes to deliver it, made twenty-seven points, and cited all the authorities, dicta, and elementary treatises on the law of Patents, from the Year Books and Yelverton, down to this fiddling and foolish reporter himself. It was a case, sir, which had a great bearing on morals and divinity, and which, in fact, first led me to change my profession. Yes, sir, it was the inferences antagonistically enveloped by my mind, in arguing that case, together with the study of the works of the great Oecolompadius, with which you are doubtless familiar, that induced me to make my forensic arms yield to the ecclesiastical toga. But, pardon me, sir, you can hardly have breakfasted !”

“ No, sir. But allow me to ask what special business has suspended your pastoral, legal, and scientific labours ; and in what way I can be of service to you ?”

“ That is the point, sir, to which I am to come.

But I must persist in your first finishing your breakfast, in which I will join you. I am 'appetens jentaculi' myself; and am not one of those who, as the immortal Burke says, 'dream of canonizing mind by divorcing it from matter.'

"The sentiment is just, though I really do not recollect the passage."

"But you must recollect, sir, the powerfully analytic, and irrefragably argumentative article on Education, in the last Quarterly Review, by my friend Southey, in which the subject is handled."

"Well, Dr. Perkins, if you will be kind enough to take a seat at my breakfast table, you will find in our small mess, Judge Dash and Colonel Asterisks, with other intelligent gentlemen, whom you doubtless know by reputation. We can then discuss, more at length, such suggestions as you may desire to offer."

So Mr. Moreton gravely and gracefully ushered the Reverend Dr. Firkins up to the breakfast parlour; where several gentlemen, worthy of special notice, which I have no time to bestow, were paying more or less attention to the accumulated luxuries of an American public table. There were tea, coffee, beef-steaks, oysters, eggs, ham and eggs, sausages, devilled turkeys — bread, wheaten, Indian, and rye, and mixed of all, pancakes and buck-wheat cakes, rivalling those far-famed ones of Penn-

sylvanian Chester—hoe-cakes and Johnny-cakes, with the interminable variety of Indian cakes, known to the Virginia kitchen—together with the appropriate condiments of sugars, domestic and foreign, molasses, honey, pepper-vinegar, and moutard de Maille. One of the honourable members present was reading the copious notes of a speech he intended to make the next day; while another was reading a communication written by himself, in praise of his own speeches, and published in a paper from his own district; while two others, to the speeches of both of whom the public paid more attention than they did themselves, were engaged in a deep discussion on the question, whether the oysters grew to fit the shell, or the shell to fit the oyster.

Mr. Moreton had no particular faculty of remembering new names. He introduced his guest as the Reverend Mr. Jenkins.

“ Doctor Firkins, if you please, sir;” said the new importation, plumping himself down between the two disputants—“ Principal of Clio Hall, Little Babylon, and President of the Athenian Lycæum of the same place, and of the societies for suppressing intemperance, political economy, et cætera. Coffee, madam, if you please—Ha! ‘*aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!*’ I’ll thank you, Mr.

Moreton, for a bit of that devil—the devil in shape of a broiled turkey.” Being accommodated with these and other items, he looked round him, and exclaimed—“ Doctor Johnson was in error, ‘ *pace tanti viri*,’ when he observed of his breakfast in Scotland, ‘ where the tea and coffee were accompanied, not only with bread and butter, but with honey, conserves, and marmalades;’ that ‘ if an epicure could remove by a wish, wherever he had supped, he would breakfast in Scotland.’ The real gastronome can only expatiate at discretion, at the matin meal in America.”

The two oyster disputants smiled, and sipped their tea; when Dr. Firkins suddenly interrupted them, by rising, with an impetus which jarred the whole table, and rapidly transferring his leg of turkey from the right hand to the left, he clapped the former on the polished and half-bald forehead of Mr. Moreton, exclaiming, “ What a bowl of intellect !” Having thus anointed the sin-ciput of the representative, he sat down with like rapidity, and for some time proceeded in silence with his provisions.

“ Well, Mr. Moreton,” said he, after a brief interval, “ I perceive you are impatient to hear my communications.”—I have no time to let the doctor deliver himself in his own way; and have already

given a sufficient sample of his priggish pedantry. In a fluent discourse of great length, much involved, and interlarded with odds and ends of quotations in various languages, he arrived at the proposition—"that, in consequence of the rapid march of mind, there was now an effectual demand for a grand national encyclopædic institute or university; in which, under the immediate patronage of the federal government, the native talent of the country might be developed according to his system. Of talent," he said, "there was an average quantity in all ages; every thing depended on the manner of its development. The analytic and synthetic methods of education had both proved abortive. A little more might be said in favour of the dialectic. He was himself, decidedly, and beyond peradventure, for the gladiatorial, and not the monitorial system. The spontaneous evolution of talent, during the period of mental juvenescence, could only be effected by its antagonistical exercise; or, as Johnson had felicitously expressed it, 'its intellectual digladiation.' It was this which made the *nous* effervesce, and become *esprit*. The public lands should be assigned for the support of a university, which should have twenty-four professors, one from each state, to be severally appointed by the executive of each; the President to be appointed by a Committee of Literature, of

which the President of the United States should be ex-officio a member.

“ This happy union of state and national patronage, he claimed as a bright invention of his own, which would instantly put at rest those state jealousies, which had hitherto prevented the erection of a National University, and thus give him peculiar claim to be employed in the institution himself. Of course, in the mean time, till the University got hopefully under way, Doctor Firkins was willing to officiate as President; but as it would be a sinecure, until some students were procured for indoctrination, he was willing collaterally to occupy his time with several small jobs. He would give instruction in ancient and modern tongues to the Secretary of the Treasury; and private lectures on marine architecture, to the Commissioners of the Navy Board. As a matter of course also, he would be chaplain to both houses of Congress, which would be all in his way. He hoped, he said, to preach in the House, on the next Sunday, when he would deliver his great sermon on the balance of power; in which all the topics to which he had adverted, would naturally be introduced.”

Here a waiter brought a card to Mr. Moreton, on reading which, he observed to Doctor Firkins, that he was compelled to wait on a gentleman

below, whose introductory letter claimed his immediate attention; that he should be happy to serve Doctor Firkins as far as was in his power, but that his time was very much occupied.

“Oh! don’t make a stranger or *novus hospes* of me, sir,” said the Doctor; “I’ll meet you again at Philippi, that is, in the house. I can entertain myself very well in the society of these gentlemen.”

“Good morning then, sir,” said Mr. Moreton with a cold feeling of apprehension, at the threatened revisitation. One of the remaining members, the Honourable Mr. Latimer, a gentleman, who, as Falstaff described himself, (I dare say, more justly than the painters or actors represent him to us,) was “a portly man and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a noble carriage;” and moreover, like the knight, was a wag. He, I believe, had undergone all the Doctor’s prolixity, for the sake of having some jokes with and through him. He complimented him highly on his new and philosophical views of education; and recommended him strenuously, as the best man to further his projects, to go to Mr. Spratt, a staid, blunt member of Congress, whom the Doctor was likely to astonish not a little. He also told him, that Mr. Moreton was particularly pleased with having his “bowl of intellect” admired and handled.

On again entering the parlour below, Mr. Moreton saw a young man of a delicate complexion, and an air, which seemed to be affectingly half-rakish, looking as if he had bought his clothes at a slop-shop. He wore a blue cloth cloak, faced with green velvet, and lined with blue satin, with long black silk cords, and gold tassels depending at the ends of them. It hung backward from off his right shoulder. He held before his eyes, without their coming in contact with his face, a pair of gold spectacles, and a white cambric pocket handkerchief. With his right hand he also contrived to hold a fur cap, with a gold binding, and to support his exterior robe.

He advanced with a finical pace, and contrived, without losing any of his furniture, to present a letter. It was from Mr. Moreton's aunt, Mrs. Beverly Grayson, was neatly written on gilt-edged paper, sealed with the family arms fully emblazoned, and ran as follows:—

“ Sweet Springs, Dec. —, 18—.

“ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

“ The amiable and interesting young gentleman who will deliver this letter into your hands, is Mr. Hyppolite de Grey, whom I wish to commend to your particular attentions. He is the grandson of the younger brother of Chief Justice de Grey, who

took so much notice of your grandfather, when he was making the tour of Europe in 1774. His grandfather emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1750, where this young gentleman's father has several large plantations. There can be no doubt that he is nearly allied to our family ; because all the Greys are collaterals of the Graysons. I have found him intelligent and well-bred, according to the modern school. He has been particularly attentive to your cousin Arabella and myself, during our sojourn here. I remain, remembering you always,

“ With the greatest affection and esteem,

“ REBECCA BEVERLY GRAYSON.”

“ I hope this will turn out better than the last introduction of my kind aunt, though it looks unpromising”—thought Mr. Moreton, as gravely and gracefully rising, he presented his hand to his new protégé, who daintily presented a couple of fingers, saying, “ *Enchanté de vous faire connaissance*—but, I beg pardon—you probably don't understand French. How does the world wag with you ?”

“ I thank you, sir, I am in good health,” said Mr. Moreton, slowly and seriously. “ If you speak French with more freedom than English, I believe I can understand you sufficiently well for the ordinary purposes of conversation.”

"Oh! *n'importe*, sir, I talk English *pas mal*, well enough. This is a shabby little town, this Washington of yours. I wonder how you survive in it. I suppose, however, you have some belles. I understand there is a party to-night at the Patagonian minister's. I'll go there along with you, if you are going."

"You are pleased to be facetious. I apprehend, sir, that we have no diplomatic functionary so distinguished for personal procerity, as to be entitled to the appellation of Patagonian."

"Proce—who, sir? Oh yes, there is such a queer place down at the south. Ah! he's no functionary then; but he has a party. Will you take some lundyfoot?"

"I use no tobacco, sir; nor is it known to me, that any Patagonian gentleman entertains company to-night."

"But you go to some party to-night?"

"I presume I shall visit the Minister of the Netherlands."

"Well, I'll come ready dressed, to dine with you, and accompany you to the Austrian's. I suppose you can't keep a carriage in this hole of a place, can you? I wonder how any one can exist without his own *fiacre*. But you don't exist here. You have no opera, have you?"

"None, sir, that I ever heard of. You must

really be good enough to excuse me for the present; as I must pay a visit before going to the house, which it is my imperious duty not to neglect."

"Oh! just as you please about that. I'll see you again at dinner, you know. Perhaps, I may lounge into the *chambre des débats*, and you may introduce me to the Speaker, if you like. I'm at Gadsby's, I think they call the man's name—a vulgar sort of a place; but as good as any they have got here. *Au Revoir*, as they say in Paris."

So saying, this accomplished young man withdrew, with his cloak, cap, cane, spectacles, pocket-handkerchief, and all.

The Honourable Mr. Moreton now found himself disagreeably embarrassed by two singular protégés, thrust upon him in a brief space of time. Dr. Firkins he hoped to be enabled to discharge by cold politeness; but his respect for Mrs. Grayson forbade his summary dismissal of master de Grey. He could not help thinking, to be sure, that any of the systems of education enumerated by the doctor, analytic, synthetic, dialectic, or antagonistic, might have improved the young man's condition as to manners: but he took it for granted, that he was some spoiled youth, who had been badly brought up. Then he began to turn some fine sentences in his mind, about "the delete-

rious influences of unadvised indulgence, and of contagious associations on the ductile mind of youth," &c.

He proceeded, therefore, to arrange his papers, which he always carried under his arm, neatly tied with red tape, to fulfil his engagement, and to repair at his usual punctual hour to the capitol.

As he was walking sedately through the Rotundo of the capitol, some one said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Moreton." He was courteously returning this salutation, when a female voice exclaimed, "Moreton!" and an able-bodied woman came up to the representative.

She had a decided, though not an unfeminine cast of physiognomy, over which the hair she wore was accurately adjusted in regular rolls. Her manner was not unlady like, though bold; and the curtsy she dropped, though not amiss in a ceremonious drawing-room, was rather too long, profound, and, as it were, professional, for such an extemporaneous interview.

"I perceive," said this lady, "that I have the honour of addressing the Honourable Mr. Moreton. My name, sir, is Montagu. I have a letter of introduction to you, from your intimate friend, the Reverend Professor M'Crabbin. I have, however, taken the liberty of introducing myself, in order to embrace the earliest opportunity of con-

ferring with you on some subjects, of much interest, as I believe, to the nation, and which I understand you have much at heart."

"I certainly am happy, madam," said Mr. M. "to be so much honoured. Scraggs? Crabbed? How can it have escaped my memory, where and when I enjoyed the friendship of the professor!"

"The letter, sir, will doubtless recall the circumstances of your early associations with him. The object of my visit to Washington is to establish, under the patronage of government, with a liberal appropriation in money, and a handsome donation in land, an Institute for the education of young ladies, similar to that founded by Napoleon at St. Denys, destined exclusively to the instruction of the daughters of naval and military officers, secretaries of the departments, and members of Congress. Permit me, in the mean time, to introduce to you two young ladies, who are under my matronising wing; dear in affection, though not near in blood—Miss Ann Fin, and Miss Adelgitha Longchild. I finished them both."

"Finished 'em, madam?" said Mr. Moreton, as the stout lady, stepping on one side, developed to his view two female figures, who immediately began to make strange motions.

"Yes, sir, I finished them," said Mrs. Montagu, with a marked emphasis on the phrase.

A passing description is due to these perfected or concluded damsels. The epithet seemed strangely applied to Miss Ann Fin, to whom there appeared to be no end. In meagre altitude she towered towards the skies some six feet two, with a figure all alike, a small head, and a sort of nose, which, if it had not been placed where it was, would hardly have passed for any feature at all. She was dressed in the most fashionable style, as she supposed; her columnar structure being surmounted with a short green spencer, trimmed with gold cord or lace, I forget which. Miss Adelgitha Longchild was by no means so tall as Miss Fin: in fact, she lacked two feet of her stature. She was, as to person, what is called *chunky*; had two black eyes rolling promiscuously in her head, and a bright scarlet spencer.

Miss Fin stepped up two mincing paces; Miss Longchild drew herself up on tiptoe. Then Miss Fin drew back her left knee, and Miss Longchild folded her arms under her bust. Then they both performed a curtsy, according to their several positions—saying, in one breath, and with identical emphasis, though in different keys—the voice of Miss F. being small and squeaking, and that of Miss L. loud and shrill—

“Exceedingly happy to have the honour of an acquaintance with a gentleman, distinguished alike

for his parliamentary eloquence, and his domestic morals as—" Here was a long pause, during which Mrs. Montagu stood smiling in placid triumph.

" As the Honourable Mr. Morrison," said Miss Fin.

" As the Honourable Mr. Murphy," said Miss Longchild.

" Mr. Moreton, my loves," said Mrs. Montagu, rather snappishly.

" So distinguished, alike for his parliamentary morals, and for his domestic eloquence, as Mr. Moreton," said both the young ladies, as fast as they could repeat the words.

" Really, ladies, you overwhelm me ;" said Mr. M. " I am truly happy in forming an acquaintance with you, madam, and these young ladies under your matronly care."

" *Godo, Signore, di trovarla quì per accidente,*" said both the young ladies in one breath, as before—one firing her Italian grammar vocabulary over, and the other under the level of Mr. Moreton's ears.

" Pray, Mr. Moreton," asked the senior lady, " is there any special business in the house to-day ?"

" I regret, madam, that very imperative business obliges me to be in my seat this morning. But I feel less concern on account of the circum-

stance, as I see two of my friends coming this way, to whose attentions I shall be most happy to confide you, and the young ladies under your charge."

Here our friend Mr. Latimer came up, with Hippolyte de Grey leaning on his arm, in a nonchalant but decisive manner, which indicated that he would not be shaken off, because it was his pleasure or phantasy not to be; while Latimer looked vexed and impatient; like a fine steed with a huge horse-fly fastened upon him, who is trotting rapidly to get to his journey's end, and ever and anon giving a convulsive brush with his tail, in a vain effort to get rid of his impudent customer.

"Perhaps my French is troublesome to you," said Hippolyte, as they came up. "Don't let your modesty prevent you from saying so, if it is."

"Not at all—not at all—for I don't perceive that it is any worse than your English."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to introduce you to these ladies—Mrs. Wortley, Miss Fisk, and Miss Longbranch—ladies on whom birth, education, and wealth alike have smiled.—The Honourable Mr. Latimer and Mr. de Grey. I shall place these ladies under your charge for a short time, Mr. Latimer, and that of your accomplished young friend; as I shall be necessarily occupied with the Rock-creek bill debate."

"The devil!" half exclaimed Latimer—looking

x up at Miss Fin, down on Miss Longchild, and collaterally at Hippolyte. The latter, who had bristled up at the word *wealth*, which Mr. Moreton had innocently put in, for want of a better where-with to round his sentence, immediately came sim-pering forward, and said, "Ladies, I shall be most happy to wait on you. Allow me the honour—"

Here he placed himself, bowing and smirking, between the two finished young ladies, who made a curtsy, as before, wheeling half round; Miss Fin bending the tips of her feathers down into the eyes of the Adonis, and Miss Longchild bobbing her's up under his nose. One thrust her arm down, and the other lifted her hand up; and thus they took possession of his elbows; after which they dropped curtsies again, and stood ready to proceed.

Tempted by the ridiculous figure which the trio presented, and willing to accommodate Mr. Moreton, who, as he knew was never guilty of a joke, Latimer gave a half-suppressed groan, threw away a quid of tobacco, and, with an air half-despairing and half-waggish, suffered Mrs. Montagu to take his arm, and led the procession to the gallery, where he determined to get rid of the concern as soon as possible.

"Pray, Mr. Latimer," said the lady, "do you not find a considerable floating mass of

female intellect in Washington? I am well apprised that you are a literary as well as a political character. The two young ladies behind us are the first fruits of my anxious toils, after having made female education my incessant study, since the period when I was left alone to struggle with the world, preferring independence to a second hymeneal union."

"You raised that neat pair of belles, then, as they say at the south."

"I finished them, sir. My system of education does not include the common school branches. That foundation being laid, my aim is, to erect on it the Corinthian superstructure of accomplishments; to teach all that softens the heart, polishes the wit, refines the manners, and expands the genius; together with French, Italian, Drawing, the use of the Globes, Paley's Moral Philosophy and Evidences, Euclid, the first volume of Dugald Stewart, and the proper branches of female Gymnastics, or Callisthenics. Accustomed to the most elegant and refined society, when I quitted the domestic state, I thought it a duty I owed to myself, not to suffer the advantages I had acquired to be wasted; but to devote my time and talents to the intellectual nurture of my young countrywomen."

"Callisthenics, I believe, treats of windmills

and steamboats," said Latimer. Before Mrs. Montagu had time to reply, her ears were assailed by a strange combination of noises behind. As they turned round to ascertain what the matter was, they perceived that the remainder of the party was in trouble and entanglement. In winding up the corkscrew gallery stairs, Mr. de Grey had trodden on the flounces of Miss Longchild; and his cords and lapels becoming entangled at the same time with the bobs and flying appurtenances of Miss Fin, they had all three gone backwards together; and it was a special mercy that none of their bones were broken. As it was, they made a sadly ludicrous exhibition, during the happening of the accident, and in regaining their upright position, and re-adjusting their finery.

By the time the agitation arising from this difficulty had been in some measure overcome, they reached the gallery, where the ladies were accommodated with seats, pointed out to them by Latimer; who, making a profound bow to them all, said to Hippolyte, "I am compelled to resign to you the exclusive pleasure of attending on these ladies." In an under-tone he added—"The young ones are great fortunes?"

"Which of them?" said Hippolyte, anxiously.

"The tall one is richest in lands. The little plump one is a cash concern—a quarter of the

Bank of Little Falls, and half the Skeneateles Insurance Company."

He then departed, saying to himself, "Heaven forgive us for lying! But it is a work of necessity and mercy. The Lord send that poor second-hand Beau Brummell a safe deliverance!"

Hippolyte graciously insinuated himself between the two heiresses, and the party gazed on the scene around and beneath them. Who, on this side of the Atlantic, has not seen the Hall of the House of Representatives? or who, on either side, has not seen Morse's admirable picture of it, which now graces the gallery of a noble amateur in England?—that Hall where all the splendours of the marbles, serpentines, and Bressias of America and Italy, and all the graces and proportions of Grecian art, and all the talent of successive architects—of the luxuriant L'Enfant, the magnificent Latrobe, and the practical Bulfinch—aided by the decorations of accomplished sculptors, foreign and domestic, and set off by all the gorgeousness of modern upholstery and Honduras mahogany, wrought and polished by the master artists of New-York and Philadelphia—have conspired to make a room, utterly unfit for any earthly purpose to which it can ever be applied; where people can neither see nor hear one another; containing, according to accurate admeasurement, 200,000 cubic

feet; and, in consequence thereof, and of other enormous advantages, uncomfortable to sit in, unhealthy to stay in, and dangerous to legislate in, alike for the people and the law-makers.

There, too, they saw the Speaker, looking like the lady in the lobster, as he sat in his little gingerbread pagoda, stuck at the bottom of a lofty colonnade, which rivals the portico of the Pantheon in magnitude, and surpasses it in the richness of its materials. In picturesque contrast with him, they saw the colossal plaster virago, who threatens every moment to crush him from above. In one corner of the house, they saw an old gentleman in spectacles, who was standing with his hat off, and reading, as they supposed, a newspaper; but who, as they learned from the *Intelligencer* next day, was making a great speech. The rest of the members, in miscellaneous groups, or about their neat piano-forte looking desks, were walking, talking, caucusing, reading, writing, or meditating, and making a buzzing noise like that heard in a large school. On one of the sofas they observed Mr. Latimer, holding an extempore levée, and dispensing to his audience sundry edifying remarks, the effect whereof came up to the gallery in many an audible peal of laughter.

When the old gentleman had, as they supposed, got through with reading his newspaper, and sat

down, a gentleman of considerable altitude and stentorian lungs, arose, and declaimed with vehement gesticulation, in the course of which the words, "the Bank of the United States," fell on the ears of the party aloft.

"I hope," said Miss Longchild, "they won't stop the Bank of the United States. That would cut off a good piece of pa's income."

The gentleman with good lungs soon after let fall an observation, made with still greater emphasis and pathos, in which they caught the expression—"the landed interest is on the brink of ruin." On hearing which, Miss Fin exclaimed, "O Lud! I hope not; for most all pa's personal property is landed estate."

"Your filial sensibilities, young ladies," said Hippolyte, "are quite refreshing to my taste; upon my soul they are quite *larmoyantes*, as the French say."

At the words "filial sensibilities," both the young women pricked up their heads quickly, sighed, and took breath, and said together, as before—"Filial affection springs up spontaneously in the human heart like the—*wine*," said Miss L.—"vine," said Miss F.—"like the *wine* which entwines itself round the oak of the forest."

"One at a time, my dears," said Mrs. Mon-

tagu. "These young ladies, as you perceive, Mr. de Grey, have not yet learned to restrain and conceal their delicate sensibilities. Education can do every thing for the mind; but the world alone can teach the art of controlling the feelings. You must perceive that they are wholly unsophisticated—with souls fresh from the plastic hand of Nature."

"Quite fresh, and bran-new, I perceive, ma'am," said Hippolyte, looking abstractedly on a sudden, and somewhat troubled; as if a particular object below had arrested his attention. "After all, this is a dull place. Suppose we go and see some lions. I understand they have some attempts at those kinds of things here."

Mrs. Montagu and her protégées graciously acquiesced; and they travelled off to some other exhibition—the Patent-office I believe; Hippolyte pondering between real estate and hard cash, but inclining, for certain private reasons, to the latter convenience.

Just as Latimer was getting into a hack, after the adjournment of the house, the door of the vehicle was seized as it was closing, and the visage and person of Dr. Firkins were successively introduced. "Good day, again, sir," said he, as he seated himself. "Drive on, coachee—I am in great

luck to have fallen in with you again so soon. It is not often, sir, that twice in one brief day, we meet accidentally with such Trojans. Without flattery, from the sample of your conversational antagonism which I had this morning, I know not which to admire most, the copious variety of your information, the saline pungency of your electrical wit, or the elastic agility of your symposiastic powers."

To each several member of this encomium, Mr. Latimer bowed low, and the Doctor bobbed his head responsively. "Doctor, Doctor, you flatter," said the former.

"No, sir; I am not one of those 'mellitis fallere verbis doctus.' I hold with the divine Shakspeare, that 'tis a sin to flatter.' I 'would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.' I suppose you dine at the President's to-day?"

"No; I have not that honour."

"At the British Minister's, then?"

"No; I dine at home."

"Ter, quaterque felix, that I am," said the Doctor—"I will go along and dine with you—I wish to resume my exposition to Mr. Moreton; and shall be glad to develop my views to a sodality so enlightened as that which encircles your intel-

lectual board—‘ the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,’ ‘ with mirth which after no repentance draws.’ ”

“ Don’t give us too much credit on that score, Doctor. I have known very sound headaches very honestly earned at that intellectual board ; to say nothing of the gout, of which I feel at present a slight twinge.”

“ Oh ! a victim to ‘ arthritic tyranny.’ I presume, by the bye, that you are a descendant of the great herald of the reformation ; a prelate whom, in spite of my anti-episcopal opinions, I hold in great veneration. But, though I belong to the straiter sect of our Protestant religion, I cast no malign or puritanic eye on the generous festivities of the hospitable table, and ‘ a little wine for the stomach’s sake,’ you know.”

Latimer groaned inwardly, muttering something inaudibly, and looking with blank despair at a document he held in his hand, upside down.

“ Oh ! the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Pray tell me, sir, what is your opinion as to the measure of value ? Do you believe with Ricardo, that all value is founded on the quantity of labour ? or do you hold with Malthus—but ha ! we are here, in articulo temporis. There is the dinner bell ringing. ‘ The bell invites me ; I go, and it is *done* ;’ you take the paranomasiastic

application of 'done, ha?' said the Doctor, laughing very complacently, as he got out of the carriage.

Latimer was fain to follow him; and though inclined to be vexed at being saddled with such a bore, and meditating whether he could not trump up an extempore fit of the gout, to be rid of him, he concluded it was better to bear the evil with patience, and make as much of such amusement as the Doctor might yield.

He therefore shoved him into the drawing-room, where he apologized for leaving him a few moments. As the Doctor entered, he saw but one person present; a young man very finically dressed, who sat with his back towards him, resting one foot on the bottom of a chair, and the other on the jam of the fire-place. He was picking his teeth, and trying to hum some sort of an air. The Doctor, whose affability extended to all mankind, walked up to him, when the youth, who was no other than our Hippolyte, suddenly dropped his tooth-pick and both feet, upsetting the chair and the poker, and started up in some confusion.

"How came *you* here, sir?" said Firkins.

"In the stage—I came;" said the youth. "My old lad, I have come on a wise errand; and shall feather my nest well enough, I can tell you."

Here other company entering, the pair withdrew

within the recess of a window, where they inter-communed until dinner was announced. On this intimation they joined the company, Firkins giving several repeated nods and looks of approbation, and Hippolyte wearing a satisfied smirk of more than ordinary conceit.

If the Doctor had justly praised the luxuries of an American breakfast, well might some more gifted eulogist expatiate on those of an American dinner. It has been my lot, as my readers know, to have "sat at good men's feasts," in all parts of the globe; with Indian rajahs, Turkish mollahs, and Persian mirzahs; as well as with English bishops and bankers, peers and players, among whom are to be found the most exquisite judges, as well as the ablest performers in this way. I have dined at the splendid table of Cardinal Fesch, and at the still more *recherchés* and *soignés* feeds of the ex-chancellor Cambaceres; have taken pot-luck on *waterzouchie* and Dutch herrings with the rich burghers of Amsterdam, and macaroni and parmesan at Naples with princes and primates. I have sat in Germany at the meagre but elegant dinners of professor Kant, and at the sumptuous and groaning board of my some time publisher Brockhaus at Leipsic; of merchant rulers at Frankfurt, and professors and constitution-makers at Berlin. But enough of this. Let people talk as

pedantically, or as patriotically as they please, about *la cuisine Française* or "the roast beef of old England," I hold that all good dinners are good; but after all, commend me to an American one. My learned friend, president Cooper, to whose authority I always bow in all matters of law, literature, philology, chemistry, political-economy and cookery, has indeed said ex-cathedretically, that "the waste of an American kitchen is horrible." This is a solemn, but not an appalling truth. For we live in a country, where we may "cut and come again;" where, notwithstanding profusion, there is always enough left, and to spare; where even careless cookery cannot spoil the good material; and where there are seven—yea, eight dishes, unrivalled in all the other countries of the earth—the ham of southern Virginia, the sheep's-head of the eastern Atlantic waters, the canvas-back duck of the Potomac, the hump of the buffalo, the muzzle of the moose, the tail of the beaver, the soft-shell of the Red River, and young rattle-snakes cooked *à la matelôte*, as they dress them at the *Saut de Ste. Marie*.

At the present dinner, at which was assembled a numerous company, Dr. Firkins acquitted himself as usual both in the way of talking and eating. He devoured half a wild goose, whilst he informed the table, that after the rescue of the capitol, geese

had at Rome for a long while been sacred from the spit, until in the downfall of the republic, the geese of Gaul attracted the notice of the Roman epicures, from which time forward large flocks of French goslings were driven to Rome, with as much regularity as droves of Kentucky hogs are now through the avenues of Washington. He did equal justice to a magnificent boiled turkey, whilst he quoted Pliny, to prove that Sophocles had introduced that sagacious bird in one of his lost tragedies, to deplore the fate of Meleager who had introduced his race into Greece. Where he got this learning, I know not—most probably at second-hand, as we all do now-a-days. Meanwhile Mr. de Grey sat looking, as he thought, exceedingly genteel, and like a *poco-curante* of the first water; while he was committing various solecisms in manners in what the doctor would have called pransorial tactics, which it is unnecessary to specify.

In the chasms of the business of the table, which occurred on this occasion, as they do every where, “when the rage of hunger is appeased,” and before the spirits are warmed to the true conversation pitch—(by the way, Dr. Firkins must be excepted, who “made no pause, nor left a void”)—the young Adonis ever and anon drew forth and gazed complacently upon a showily set miniature. Some-

how it attracted the attention of the castle-building Moreton, and recalled him from the tunnel of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, where his mind had been wandering during the delivery of Dr. Firkins' gastronomical didactics.

"What *chef-d'œuvre* of the arts of design is it, Mr. de Grey, that you view with such pleasure?"

"Arts of design—upon my word, sir, I never heard her charged with that, sir—though to be sure, there was a little scandal about the princess and a young traveller, who shall be nameless; the princess Pauline, the great beauty you know—*beauté sans fard*, as the French say. Gentlemen," added he, passing the miniature round the table, "it is a miniature of the princess Pauline, Napoleon's sister, painted by the great Isabey of Paris, and represents her looking tenderly at another miniature of a certain friend of hers, who shall be nameless."

The miniature, as it passed from hand to hand, received all the praise it deserved, and it would have done credit to Isabey or Malbone, or any other artist in that way, alive or dead. At last it reached Mr. Latimer, who, with a slight start of surprise at first seeing it, turned to De Grey with a look half inquiring and half facetious: "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' These accidental

resemblances of people to each other, and by'r Lady, of pictures too—are marvellous matters. Had not you told us that this was a French picture of a royal beauty, gazing sentimentally on her friend's miniature—*friend* was the word, I think, was it not?—I should have sworn by all my gods, that this was a copy or duplicate of a miniature of my own niece, taken in New-York last spring for her husband, when the captain was ordered to the Pacific.”

De Grey stammered something about “royal and noble beauty—great Parisian painter—Mr. Latimer being a wag—strange resemblances sometimes,”—when the other suddenly turning the conversation, said :

“ Well, Mr. de Grey, how did you get along with your two splendid heiresses?”

“ Oh ! well enough, I suppose. It's a great bore to be obliged to do the agreeable to such young things. By the way, what were you saying about heiresses ? Is Miss Longchild a great heiress ?”

“ Why”—said Latimer, hesitating—

“ Longchamps—Longchamps”—said Mr. Moreton—from whose memory the finished young lady of the morning had totally departed, and who, as he partly heard Hippolyte's question, was led to think of a great commercial friend—“ He was one of your *millionaire* men. He made his vast for-

tune by trade with the East Indies ; and has, I understand, left each of his nine daughters a hundred thousand dollars, in money and stock, besides a splendid house a-piece, with all domestic and fashionable appendages."

" All that is clearly not to be sneezed at, especially with so accomplished a young lady in the bargain," said Latimer.

Here Hippolyte threw a triumphant glance at Dr. Firkins, as he asked him to take wine with him.

" Dr. Perkins seems to be an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. de Grey?" said Mr. Moreton.

" Oh yes. I imbibed the rudiments of my education from the Doctor. I studied Cæsar and Viri Romæ, and all the other classics, under him. He is universally allowed to be the greatest professor, and most learned preacher in the whole county." [The Doctor did not hear this well intended tribute to the extent of his fame ; or he might have been shocked at the narrow confines allotted to it.]

" If he had completed me in the classicals," continued De Grey, " I might have talked Latin and Greek as well as I do French."

It seemed now to occur to this youth, that it would be as well to abandon other objects, and follow up some business he had in hand. So far as his face could express it, he looked as if he had

something to do. Stating in an affected way, that he had an engagement, and regretting that he could not accompany Mr. Moreton in the evening, he departed, just as Dr. Firkins had got fairly under way with one of his digressive dissertations, (the utterance of which was only interrupted by an occasional glass of wine,) on the comparative merits of Oecolompadius and Jeremy Bentham; "both of whom," he said, "however he might dissent from some of their opinions, he maintained to be *ad unguem* exemplars of definitive ratiocination—Arcades ambo—which Dryden, as you know, somewhat tamely renders,

"Arcadians both, and both alike inspired,
To sing and answer, as the song required."

Here it occurred to Mr. Moreton, who had long been gazing in a profound fit of abstraction on a plate of oranges, to ask the Doctor a question; and starting from his reverie, he said, "You seem to know Mr. de Grey, Dr. Perkins. Pray who is the young gentleman?"

The cataract of his discourse being stopped thus suddenly, the Doctor hesitated, looked blank, and taking a hasty swallow, assumed an air half sheepish and half important, as he replied, "I think I may be indeed said to know him; and to have not only cognition but science of him. I know his

accidence, as well as his essence; he being in fact my son—that is, metaphysically. In short, my academic bower was to him and his their ‘*cunabula gentis*.’ You recollect that fine passage, Mr. Latimer?”

“It is in Trismegistus, is’n’t it?” said Latimer.

“But, Doctor,” continued Mr. Moreton, “after the pains you must have lavished upon this young gentleman, it really appears to me that his colloquial English is somewhat—a—too vernacular.”

“I confess it, sir. It is all the fault of his mother, for whom the gynecocracy might blush, if they could. ‘*Varium et mutabile semper*’—no, sir, she was *not* ‘*mutabile semper*.’ She was an eternal scold, and the indefatigable tormenter of my existence. Her rixatory and objurgative powers were rivalled only by her brutal ignorance—”

“But, Doctor, who may the young gentleman be? After such a description of his mother, you do not prepossess us much in favour of the son.”

“He is, sir, a young man of merit, for whom, if the humanities have done little, nature and contingencies have done much; and on whose opening pathway fortune had shed her golden radiance. ‘*Multos numerabit amicos*.’ He may count upon soon possessing a regal revenue.”

“And what kind of a man, Doctor, was his father?”

“ His father, sir—his father was a man of original *nous*, cultivated by all the appliances and means which the science and learning of past centuries have accumulated; distinguished in various professions and callings; one, in short, marked out by Providence, to change the moral surface of society; trample under foot that Jacobinic spirit which amalgamates the highest intellect with the lowest; and by the mighty influence of the antagonistic principle—”

“ But pray, Doctor,” said Latimer, “ how much did this original *nous*, Jacobin-trampling, antagonistic gentleman, make out of it all, in the way of money?”

“ Make out of it all, sir? Little or nothing—that is to say, sir, little for such a man.—The late Mr. de Grey, sir, left something—a good fortune for his only son. He is a young man of good property, sir—say two or three hundred thousand dollars.” [Here the Doctor shut his eyes, and quaffed a glass of champagne.] “ Had the lad not left me in mere childhood, I should have formed him to moral issues worthy of his pecuniary expectations; and formed him in like fashion as I hope to mould the sons of Columbia, under the organic pressure of the great national institute.”

“ And his amiable lady-mother, sir,” said Latimer, “ on whose vituperative and rixatory accom-

plishments you have delivered so enthusiastic and impassioned an eulogy—what became of her? *Où est donc cette dame là ?*”

“ I hope she is in heaven !” said Firkins, with a groan, swallowing down a glass of Madeira. “ A violent and a vile woman was his mother, sir ;” filling rapidly and gulping down a large glass of sherry. Hereupon he drummed on the table with his fingers, and on the floor with his heels ; shrugged his shoulders, worked his eye-brows, winked his eyes, bit his lips, and twisted and wriggled about in his chair, in a marvellous and mysterious manner. He was silent for a few moments ; but did not long suffer himself to labour under such an unnatural restraint. He got upon his favourite hobby Oecolompadius, whom he now compared to Lord Coke ; talked of Junius and Psalmanazar, and the Butter-churn case ; of the controversies between the orthodox and liberals, high church and low church, tariff and anti-tariff, the constitutionality of internal improvements, the comparative merits of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, his friend Bob Southey, as he called the Laureate, and Dr. Dwight ; of the reformation, craniology, and the fine arts.

When it is considered that, meantime, in the usual style of a Washington convivial dinner party, a variety of wines was constantly passing

round the table, and that the Doctor regularly helped himself at each revolution to two glasses of different kinds, with no more reference to their affinities, than to the coherence of the subjects of his discourse, it is not to be wondered at that the latter soon became strangely jumbled in his brain, and oddly combined in his talk ; that he got Oecolompadius in the churn, made Junius a writer in the Quarterly, and Psalmanazar and Southey controversial cotemporaries ; and finally, degenerated into a hodge-podge of unassociated and unassociable things, absurd as the nonsense chorus to a song in O'Keefe's farces.

At length Mr. Latimer, whether out of benevolence or weariness, or a mixture of both, got rid of what he called, in a hog-latin parlance of which he was fond, a *regularis aper*, by fairly bolting the Doctor out of the room. The latter, who was in the maudlin crisis of his excitement, was very loving upon his host, hugging him, and calling him by all the affectionate diminutives which his classical vocabulary, or his own invention could supply ; until Latimer succeeded in thrusting him into a hackney-coach, sending his favourite servant to accompany him to his lodgings.

The next morning, as Mr. Moreton was sitting at his abstemious breakfast of dry toast and coffee, with the other viands and provant before enume-

rated, smoking and steaming unregarded before him, and was reading his favourite National Intelligencer, a note was handed to him by a servant, on looking at which he muttered "Montagu? Montagu? Oh! ah! yes—I recollect. It is all in the way."

In consequence of the reception of this billet, he called before going to the House on the lady already introduced to my readers, whom he found with her two attendant nymphs, who made their motions as cleverly as on the preceding day, and on being telegraphed by the matron to withdraw, effected their disappearance in seventeen manœuvres, without any serious accident.

"Pray be seated, my dear Mr. Moreton," said Mrs. Montagu. "I have an important inquiry to make, which I felt it my duty to address to you; and I therefore took the liberty, which I hope you will excuse, of requesting this interview. Knowing as I do, that your time is precious to yourself, and to the nation, I feel that some apology is necessary."

"None at all, madam, I assure you. I am honoured by being allowed to receive your communications; and am at your present disposal."

"I am anxious then, to state to you, sir, that the young gentleman whom you introduced to me yesterday, and whose appearance is undoubtedly

prepossessing, has evinced a disposition to cultivate an acquaintance with my young ladies. Knowing as you must do, how delicate my responsibility is, you will pardon me for asking how far, with perfect security to their peace of mind and my own obligations, I may encourage his polite attentions to them, beyond the ordinary pale of general courtesy."

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "your own penetration will doubtless enable you to judge with more accuracy than my imperfect knowledge of his talents and character enables me to do, of the disposition, manners, and morals of this young gentleman. It has been well remarked by nice observers of human nature, that ladies, from an instinctive gift or quicker faculty of appreciation, form a juster estimate of men from their first impressions, than the lords of creation are themselves enabled to make, notwithstanding their greater general experience. Mr. de Grey brought a letter of recommendation to me, from a source which I am bound to respect; yet I confess I should not have founded any deliberate opinion upon that alone; as the venerable and beloved relative from whom it came, has frequently been deceived in her judgment of character. Her account is, however, corroborated, by the spontaneous testimony of my learned and reverend friend president Perkins;

who informs me that the young gentleman was his pupil in childhood, and that he has inherited a very handsome property—some two or three hundred thousand dollars, I think he said—from his father. But, Mrs. Wortly, in matters of this most important nature, money, though a necessary is by no means the principal requisite. Neither should any thing be taken on indirect report or hearsay. I confess that there is something in Mr. de Grey's address, something in his manners, habits, and colloquial style, which has not altogether prepossessed me in his favour."

Mrs. Montagu had listened apparently with a little impatience to the latter part of this speech. "Very true, indeed, sir, as you observe," said she. "But are you certain it is said, that old Mr. de Grey has left his son so much money?"

"Two or three hundred thousand dollars, I am almost sure the Doctor said, madam."

"And do you think the Doctor's information may be relied on?"

"Probably, madam, not with perfect precision. The inference is, however, natural and rational, that an old preceptor would not be very far wrong. He is, however, my only authority. I must leave the investigation and consideration of the matter to your enlightened mind and mature discretion. I must attend my committee at eleven o'clock,

and unless you have other immediate commands, must beg your permission to leave you."

Mr. Moreton accordingly departed. Nothing further transpired on this day, which happened to be Friday, necessary to record as bearing on the issue of my narrative. The Saturday which followed, was like all other Saturdays in Washington, during the winter session. Neither House sat. The industrious members went to the public offices to transact the business of their constituents; the electioneering members were engaged in franking letters and printed matters, and in writing to their friends; the fashionable members paid visits and left cards; and the members who were given to frolicking slept off the effects of the preceding night's revel. The young ladies, as it was a rainy day, were making all their preparations for the evening's ball, which was to be given by the lady of a secretary; and the old ladies held consultation about who was who, among all the bachelor and widower faces in Washington. Among other topics of conversation, much was said of a new clergyman, of great learning and eloquence according to rumour, who, it was advertised, would preach on the next morning in the Representatives' chamber, in the place of one of the chaplains.

Hippolyte de Grey, who had removed the evening before to the house where Mrs. Montagu lodged,

was sufficiently engaged in making the amiable to Miss Longchild ; the accommodating matron having somehow or other contrived to leave him to enjoy a tête-à-tête with her shortest pupil. In the afternoon, Miss Finn complained of a headache, and a touch of fever, attended with pulmonary symptoms. By way of a salutary repose, Mrs. Montagu took her out in a hackney coach, through a fine cooling and delightful fall of rain, sleet, and all the varieties of moisture which hiemal Jove administers to the earth in that quarter. Miss Longchild had sprained her ankle, and Hippolyte had an inopportune engagement ; so the two ladies went forth together, and unattended, like Ariosto's Bradimante and Marfisa ; but before long Mrs. Montagu met with a knight, whose services she was determined to secure. This was no other than Mr. Moreton, on whose persecutions for courtesy's dear sake, none but the rustical and unfeeling will refuse to bestow the tribute of a sigh. He was trudging, like the Duke of Wellington, with his umbrella, on the pavé round the Treasury. Mrs. Montagu immediately ordered the carriage to stop, and calling to the Representative, invited him to take a seat with her. Once having him in her possession, he was helpless and hopeless ; and I regret to record, and shudder at the recollection of having once done so myself,

that he was compelled to show to these ladies the lions of George-town ; to wit, the Nunnery and the College ; to stand in the sleet, pointing out where the prospects ought to be ; and to get out at almost every corner, inquiring where Timothy Wilkins lived, whose cousin's daughter had been finished by Mrs. Montagu. I drop the curtain over this afflicting adventure. The only pleasing circumstance connected with it was, that Miss Finn came home declaring that all her aches and symptoms had disappeared in consequence of having taken the George-town specific—a glass of rye-jack and bitters, recommended and administered by Mr. Wilkins.

Sunday dawned in unwonted brightness, auspicious to the hopes of Dr. Firkins, who was that day “to thunder in the capitol,” with, as he fondly expected, “all the American Senate at his heels.” He had read with great admiration the long speeches, immeasurable even as reported, which were delivered in the House ; and though he had never ventured to try more than half of his sermon “on the balance of power,” at one time, on even the most patient congregation, he now expanded it, and added several new heads and illustrations ; had recourse to all the universal histories and biographical dictionaries in the Congress Library, and copied out and inserted at full length,

all the lives, characters, and adventures of the several remarkable personages whom he had had occasion to mention by name in his original draft, being determined to give his audience such a "screed of doctrine," for length, at any rate, as never before was heard in the same place.

Miss Longchild's ankle continued to be sprained, and Hippolyte came late from his room, complaining of an intolerable head-ache, attended with a good deal of fever. Mrs. Montagu was much afflicted with his indisposition; she pressed, however, into her service, Mr. Wilson, a young gentleman who lodged at the house, and who, wonderful to relate, was in Washington, neither seeking an office, nor holding one; with no professional business to transact; no contract to solicit; and no bargain, job, scheme or project of any sort or kind on hand, which he was anxious to effect. This amiable and truly-interesting young man, had half expressed an intention to go and hear the celebrated preacher; and good luck dropped from the skies upon him unexpectedly, giving him an opportunity of escorting thither the two ladies by particular request. They did not, however, enter into the hall of the House of Representatives until the preliminary service had been disposed of; Firkins having hurried that over to reserve his powers for the sermon. The floor was crowded

with a brilliant congregation, in which talent, fashion and beauty, had a fair representation of their aristocracy; so that our ladies were obliged to find seats in the circle most remote from the speaker's pagoda, which, like the poet's night-cap,—"a cap by night, a stocking all the day,"—after serving for six days as the throne of human legislation, becomes the chair of pulpit eloquence on the seventh. The officiating clergyman was sitting at the time of their entry—the top of his head, as he was arranging his manuscripts, and his pocket handkerchief on the desk, being the only items of the man or his appendages that were visible.

When he started up, it was so suddenly done, that many of the congregation were startled in sympathy, and Mrs. Montagu in particular. Mr. Wilson noticed that her twitchings continued after the electric shock had passed off from the rest of the audience, and that an animation sympathetic with that of the orator, sent a flush to her bold Semiramis-like cheeks, and a lightning flash to her piercing eyes, which shot over the heads of the multitude, and ever pointed its corruscations towards Dr. Firkins. The learned Principal wiped his brow, and his hands, and each particular finger, very carefully. Then perking up, he gave a piercing look round upon the assembly; and having coughed to try his throat and lungs, requested

that the doors might be shut. This being complied with, while he was arranging his enormous scroll of didactic eloquence, (at the sight of which some prudent elderly gentlemen seated near the door, embraced the opportunity of withdrawing,) the Doctor coughed again. The noise from his diaphragm seemed to sound better in his ears this time, and he took a glass of water with great deliberation and emphasis.

He announced that his text was to be found in Leviticus, xix. 36.—“Just balances, just weights, a just Ephah, and a just Hin shall ye have.” My report of some of the heads of his discourse must necessarily be extremely brief; still my readers may complain even of this small matter. If they are so disposed, let them think of what the Washington congregation underwent, such of them at least as sat out the performance, and they will blush for their own selfishness and effeminacy. The Doctor began, of course, with the history of weights and measures—their quantity, quality, and nomenclature among the Orientals, Greeks, and Romans; detailed the changes which had taken place in them in different periods and countries; and the effects which those changes had produced on the commercial, moral, and physical condition of men. In adverting to the French decimal system, he was led into an eloquent digression about Jacobinism;

which he said had trampled under foot all law and order; and overthrown the system of weights and measures, by glueing up the old standards in an insoluble viscosity of blood and blasphemy. He commented likewise on long and learned reports made to Congress on the subject; and as to long measure, concluded that it was impossible, owing to the inequalities of the earth's surface, to ascertain the length of a degree on the equator; but suggested as his own opinion, that it could only be measured, with mathematical precision, on the moon, by means of a good telescope.

From physical weights, balances, powers, and conventional definitions of extension, he should proceed, he said, to the far more important ones of a moral nature. And, beginning with the individual Man, he should touch first on the metaphysical balance of power. Imagination, and the discursive faculty, monomania and animal magnetism, were powers operating in various directions. Their force was counteracted in several modes, by judgment, reason, and the direct evidence of the senses. Memory was the balance wheel; on the proper adjustment of which depended the preservation of a due equilibrium in the intellectual microcosm. By reading good old classical authors, the Fathers, and the commentators on the civil law, and by keeping large common-place books, after the man-

ner of Locke, of which a dozen pages at least should be filled daily, the balance-wheel, he pronounced, would be kept sufficiently well loaded, and the machinery would work with an equable motion.

Secondly, he proceeded to treat of the Domestic balance of power, in which the husband, the head of the family, was the true balance-wheel. He was both erudite and poetical, in his account of the patriarchal form of government. This would have been the most curious and fructifying part of his discourse, had not the mischief arising from bad marriages, and the curses attendant upon having bad wives, untimely inflamed his vein of indignation; and, like a whirlwind of dust, and a band of hostile Ishmaelites, destroyed the tranquil and refreshing picture of an encampment of the Bedouin Arabs, which he had emptied into his commonplace book, from some modern traveller, and thence into his sermon. He had obviously lost his temper in the composition of this part of the discourse, nor did he find it again in the delivery. He went the whole length, in speaking of the fair sex, of the surly and coarse proto-satyrists Simonides of Cos, from whom he quoted freely. The swine, fox, slut, earth, ocean, ass, cat, mare, and ape species of women, he dwelt upon *con amore*. Of that class whose emblem is the bee, he spake sparingly.

He asked, what in the range of animated nature was more insufferable, than a scold, a slut, a hoyden, a harlot, a female fool, fury, or fiend? He ran through Johnson's definitions of scold and shrew, emphasising with great apparent feeling their beautiful variations—a shrill, peevish, malignant, spiteful, vexatious, turbulent, brawling vixen, or termagant female person. He cited Ecclesiasticus, to the effect that “he who hath her,” (an uncomfortable wife, to wit,) “is as if he held a scorpion. She is as a yoke shaken to and fro;” but, said the Doctor, not to be shaken off: because, though you may get a divorce in Vermont, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, yet in consequence of recent ill-advised decisions elsewhere, it amounts to nothing in most of the other states.

Old Burton stood him in great stead, and the plagiarisms of Sterne and others were modest in comparison to his; but I have too much respect for Burton, as well as for the refined half of human kind, to assist in spoliations from him, or in repeating the gross terms which the misogynists of antiquity, who were cross only because they did not know how to please the ladies, thought fit to employ; all of which terms, however, the Doctor doled out without stint; smacking his lips whenever he took breath, as if, like a Persian laureate, his mouth had been stuffed with sugar-candy.

He then proceeded to give a history of all the bad matches of antiquity. On the authority of Eichhorn and Adam Clarke, he proved Job's wife to be the earliest, though by no means the worst, on record ; and from her he went down through all the cases of petit treason and matrimonial impropriety on the part of the weaker vessel, till he came to the spouse of Herod. In the list he included many worthy ancient ladies, of whom all that is to be found is some occasional remark of their's, which may be considered as snappish, and not quite so amiable as modern wives use ; but they had the full benefit of the Doctor's vocabulary, and he took it for granted, that they were all as bad as they could be. He then explored the pages of profane history ; beginning with Semiramis, and the wife of Candaules, whose name, as he said, Herodotus had forborne to mention out of delicacy ; but who, according to Bochart and other good authorities, was called Nyssæa. He mentioned many other oriental belles, and Helen and Clytemnæstra, and a long catalogue of Grecian queens and heroines ; and came to the conclusion as to the latter, after having devoted profound attention to the subject, that Penelope was the only woman of rank among them, who maintained a show of common delicacy. This one good example he held up as a consolation to all who despaired of the

gynecocracy. At the same time, he felt it his duty to observe, from accurate investigation, that the evidence of her conduct during the ten years war, which bore hard upon her, had been smothered, out of respect to her distinguished husband. There certainly was some ingenuity in the argument, which he founded on the tediousness of the nine last books of the Odyssey, and the protracted unwillingness of this far-famed matron to recognise her husband ; whom, he said, she *must* have either known, or not chosen to know ; and, he believed, that if poor Argus, whom he proved from the Greek Anthology to be a terrier, had had the gift of speech, and had not died in the sudden paroxysm of his joy, he would have told his old master some very strange stories.

During this part of the discourse, Mrs. Montagu was so peculiarly restless, that Mr. Wilson asked her, with an air of disinterested politeness, if she did not wish to retire. She gave him to understand, that she did *not*, so summarily, that he did not renew the application ; but as old Judge Sympons had contrived to get a seat by Miss Finn in the mean time, the poor young man took the liberty of stealing a furlough on his own account for a few minutes.

As for the Roman matrons, from Tullia to Messalina, the Doctor found none worthy of his admi-

ration. If the story of Lucretia was not a fable, she was a fool ; and all the world who knew any thing, believed that Cornelia was accessory to the murder of her son-in-law.

So gliding into the middle ages, he expatiated freely through the scandalous chronicles of the lives of the Empress Theodosia of Constantinople, Rosamunda of Lombardy, Lady Macbeth of Scotland, and Elfrida of England. Even poor Elgiva, he said, was a forward wanton, who fared no worse than she deserved, according to the manners of her age. He went through the royal lines of all Europe, in quest of illustrations ; among whose distinguished females, Catharine de Medicis, Isabella the wife of Philip of Spain, Mary Queen of Scots, and Catharine of Russia, came in for their several shares of overwhelming vituperation. The Duchess of Marlborough, or old Sall, as he familiarly called her, was shown up in fine style. In the course of these references, he burst out into an eulogium on the eighth Henry of England, who was, he maintained, the rival of Cranmer in Protestant zeal, of Erasmus in learning, and of the Duke of Wellington in energy ; and who had revenged on a series of bad wives, the universal wrongs of injured husbands, since the institution of the marriage contract. The evidence was in favour of one of these ladies, and

he believed that Jane Seymour might have been a good sort of woman. But with all due respect to the female sex, this proportion of one good wife out of five, he said, might be taken as a liberal allowance.

He then took a bird's eye view of the Newgate calendar; observing, that there was a manifest family likeness in the countenances therein depicted of all the bad wives who had been hanged or burned for every variety of crime, from simple larceny to such atrocities as were committed by Martha Brownrigg,

“ Who whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal hole.”

He should forbear from touching on men's private experiences, or probing their secret wounds, from respect to the feelings of the audience. Remedies, other than unmanly patience and endurance, there were none—saving the application of discipline, or the gentler expedient of divorce. The latter course was rarely vindicated in the pulpit; but for his own part, he was free to say, that he held the opinions of those two illustrious polygamists, the first royal head of the English church, and the immortal Milton.

He observed, moreover, that according to old Purchas, in his *Pilgrims*, the Chinese attempted

to turn scolds, and other pestilent ill-conditioned females to good account, by supporting their Deaf and Dumb Asylums at Pekin, by fines levied upon them. But as these fines must commonly be paid by the husband or other sufferer from the nuisance, the Doctor doubted the equity of the law. He much more approved of an old English common law practice, mentioned by Dr. Plot in his History of Staffordshire, as prevailing at Newcastle, where scolds were cured by an easy collar round the neck, connected with a thin smooth plate of iron inserted into the mouth to keep the tongue down—an invention which he pronounced to be “at once preventive and sanative, and worthy of the wisdom of our ancestors.”

He next proceeded to the constitutional balance of power in a state; as to which I only remember that he said De Lolme’s triangle was good enough to jingle upon; but that the adjustment must be between the rulers and the be-ruled, which could only be effected by didactic and ministerial functionaries, or, in other words, by the clergy and the constables.

Little, also, can I report of his last grand head, the national balance of power. I should do him injustice in attempting it. The subject, he said, was not understood in this new country, because it *was* new, and its position was original. He would

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say, that perhaps the proud-eyed comatose, and inflated dictation of many, who called themselves statesmen, was such as justified him in throwing his own light on the subject, both in its true abstract theory, and as that bore on the existing state of the world. He had done so in two forthcoming octavos; and on the present occasion should advert but to a few familiar topics. Such a thing as an actual balance among nations, he said, first existed when Assyria was governed by Ninus, and altogether ceased when Hayti was lost to France. The question as to the probability or possibility of a new irruption of barbarians from the North, which was still the subject of grave scholastic discussion in Europe, proved, he said, the deteriorating and dementalsing effects which Jacobinism, gunpowder, and the Encyclopædia had had upon the masses of intellect in that section of the globe. It was absurd to propound such a subject of inquiry. There could be no doubt that in the course of a few centuries, more or less, Europe would be invaded from Africa, whose human material was silently but certainly concentrating and increasing, and would continue to do so, until its movement and destination would become as irresistible as the river, when its waters rise high above the level of the precipice, and it rushes in its bulk over the barrier, gathering fury by its

freedom, and scattering destruction in its descent. But the next northern invasion would visit America. China could not contain its millions for ever; and untold hundreds of thousands of roving and ravenous men, hurrying with them in their progress the sturdy and hungry barbarians of the Arctic regions, would in some long polar night march to Behring's Straits. A more genial climate would still invite them onwards; and they would be on the high road to New-York, perhaps, while half our posterity disbelieved their existence. But these things were not likely to occur soon; though they must take place before all nations could have a military representation at the battle of Armageddon, which he believed would be fought near Botany Bay, on what would then be the neutral ground of the world.

At present he warned the nations of the earth, assembled, as he might call them, in that illustrious audience (bowing to a quarter where he saw some foreign gentlemen and diplomatists), to consider the imposing attitude of Denmark, striding, as she did, like a Colossus across the Baltic, and having a foothold in the occidental Indies, from which her young ambition might aspire to climb the Andes. Once she had swayed the sceptre of three powerful northern realms, and dictated to the princes of southern Europe;

And what the fathers did of old
The sons might do again,

on the larger theatre of two hemispheres. He warned them, too, against the political ambition of the Pope, who, fired by the prospect of Catholic emancipation in Ireland, had already appointed a vice-consul in the United States. He quoted the great Oecolompadius, to prove that great states had always been subdued by small ones; and cited all history to confirm the dogma.

When it was known by an inspection of their watches, which was frequently made during the first half of the sermon, that the northern mail had arrived, the members of Congress present became restless; and certain whispering conversations arose, the murmur of which appeared to fall on the Doctor's ear; as he frowned portentously, and was silent, till silence was restored. When it waxed later, and the resident auditors, who went to their own churches in the afternoon, began to fear that they would lose their own early and frugal Sunday dinner, other symptoms of disquietude were manifested, which were encouraged and backed by such of the former malcontents, as had had the grace or the politeness to remain. When the dinner bells were heard from the neighbouring hotels, neither the frowns nor pauses of the orator had power to quell what he would have

styled the Polyphœsbic noise; and when Mr. Latimer got up the cry of fire, the bulk of the audience poured out with no further ceremony, in a continued stream, the residuum amounting to some twenty or thirty heads; for whose edification Firkins was obliged to huddle up his practical, moral, and religious applications; and to promise a conclusion of his discourse on another occasion.

When the exercises of the morning were at length concluded, Mrs. Montagu put down her veil, took hold strenuously of poor Wilson's arm, and remained standing; waiting, as she said, until the crowd should have withdrawn. As this crowd of some score of persons advanced towards the door, she followed with her eyes, in an attitude of intense observation, the retiring clergyman, who moved rapidly, discoursing all the while as volubly, to half a dozen persons who surrounded him, and quickly disappeared.

Mrs. Montagu started, after a moment's pause, and dragged her chaperon out; while old Judge Sympons hobbled after, supporting the aerial Patagonian, whose prospects of real estate had been vouched for by our friend Latimer. If Mrs. Montagu's object was to overtake the Doctor, it was, however, defeated. He departed as rapidly as did the Sheriff of Nottingham from the presence of Robin Hood.

As they were returning home, Mrs. Montagu observed to her escort, "I think, nay I am sure, that I have seen the gentleman who preached for us before. Do you know where he lodges?"

Wilson was unable to give the desired information. Mrs. Montagu requested him to ascertain the Doctor's address as soon as possible. She said she had a particular motive for making the inquiry, as she had a little private business of great importance to herself to transact with him. At the same time she prayed Mr. Wilson to obtain this intelligence without mentioning that she had sought for it.

When they arrived at their quarters, the dinner was nearly over, and they sat down to a supplement. Mrs. Montagu was informed with a meaning look, by the lady of the house, that Miss Longchild and Mr. de Grey had gone out in a carriage, several hours before, and had not returned. She replied, very shortly, that she supposed the fine weather had tempted them out, and that very probably the hospitalities of Georgetown had induced them to protract their absence; and apparently paid little attention to the subject; her mind still being occupied with the author of the morning's prelection. When Wilson informed her after dinner that he had been unable to learn from any one in the house where Firkins resided, she besought him earnestly to prosecute his inquiries until he

was successful. She said that she should get no rest all night, unless she received this information. The polite young gentleman promised to ascertain the Doctor's abode, if he had any local habitation, and went forth upon his mission.

The day, which had been so fair and fine in the morning, became overcast towards evening. Wind, mist, rain and sleet, asserted their claims and contended for the mastery ; so that those who were assembled in the cheerful sitting room in the evening, had reason to be glad that they were so comfortably protected from the elements. Mrs. Montagu, however, seemed restless and uneasy ; which was naturally ascribed to her receiving no intelligence of her shorter protégé. To some well-meant attempt at consolation on this subject, by the landlady, she replied, " Oh ! I feel no concern whatever about the dear girl. I have the most perfect confidence, as she well knows, in her discretion and lady-like sense of propriety. I have no doubt she is at Mr. Wilkins's ; and it would be extremely injudicious for either her or Mr. de Grey, whose health is quite delicate, to think of returning in this storm. Still I know that my affectionate Adalgitha will be anxious on my account. There is a deep tinge of romantic feeling in her nature, which leads her to exaggerate ordinary mischances, and create real out of sentimental evil."

“Romance and sentimentality, and fiction, and all such things,” said old Judge Symptons, who was sitting by Miss Fin, “in my opinion are all affectation; and so are hysterics and nerves.”

“To wex the mind with imag-i-na-ry misfortunes,” recited Miss Fin, “without the con-com-batant of a moral lesson, is to increase the sum of personal grieve-yan-ces, and in-ca-pa-ci-yate us for enduring un-a-woi-dable evils.”

“Now that’s what I call good sense,” said the Judge. “Novels and fits, and writing love-letters, and fainting away, are all nonsense and affectation. It all comes of reading trumpery books.

With such pleasant and profound conversation they beguiled the time, until Mr. Wilson returned, dripping wet, and bespattered with mud. From him Mrs. Montagu learned, in a conversation apart, that Dr. Firkins was lodging at the house of a Mrs. Catafelto, who lived somewhere between the Seven Buildings and Rock Creek. She thanked her Mercury so gracefully for the trouble he had taken on her account, and regretted so warmly the damage accruing to his clothes, and which might accrue to his health, that he must have been consoled abundantly for the plight he was in. The lady then retired to her bower of rest, at an early hour, telling Miss Fin she need be in no hurry on her account.

The next morning, the reverend, eloquent, and learned subject of Mrs. Montagu's inquiries, again obtruded himself at the breakfast table of Mr. Moreton's mess, with an air of a singularly complicated character. His gait and his countenance were pregnant with diverse meanings; in which a sort of important perplexity was most obvious. He stated, with more embarrassment than was natural to him, that he wished to make a private communication, which would be very brief, to Messieurs Moreton and Latimer, as soon as possible, and had come early for that purpose. Having seated himself at table, he resumed his ease, and inquired how the "*Senatus populusque*" had liked his sermon the day before. Latimer said it was the most prodigious performance of the kind he had ever heard, and that the ladies, in particular, talked of nothing else. He regretted extremely, that from the false alarm of fire, he had lost the conclusion, which the door-keeper had assured him was the most interesting part of the discourse. Mr. Moreton, who had not been present, hearing that the subject had been the balance of power, observed that it was a theme prolific in good topics; affording equal scope for the display of philosophic investigation, sound erudition, and ingenious theory.

It was with great good humour, in consequence

of these compliments, that the Doctor received Latimer's peremptory intimation that what he had to say must be said quickly, as he had not ten minutes to spare. Mr. Moreton likewise observed, that "though clergymen in discharging their professional functions, had an unquestioned right to dispose as they saw fit of the conventional period of time assigned to that exercise, yet, on other occasions, public and private duties must, from the constitution of society, maintain a paramount claim."

Descending with these gentlemen to a parlour, the Doctor seated himself, crossed his ankles, coaxed his knees with the palms of his hands, rolled his head about, and again looked importantly perplexed; but was tardy in beginning to articulate.

"Come, Mr. President, *festina lente* won't do now. Fire away, Domine," said Latimer; "and you must labour to be brief, or I shall not be able to attend at the parturition. *Shortibus estote*, as Julius Pollux has it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Firkins, "the impediment to my suffering my fledged and winged words to take flight, is the necessity of a previous explanation."

"Oh, there's none at all, Doctor," said La-

timer. "When the pie was opened—the birds began to sing—"

"I must, however, without a formal vindication, explain, that in relation to the subject matter, or one of the subject matters to which my forthcoming communication relates, and as to which I must solicit your advice, gentlemen, I may heretofore have been misunderstood by you; not without such an inferential assent on my own part to such misapprehension on yours, as unskilful casuists might misinterpret into the similitude of implied or half voluntary deception."

"Oh, if there's a humbug, let it out, Doctor. Time flies."

"Patience, for one moment, my dear sir," said Firkins, who seemed honestly in a painful situation. "My character requires a brief exposition of this one point, to gentlemen of your high standing. Whether not to contradict what is false, by yielding an apparent approbation to the sophisticated statement, or to state what is true, being understood differently and knowing one's self to be so, is justifiable in practical ethics, is a question which all the schools of philosophy have agitated, and on which even divines disagree. Far be it from me and my friends to follow the profligate and corrupt tactics of the disciples of Loyola."

“ Pshaw, Doctor, never mind the Jesuits. Whether a falsehood is a lie or not, depends upon ‘a concatenation accordingly,’ as the learned Tony Lumpkin says ; and besides, I recollect that Oecolompadius says, lying is lawful in cases of high treason, and where the honour of families is at stake.”

“ Does he indeed? The passage has escaped my memory ; and the other great ethical authority you quote, is quite new to me. *Lying*, sir, is of course out of the question, or I should not have courted such society. But as to whether countenancing a disguise was strictly proper in one of my cloth, I shall prætermitt it now, as a subject for our antagonistic solution in future conversation. You must know then, gentlemen, that the young man who has appeared here as Mr. de Grey, and whom I fortuitously recognized—”

Here the door opened, and a veiled lady entered, whom a servant ushered in, announcing to Mr. Moreton that it was Mrs. Montagu, who had called upon him. Mr. Moreton was advancing towards her in his usual dignified and polite manner ; but the lady, having curtsied, came rapidly forward, raised her veil, and exhibited a countenance glowing with indignation, as she fixed Firkins with her eyes. She sank, much agitated with spasms, on a chair opposite to the Doctor, conti-

ning to ray out the wrath of her expression directly upon him; while she panted, heaved, and shook, as one does who is in good case of body and in a towering passion of mind, without being able to come to what the Fancy call the *Scratch*.

The Doctor first turned pale, for several moments; a flush then passed over his face, and went and came, and went again, while he was fidgetting about; but after some time, consideration or resolution seemed to visit him; and after grinding his teeth, and looking red as a turkey-cock, he said, "It is my heart's desire to finish my communication to you, Mr. Moreton. I will retire till this lady has transacted her business, and pray you to remain five minutes afterwards. My character requires it."

"I bid you, sir, remain now," said the lady. "It is my heart's desire to confront you here. *My* character requires it. *Your* character! where did you get it from?"

"But, madam," said Mr. Moreton, "control your feelings. Dr. Perkins—"

"Perkins is *not* his name, nor Firkins either," said the lady. It is Biggelsbury. Twenty-seven years ago he married me, and twenty years ago he deserted me, taking away my only child, and leaving me totally destitute; labouring, too, under whatever base surmises his conduct might give

rise to. I grieved not for his loss; but I *will* know what has become of my child; and will make him vindicate my character, and confess himself a rascal. I found out his lodgings; traced him here; and now, [here she sobbed,] gentlemen, you will see that I have justice done to me."

Latimer and Moreton looked to Firkins for a response. Strange as it may seem, after such an unexpected assault on his complacency, he soon got over the shock; and, having rubbed his eyes, wiped his forehead, and twisted his figure about, he folded his arms, and said with an air of composure, and even of lurking triumph—"True it is, that I married this lady, twenty-seven years ago, or more. I thought she was defunct; but I am glad she yet lives to repent, as I hope she does, of the horrible life she led me during our intercourse. I was compelled to leave her by the acidity of her temperament and the outrageousness of her passions. Of her character for the last twenty years, I know nothing, and can give no certificate; and as she expresses no desire to resume her conjugal relations, I care not to inquire about the matter. But as to her son, I can give her an account of him, which will be satisfactory even to herself, if she be the woman called Mrs. Montagu—"

"What else *should* I call myself, you pedantic and insignificant wretch," exclaimed the lady,

"than by my maiden name; never disgraced but by taking yours? Do you think I would live alone, with such a name as Biggelsbury?"

"Firkins is certainly an improvement; it is more euphonie and sonorous, and suggests divers pleasing bucolical and pastoral associations," said Latimer, who seemed to have got over his hurry.

"Madam," said Mr. Moreton, "allow me to remark—and I address the observation to you, Doctor, likewise—that the exposition of family dissensions, beyond that pale of consanguinity which encloses near and confidential kindred, is ever as unprofitable in fact, as it is painful in contemplation—

"Well, sir, my son then, where *is* he?" said the lady, forgetting her manners, and with eyes still flashing at Firkins, like the threatenings of an unexploded thunder cloud.

"He is rich and happy," said the Doctor;—when the knob of the door was handled, and a voice was heard asking, "Where is Doctor Firkins?"

The Doctor started up, exclaiming,

*"Ecce quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in orbe—"*

"Biggelsbury, alias Firkins,"—added Latimer, as Hippolyte entered, with Adelgitha hanging.

upon him, with a long green veil covering her dumpy proportions.

They both seemed startled at first on seeing Mrs. Montagu, who had also risen, and, on their appearance, drew herself up with an air of dignity. After a little fluttering, however, they advanced and kneeled (perhaps I should say the female suppliant squatted) gracefully before her.

"Forgive us, madam," said Hippolyte. "We have been a getting married; but it was all owing to my impatience. This elegant and yielding creature is too sensitive to endure scolding; but lay it all on to me."

"Rise, sir," said Mrs. Montagu. "Rise, Adelgitha! It is needless for me to say, that I had not expected such a want of confidence, such an apparent slight—on so momentous an occasion." She shed tears—at least she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Montagu! my more than parent!"—sobbed and sputtered Adelgitha; as she clung to the stately figure of her instructress. "There were reasons—yet I could rather have died thus than have offended you! All will be explained—forgive me!" And she seemed to weep likewise, or had, at any rate, violent singults and flesh-quakes, which looked alarming.

Hippolyte stood in an elegant attitude, as he thought; and Latimer handed him a pitcher of

water, saying, "your bride is in hysterics;"—but Mrs. Montagu raised and embraced the penitent bride. "You are forgiven, my still dear Adelgitha," said she. "Explanations must be postponed. Collect yourself, and allow me to introduce to *you*, Mr. Moreton, and to *you*, Mr. Latimer, Mr. and Mrs. de Grey—"

"Well!" said Firkins—"do you know all about it? or why don't you introduce them to *me*?"

A withering look of scorn and contempt flashed from the eyes of the "lofty lady," as she glanced at the querist, who was smirking, and rubbing his hands—and drew herself up to the full altitude of her somewhat commanding figure. Reply she gave him none.

"Ah!" said Firkins—"I see you don't know any thing about it. Ignorance and Sublimity were twins, according to an ancient apologue. Who do you think married them? Who do you think Mr. de Grey is?"

The lady regarded him sternly, and with a look somewhat more contemptuous than angry; and turning to the two representatives, said—"Gentlemen, I have solicited your countenance, and know that I shall not ask in vain. The *éclaircissement* which has just happened, should have transpired elsewhere. I know not how or why it should have taken place here—its extraordinary nature

must excuse the indecorum, which I presume arose from the anxiety of my dear Adelgitha. I pray you let it pass; and suffer me again to request that this—clergyman—whom I find in your society, will explain why he abandoned me, and where my son, if he still lives, has been bestowed?”

“ So you think,” said the Doctor, laughing, “ that these young people came here to find *you* ? O mala fides hominum !—But the rights of nature are sacred, notwithstanding the ludicrousness of circumstances. Jocose associations, in the order of events, frequently induce solemn developments—

“ But now the awful hour draws on,
When truth must speak, in loftier tone.”

“ Kneel, Jonas Biggelsbury, to your mother. [Hippolyte knelt accordingly, while Adelgitha, starting backwards, sat down upon the floor.] I *am* a clergyman, madam ; you need not have sneered and stuttered about it. Here is your son, round whose name I have suffered a cloud to dwell until this moment ; and he is bestowed, I trust, according to your liking. I saw fit to apply to the Massachusetts legislature to change my name, when I changed my profession ; and their sovereign act has made that mine, by which I am known. Let this young couple, endowed with youth and riches, receive our mutual blessings ;

and then let *us* follow our several businesses, without interference, obstreperousness, or intercalumination. These children had not only my consent and paternal benediction, but were solemnly united by me, in my clerical capacity, in that bond which only death, divorce, or the intolerable misconduct of the woman can morally dissolve."

The Doctor delivered this declaration in a declamatory style, and in a manner which he thought was dignified; in which supposition he was so wrapt, that he did not observe the effect it produced on the three members of his newly acknowledged family. When Hippolyte, alias Jonas, kneeled to his mama, as *per* instruction, she stood, after a wild stare, like a monumental and not a living woman; while Adelgitha fidgetted and turned all sorts of colours, rolling her eyes round and round about, as if she saw seven suns in the firmament. Hippolyte, the exquisite Hippolyte, still knelt in a lackadaisical manner, obviously not knowing what he was about; though the smile of conceit, enhanced apparently by some recent acquisition of imaginary importance, still remained, like painted and sickly-looking lightning, on his mawkish, pragmatistical, and wishy-washy countenance. He found the use of his tongue first, however, saying, in a stammering way, "Is this lady my *mother*, sir?"

"Oh! yes," said Firkins. "There is no mistake about that. I thought she was dead, till ten minutes ago. The ecstasy of our mutual recognition had taken place, and the effervescence passed off before your appearance. Filial piety is to be indulged, as the earliest instinct. But Mr. Latimer is in a hurry, and we have business to transact. Embrace your mother, and reserve family explanations for another time. Look at your wife, sir!"

Well he might; for Adelgitha Biggelsbury was rolling on the rug and thumping the floor in utter oblivion of all her graces and callisthenics. Hippolyte obeyed his father literally, by "looking at his wife," and no more, whilst the good-natured Latimer and the courteous Moreton, raised her from the floor and placed her on a sofa.

Mrs. Montagu had sunk upon her chair, and not yet spoken. At length she said, slowly and huskily, but in an imperative voice still—"If this young man is my son, where is the two or three hundred thousand dollars that he is worth, to come from?"

"Pecuniarily and presently," said Firkins, sniggering, "from your charming *élève*, his wife; but permanently and prospectively from the prescience and prospects of his father?"

Mrs. Montagu almost groaned, and nearly

screamed as she said, "his wife is my niece, and her clothes are not paid for! her father is porter to the United States Branch Bank. But *you*, Mr. Moreton, you, sir—how could you tell me that you believed this unhappy young man to be so rich?"

"I referred, madam, to Dr. Firkins as my authority; who, I am sorry to say, does not stand at present in a moral attitude which would command hereafter that ordinary credence which I am disposed to yield at all times to a clergyman or a scholar."

"Humph!" said Firkins, who now looked indescribably. "I was prepared to elucidate that point, sir, when the imperative haste of Mr. Latimer induced me to postpone it, and the unexpected visit of this woman rendered it impossible. But why did you say, sir, before many witnesses, of whom I was one, at the public table, that this unfortunate female child was worth a hundred thousand dollars, with a house and furniture, and coach and horses?"

"I said no such thing, my friend," said Mr. Moreton, after a pause—putting on a stateliness which a sculptor might have copied for an Olympian Jove's, while a giant's cub was trifling with one of his thunderbolts. "I did *not* say so."

"Certainly not," said Latimer. "I was one of

the witnesses you spoke of, Doctor ; and Mr. Moreton referred to quite another lady, though of a name somewhat similar, which you might have misunderstood."

" But you told me yourself," said Hippolyte, who looked as white as a sheet, and still more foolish than would have been credible even to those who knew his natural expression—" you told me yourself, Mr. Latimer, that she was a cash concern."

It was not in his usual manner that the gentleman thus addressed replied, after some hesitation—" If I had known you were quite such a spooney, I should have been more cautious in using terms. I never saw nor heard of you or the lady before the day you inflicted yourself upon me. But it seems, after all, that it is in the family fashion. She is a charming creature too, and plump as an angel. You may make a cash concern out of it, by prudence and industry. I take it for granted it cost you nothing to get married. What strikes me most forcibly is, that any non-resident clergyman is subject to a heavy fine, and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court, for marrying in the district without a licence. I advise you, Doctor, as your friend, very seriously and solemnly, to clear out from Washington extemporaneously. The thing will get wind, and before you know it, you will be in jail. My ten minutes were up half an hour ago, and I must

go. I can be of no service, and I wish you all a good morning. So saying he left the room—but as suddenly returning, addressed Hyppolyte: “I had almost forgotten, my gay Lothario—that same miniature of the Princess—how came you by it? Did you steal it? how did you get hold of it, without any direct larceny?—where is it?”

The elegant favourite of Pauline, after fumbling for some time about his bosom, sheepishly produced the miniature, and tendering it to Mr. Latimer, said, “that the original miniature had struck his fancy at Mr. Cummings’s, and that he had got the artist to make him a copy—”

“For which you never paid him, hey? Come, I will rid your conscience of that sin. I can’t leave my affectionate, sentimental little niece in bad company, constantly running the risk of being passed off for some humbug princess of Parmesan. Give me the picture. I’ll make it a present to my wife, and will remember as I pass through New York on my way home, to do that which you took care to forget—that is, pay the artist.”

Hyppolite delivered the miniature, which Mr. Latimer deposited in his pocket. Then assuming a mock solemnity, he bowed most gravely and profoundly to every individual member of the assembled party, and withdrew; but as he cleared the door he burst out into what Homer calls *inex-*

tinguishable laughter, which lasted him in repeated and uncontrollable peals from his lodgings to the Capitol stairs, a good mile and three quarters. 'The gods envy an honest man enjoying an honest laugh.'

Mr. Moreton, ere he followed the rapidly retreating footsteps of his co-legislator, paused, with an air of unquestionable dignity, while his right hand rested in his bosom, and his hat was balanced in his left; and leisurely and emphatically made the following observations:

"However much I may be at present disposed to regret the intricate complication of circumstances in which it is apparent that you, madam, and the Rev. Dr. Perkins, together with others, have been involved by your unfortunate severance, and by the multiplicity of not unnaturally superinduced events, and ordinarily consequent contingencies, yet allow me to say that the result cannot be recalled. I regret the result, as I have stated; and I am free to admit, madam, that I do so, on the supposition that it was, weighing all the collateral motives, and predicaments, entirely unavoidable on your part. On this supposition, (or admission as regards you, madam,) I must regret that the concatenation of events involving your private comfort and arrangements has wound up so unsatisfactorily. I know not that I have any specific proposition to make,

for the internal improvement of your individual or domestic condition. I fully concur in the opinion advanced by my honourable friend from—I mean, I agree with Mr. Latimer, in advising you to go home. I recommend an oblivion of the past; a sedulous cultivation of the fire-side charities; a restoration to their niches of the innocent household gods; a rekindling of early sympathies, and a reunion of ancient solemn connubial engagements. The unsophisticated vivacity, the vernal freshness of spirits, and the elasticity of feeling in these young persons, will, I trust, enable them to bear patiently the dissipation of their golden dreams. I hope that by industry and prudence they may make their way in the world, and their union be crowned with a happy and numerous issue.”

As Mr. Moreton was bringing his observations to a close, with his hand on the knob of the half-open door, Firkins had sidled gradually in that direction, and would have slipped out, had not Mrs. Montagu seized him by the end of his coat; which she grasped firmly, and gave him a look like that of armigerent Minerva, which operated as an effectual *ne exeat*. Mr. Moreton having finished his speech, the words of which he weighed out with great deliberation, in a fit of abstraction very natural to him, did what he was ever wont to do at the same hour, when quitting his own paper and

document-strewed apartment for a committee-room, or any other business. He fairly closed and locked the door behind him, and carefully put the key in his pocket, leaving the good people within to settle their own affairs.

In what wise they discoursed together, I know not, or what mutual explanations took place. I have it on the authority of Mrs. Jerusalem, who kept the house, and let the party out when they began to knock and ring, that they retired in safety and silence, and marched in Indian file to Mrs. Montagu's lodgings, headed by that dignified lady. Here a note was received from Miss Fin, stating that she had walked out with old Judge Sympons; and that when she walked back it would be as young Mrs. Sympons. Her father, I may as well mention, is a very honest army-tailor, and possessed a patent for four hundred acres in the Rocky Mountains.

The Doctor took Latimer's advice, and made a speedy departure; wending to Little Babylon with his son and new daughter. Hippolyte taught dancing and fencing in the seminary under his father's charge; and professed to teach French. What practical developments of the antagonistic principle took place in the family circle, it would be vulgar to rehearse.

Mrs. Montagu, the Junonian finisher of the daughters of the land, had got rid of two awkward appendages to her establishment, and tried her system more successfully on better materials. Her fame spread far and wide, till it reached the Andes. She went to South America, under a personal guarantee from Simon Bolivar, that he would pay her ten thousand dollars a year, if she could not make it herself, and provided it could be got out of the public treasury.

It is not at all my fashion, as I have told my readers, to select specific moralities as texts to be illustrated by narrative and example. I have always held that the interests of morals are better served in general by painting vice and virtue as they occur in actual life—strangely mixed with one another—frequently struggling together for the mastery in the same breast—our virtues sometimes leading to misfortune, sometimes degraded by weakness—our vices often made splendid by union with noble qualities, and not always receiving their judgment here.

But in the present instance, my purpose has been to relate a series of actual adventures, which I happened to witness, and which I felt myself bound to record purely for the sake of the regular and useful moral lesson which every character and

incident unfolds, and the strict poetical justice with which falsehood and vanity brought upon themselves their own punishment. The silly arts of the son, the weak falsehood of the father, and the ambitious vanity of the mother, all severally contributed their due share in bringing ridicule, disappointment and mortification upon the whole family. The root of the follies of all was vanity. That of Hippolyte was ridiculous. That of poor Firkins more inclines me to mourn than to smile. A memory enviable alike for its tenacity and its quickness—learning, not at all select, not very profound, nor all of it very accurate, but truly admirable for abundance, copiousness and variety—an insatiable thirst for knowledge, industry untiring and indefatigable, a never flagging vivacity of spirits, great command of language, some power of elocution—all these, under the guidance of a sober intellect and a due estimate of himself, would have made him distinguished as a teacher and useful as a pastor. But self-conceit and the love of display made him alike forget his pupils in the school-room, and his Master in the pulpit, in the restless desire to show off Dr. Firkins himself. They seduced him into aberrations in private life, and exposed him to mortifications which even Dr. Firkins, such as he was, might well have avoided.

